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BRITTAN'S JOURNAL  
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EDITED BY  
S. B. BRITTAN, M.D.

VOLUME II.

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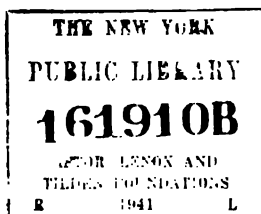
THE TRUMPETS OF THE ANGELS ARE THE VOICES OF THE REFORMERS.

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# BRITTAN'S JOURNAL

## SPIRITUAL SCIENCE

### LITERATURE ART AND INSPIRATION

The Dynamics of Subtile Agents: the Relations,  
Faculties and Functions of Mind; Philosophy  
of the Spiritual Life and World, and the  
Principles of Universal Progress.

THE TRUMPETS OF THE ANGELS AND THE VOICES OF THE REVERENDS

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

S. B. BRITTAN, M. D., EDITOR.

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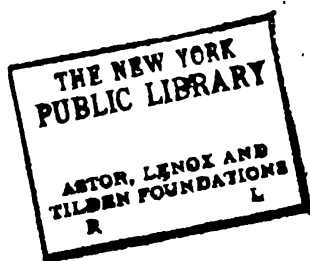
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# BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,

LITERATURE, ART AND INSPIRATION.

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## SPIRITUALISM OF THE ANCIENTS.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

Natural and Celestial Magic—One Life in All—Powers of the Spirits—Revelations of the Spectrum—The Spiritual in the Natural—Influence of distant Spheres on the Earth—Man subject alike to Physical and Spiritual Forces—Polytheistic Worship of the Ancients—Science of the Early Egyptians—Astronomy among the Chaldeans—Phoenicians and Arabians—Brahmins and Chinese—The Greek Poets and Philosophers—Spiritual idea in all Religions—Grecian Oracles—The “Vox Divina”—Moving Statues of the Gods—Bathing in the waters of Castalia—Virgins in the temple of Apollo—The Pythoness a Trance Medium—The Roman Augurs—Urim and Thummim—The Sibylline Books—Secrets of the Cabiri, and the Eleusinian Mysteries.

THE ancient nations all had their sacred mysteries which seem to have been identified with the very sources of religious ideas. From the most imposing ceremonies in the temples of Isis and Ceres to the tricks of traveling jugglers, who amused vulgar crowds in the streets, there seems to have been a general recognition—among all nations—of the existence of subtile forces, hidden laws and occult intelligences, whose mysterious powers influenced the character of men and the destinies of nations. The Magi, by their profound studies, were enabled to avail themselves of the forces

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and laws of the physical Universe in the production of results that naturally excited astonishment in the minds of the uninitiated. This superior power of wise men over the subtile agents of material nature—exhibited in the production of apparently supernatural effects—has been denominated *natural magic*. But the simple lives of many of the ancient philosophers and seers gave them a still more penetrating and comprehensive power of perception, whereby they detected the operation of remote causes, and the action of spiritual forces on the forms and conditions of human existence. Thus was developed the *celestial magic* of the ancients, which recognized the influence of other worlds on the sphere we inhabit. The susceptibility of human nature to the action of superterrestrial influences became apparent; and the actual coöperation of Spiritual beings in the affairs of men was revealed in various ways—in the inspiration of their faculties and affections; in the development of religious ideas and systems, and in the origin, progress and fall of empires.

The assumed influence of superterrene causes and spiritual entities, on the elements of earth and the faculties of man, is not at all unreasonable, but it appears to be altogether natural and inevitable. There is no such condition possible as complete isolation. The fundamental laws of Matter and Mind run through all the gradations of being. The infinite Spirit is in all, and therefore all feel the pulses of ONE LIFE, and all move obedient to the divine volition. Notwithstanding the history of peoples and races has been obscured by ignorance and disfigured by gross superstitions, we yet find great truths in the cardinal ideas of primitive nations, and in all the religious systems which have in any considerable degree influenced the human mind. There is scarcely any one thing, within the compass of our experience and observation, that is more clearly demonstrated than the fact, that the Spirits of men who have put on immortality are still present—in the full possession and active exercise of all their normal faculties—that they act on the natural elements and through the organs

of our bodies ; that they restrain the will and stimulate the passions ; that they impregnate the germs of ideas, develop thought and quicken the spiritual affections ; that they make the youth a sage, qualify the Child of twelve years to dispute with the doctors of law and religion, and discover the grandest heroism in a modest young Shepherdess. They come in the silence of our souls to rend the veil that conceals the spiritual Arcana from our observation ; or otherwise in the majesty of their power to determine the destinies of nations, and to shift the scenes in the drama of universal history.

It can not be shown that this view of our higher relations, and of the influence of superior spheres of being over us, is, in any sense, incompatible with the laws of Nature and the dicta of Reason. Several recent scientific discoveries—in the absence of positive demonstration—would seem to be intrinsically far more improbable than the facts and claims of Spiritualism. The achievements of the Telegraph are certainly sufficient to astonish the world ; but the amazing revelations of the spectrum, by which we decompose the rays from sun and stars, and the pale nebulae that light up the milky-way, and likewise determine the chemical constituents of distant worlds, are facts that may well startle and astonish the truly enlightened mind much more than the revelations from the Spirit World. *That* sphere is not so remote, and distance can not neutralize its influence on man. The vast realm of spiritual causes and invisible beings *is here—it is everywhere*. Our minds are all included in the inward spirit and the Over-Soul of the world. The forces of that occult sphere are not dependent on the unorganized elements of matter. On the contrary, its subtile and irresistible influences emanate from individualized intelligences of a superior rank in the ascending scale of life, endowed with great voluntary powers and God-like capacities. Men everywhere believe in material forces which they do not see and can not comprehend, while many foster a skepticism that disputes their divine parentage. We witness the instantaneous effects of light on the sensitive sur-

face of the plate in the camera ; we see the rays separated and the colors fixed in the natural prisms of the flowers ; and we know that the mystical power that develops these surprising results emanates, in a most essential sense, from a source that is separated from our sphere by an intervening space of nearly 100,000,000 of miles. Through the same vast wilderness of ether come the genial influences that warm all natures into being and beauty. We are obliged to admit that man could not exist ; neither beast, bird, fish nor insect could live ; the meanest shrub would never grow, nor a single seed germinate on the whole surface of the globe without the life-giving energy imparted from that distant source of light and heat. Thus in the long slender pencils of the solar rays, life, form, color, and all the elements of use, beauty and of conscious happiness come to possess and redeem the earth.

If the influence of material forces is thus felt and appreciated at vast and almost inconceivable distances, and all worlds are held in their orbits and balanced by foreign attractions, shall we lose sight of the fact that there is a superior realm to which our spirits sustain a most intimate relation—that in the last analysis Mind governs the world ? Spirit is the ever-active intelligent force that determines all the conditions, processes, and organic developments of matter. Shall we look to the distant center of our solar system, and depend on sunshine for the growth of a cabbage, and yet expect the human soul to find the season of its efflorescence—to grow and blossom without the diviner elements and influences that emanate from its own appropriate sphere ? This would be at once unnatural and irrational. Our spirits are forever immersed in a measureless ocean of essential principles, inspired ideas, and moral forces, as truly as the body is surrounded by the natural earth and atmosphere. “A cloud of witnesses” that “no man may number”—Spirits from all worlds in space—brood over the very springs of life and thought. The sphere of intelligence from that great company surrounds our souls like a vital atmosphere and a zone of light. The soul that does

not recognize the presence of these powers is asleep, or, what is worse, morally dead and buried in a concretion of sensuality, cold, dark, and unyielding as the walls of the sepulcher.

Inspired in this vast realm of life and intelligence it is not strange that the world, in all ages, has witnessed significant signs of its existence and frequent demonstrations of the capacity of the invisible powers to influence our thoughts, motives and actions, and the ever-changing conditions of our daily life. The light of the sun reaches and illuminates all objects within the immense circuit of its radiations, and it is but natural that the more penetrating influence of the Spirit World should warm the cold sphere of our present existence ; that its subtile power should shape our institutions ; and its divine light—breaking through the darkness of this world—should touch and glorify our souls. The recognition of the actual presence and irresistible influence of spiritual forces and invisible beings among men, may be discovered in the records and the institutions of all countries. The history of religious ideas among the earliest nations ; their expressive symbols and sacred mysteries ; the polytheistic temples and worship of many nations ; the deification of imperial persons and all the ceremonies of the apotheösis of illustrious heroes, are among the proofs of the universal recognition of the agency of spiritual beings in the affairs of this world.

The Arts and Sciences of the ancients were inwrought with their religious ideas and institutions ; all were represented in the expressive symbology or picture-language of the Egyptians and other primitive nations ; but we can not here attempt a specific illustration of the relations of these to the recognized principles and beings of the unseen world. In the light of modern discovery, Egypt is now very generally believed to have been the mother of the Arts and Sciences, and the first proud seat of learning. Its monumental history carries us back not less than *fifty centuries*, and hence beyond the last obscure traces of other primitive nationalities. The great Pyramid on the west side of the Nile, opposite Cairo, is as

truly a monument of science as of industry. It is a silent but impressive witness, standing erect above the grave of a great Empire, and bearing significant testimony to all ages and nations, that even at that primitive period—when the gigantic superstructure was upreared—Egypt had been employed for ages in careful observations of the movements of the heavenly bodies, and in perfecting her system of astronomical science. The Zodiac, with its signs and constellations, is believed to have been invented by the Egyptians, at a very early period in their history, and that special reference was had, not only to the seasons, but likewise to the agricultural products of the country. It is certain that representations of the Zodiac are found in the temples and tombs of Egypt, and that no traces of its existence are elsewhere to be found in the monumental remains of so early a period.

But in our day one need not go to the Nile to examine the illustrations of this subject. In the British Museum may be seen a delineation of the Zodiac—on the coffin of a mummy—which indicates the precise position of the planets on a certain day in October, a little more than 4,000 years ago. The astronomical system of the Egyptians must have required hundreds of years for its development. Their noblest scientific conquests were doubtless made before the Centuries began to look down from the pyramids. Thus, from the awful silence of her stately mausoleums, and through the mystic hieroglyphs on her obelisks, she speaks emphatically of her national greatness—of Civilization, Art and Science—all older than history; and from which the Jews and other ancient nations have derived their sacred mysteries and the elements of a magnificent symbology, more or less clearly revealed in all sacred books and the principal religions of the world.

It is said that the Egyptian priests established a college of the sciences, and according to Diodorus they made accurate observations of the movements of planets and stars, and kept registers of the same for centuries. The Chaldeans, a contemporaneous people, studied the mysteries of the planetary and

astral systems, and many have presumed that they were the first to discover the motions of the heavenly bodies. But it must be admitted that the preponderance of evidence—chiefly derived from monumental remains—supports the claims of those who ascribe to the Egyptians the most important discoveries in Astronomy. It is said that in the monument of Osymandyas there was a golden circle divided into 365 parts, answering to the days of the year ; and it is asserted by several writers that they represented the planets as revolving around the sun in the order now recognized by astronomers. Without attempting to determine the question whether the Egyptian Magi or the Chaldean astrologers are entitled to the credit of priority of discovery, we are certainly warranted in the conclusion that both made great progress in astronomical science, and that they also recognized the influence of other worlds and systems on the elements and faculties of the earth and man.

From Egypt and Chaldæa science found its way into Phœnicia and Arabia. The pastoral life of the Arabians offered rare opportunities for serious contemplation. They studied the influence of the heavenly bodies on the earth and atmosphere, and applied the knowledge so acquired to the art of navigation. They determined on their courses through the desert by observing the constellations ; they called the stars by name, and it is said that no language on earth equals the Arabic in the number of names applied to the nearer and larger worlds, and to the asterisms that everywhere stud the heavenly spaces.

It is also to be observed that the speculative Brahmins and the Chinese, at an early period pursued the same studies. The philosophers of India dated their astronomy back some 2176 years—or three centuries before the commencement of our Era—from a remarkable conjunction of Sun and Moon. The historian, M. Bailey, mentions that he had examined four different but accordant sets of astronomical tables, the calculations being made from the meridian of Benares ; and M.



Bouilly affirms that such a conjunction of the sun and moon actually occurred 302 years before Christ.\*

It is now about twenty-five hundred years since Thales and other Greeks returned from their travels and studies at the principal seat of ancient art and civilization—bringing with them the science of the schools and a knowledge of the ceremonies of the religion of Egypt and Phœnicia. The constellations were known to the Greeks at an earlier period, as appears from references to them in the writings of Hesiod and Homer. After Thales, several of the other Greek philosophers, including Anaxagoras, made considerable progress in speculative learning and astronomical science, thus preparing the way for the advent of the illustrious founder of the Pythagorean school of philosophers.

I have already observed that the ancient nations recognized the existence and presence of invisible, intelligent beings, their power over the elements, their influence on persons, and their ability to determine the direction of public affairs. The religious ceremonies of the Greeks ; their commemorative art, history and poetry, abound with many evidences of the recognition of the Spirits. Hesiod—one of the earliest Greek writers—believed that invisible beings presided over the destinies of men. His views concerning their presence and influence, within the present sphere of human existence, are expressed in the following lines :

“Aërial spirits by great Jove designed  
To be on earth the guardians of mankind ;  
Invisible to mortal eyes they go,  
And mark our actions, good or bad, below ;  
The immortal spies with watchful care preside  
And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide,

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\* The astronomical tables referred to are one possessed by the Siamese, described by M. Cassini in 1689 ; one brought from India by M. le Gentil, of the Academy of Sciences ; and two manuscript tables, discovered among the papers of the late M. de Lisle.

They can reward with glory or with gold.  
Such power divine permission bids them hold."

There appears to be a most significant correspondence in the fundamental religious ideas and the speculative theology of many nations. The cardinal principles and ceremonies of Judaism and Christianity are found to exist substantially in the pagan systems of religion. Iamblichus regarded the soul of Pythagoras as a revelation of the God of wisdom; in other words, as *a special incarnation of divinity*; and a poet of Samos thus sings of him—

"Pythias, fairest of the Samian race,  
Bore from the embraces of the God of day  
Renowned Pythagoras, the friend of Jove."

It is also recorded of him, nearly 600 years before the birth of Jesus, that the fair youth of Samos walked on the water; that he subdued the elements; and that while crossing the River Nessus with a numerous party of his disciples, a clear voice—seeming to come from the waters—saluted him, saying, "Hail, Pythagoras!" The Platonists recognized invisible intelligences or genii, and they had no doubt that men were incited to both good and evil deeds by their influence. Socrates also believed in good and evil Spirits—beings invisible to mortal eyes; and he listened to the counsels of a good demon or spirit. Lactantius entertained the idea that there are two general classes of demons, celestial and terrestrial, and that the latter are the authors of all the wrongs perpetrated on earth. Thus the ancients, including their wisest philosophers, were led to regard the invisible powers as the rulers of the world. The gods were indefinitely multiplied; polytheism reared its temples in all directions; divine honors were paid to departed human spirits and to a multitude of imaginary divinities. Not only the attributes of God and the aspects of his government—as displayed in the order of events—but even the faculties and passions of mortals, were

personified and deified. The spirits gave responses in the temples; oracular words came from the trees, and the woods and waters were haunted. The mountain summits; the secluded valleys and the deep grottos; the little springs and the great rivers; the solemn forests and the open fields; the places where men were conceived, born, lived and died, were all peopled by nymphs and spirits—beings real or imaginary. Every place was guarded by some *genus loci* invested with power over the elements, endowed with the attributes of intelligence, and having an invisible personality.

The most gifted minds in all countries—and in every period of the world's history have entertained the spiritual idea. The Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans ascribed numerous facts in their experience to the constant interposition of unseen intelligences. The Jewish and Christian Scriptures, the sacred books of all Pagan nations, and the works of genius in all ages and countries, are filled with allusions to spirits—their existence, and also the exhibitions of their presence and their power. The Apostolic fathers and the early historians of the Church often refer to the powers so derived from the Spirit World and exercised by men in the accomplishment of many extraordinary results. St. Paul alludes to "the powers of the air," and St. Jerome affirms that in his time the opinion prevailed among the doctors of the church that the air is peopled by spirits. Many of the fathers believed that demons, especially such as were most impure, descended from the more ethereal regions of the atmosphere, and were disposed to dwell in close proximity to the earth.\*

Similar views were entertained in the primitive Church for more than 300 years, and various phases of spiritual phenomena were of frequent occurrence. Indeed, they only ceased when the new religion, wedded to the temporal power, lost the spirituality which was its true life. If the foregoing facts and opinions do not establish our fundamental idea beyond controversy, they at least suffice to show that it was enter-

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\* See Calmet, Art. Demons; also remarks on Angels.

tained for ages, that it was an essential element in the very foundation of the principal religions, and that it was earnestly defended by the Pagan, Jewish, and Christian writers. It is quite impossible to satisfactorily account for such a universal prevalence of the spiritual conception among the ancient nations but upon the presumption that tangible demonstrations of spirit agency were matters of familiar observation. The idea certainly found favor everywhere, under various systems of government ; in mythological tradition ; in the forms of art and worship, and in the best literature of all countries—not chiefly among rude and barbarous tribes, but with the most enlightened and polished nations of antiquity.

The Oracles of Egypt, Greece and Rome—so far as there was a real foundation for their claims—were illustrations of spiritual manifestation through living human beings and inanimate objects. They became institutions that commanded the respect of the most illustrious persons and nations that occupy the largest space in accredited history. They were believed to express the will of the gods, and hence were consulted on the most important occasions—in declaring war and making peace ; in the ratification of treaties and the selection of persons for important places ; in fashioning and modifying the forms of government and religion ; in the framing and execution of the laws ; in founding new colonies and establishing commercial relations ; in the erection and consecration of temples ; in forming marriage alliances, and in many less important affairs of private life. It was not the common belief in the existence of the invisible powers that constituted the great mistake of the ancient nations ; but it was the servile submission and degrading worship of polytheism. No one can be injured by rational intercourse with invisible intelligences, and we may therefore converse with them as man with man. It was the practice of paying divine honors to the spirits of departed men, and even imaginary beings, that gave birth to many vile superstitions and led to a general demoralization of the people.

The oracle of Jupiter, in the forest of Dodona, was believed to be the most ancient one in all Greece. According to Herodotus it was located by a dove that took its flight from Thebes, and through the mediumship of which an articulate voice declared the grove to be consecrated. The same author mentions that the Phœnicians took two priestesses from Egypt, and that the residence of one of them was established within the charmed precincts of Dodona. It is said that the oracles were often delivered from the sacred oaks, and that the people presumed the old trees were endowed with a prophetic power. It is alleged that in building the ship *Argo*, some timber obtained from that forest was used, and that responses came from the beams in the vessel warning the Argonauts of impending or possible disasters. Within the limits of the grove—near the temple of Jupiter—there was a mysterious stream issuing from a boiling Spring. The flowing of the fountain was intermittent. At noon the waters ceased altogether; and the greatest flow occurred about midnight. The waters were cool, but a torch could be instantly lighted at the haunted Spring, whether by contact with some inflammable gas—issuing from the subterranean source of the waters—or by the aid of some more spiritual agency, we will not here undertake to determine.

The mysterious voices and responses from objects, animate and inanimate, were not confined to the birds and the trees of the enchanted forest. There are many examples in ancient history. The statue of Memnon in Egypt, represented holding a harp, is said to have emitted the sounds peculiar to that instrument at sunrise, which caused Cambyzes to suspect that there was some machinery concealed inside. Accordingly, in pursuance of his order, the statue was opened, but there is no intimation that the anticipated discovery was realized. After the statue had been again consecrated by magical rites, the mysterious music continued to be heard at the usual hours. A voice, not always articulate, proceeded from the statue of Apollo at Delphi. The evidence derived from authentic his-

tory is conclusive, that what the ancients termed the "Vox Divina" was everywhere known among the ancient nations.\* The voices were heard in the air, as at the baptism of Jesus in the Jordan; from the water, as when the Philosopher of Samos and his disciples were crossing the Nessus; from the forms of Spirits made visible to mortals, as in the experience of the ancient prophets, Jesus, Swedenborg, and others; and even from lifeless objects, such as brazen images and marble statues. In the examples last mentioned the utterances were sometimes confirmed by the coincidental movement of the bodies. Thus the image of Jupiter Ammon, while delivering his oracles, *nodded his head*; and Apollo was represented as *moving in his place* when he desired to communicate. Such phenomena were frequent and generally believed. The examples were so numerous in the experience of the nations that the facts were quite generally accepted without controversy. The most philosophic poet of all ages makes one of the characters in Macbeth say, that

"Stones have been made to move and trees to speak."

Among all the ancient oracles no one was more celebrated than that of Delphos, which was visited by philosophers, heroes, and imperial persons from many nations. Over a cavern on Mount Parnassus stood the magnificent temple of Apollo in which the oracular communications were delivered. At the foot of that mountain was the Spring of Castalia. The Pythia or priestess, was accustomed to drink from the fountain, and also to bathe her entire person in the waters. These ablutions were repeated whenever she was about to invoke the presence and inspiration of the god. The fair priestess was also required to be modestly dressed, in garments that symbolized her purity, and most solemnly bound to the strictest temperance, chastity, and propriety; that there might be

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\* It is scarcely necessary to make particular mention of our authorities since the facts were so numerous, and so generally credited by contemporaneous authors, and the most reliable historians of different ages and countries.

nothing, either in her dress, conversation or demeanor, to awaken lascivious feeling in the visitor. The rigid rules observed—with a view of preserving the purity of the channels of intercourse—clearly indicate the sincerity of the Greeks and their great reverence for the oracle.\*

That the Pythoness was a trance Medium—an inspired or automatic speaker—there can be no reasonable doubt. The descriptions of her appearance and conduct when mounted on the tripod, and under the mysterious influence, are equally applicable to numerous cases of mediumship now daily witnessed all over the world. Her aspect was often wild and ghastly; there was a subsultus action of the nerves and involuntary motion of the muscles of the whole body. When the state was fairly induced, the priestess repeated what the spirit dictated. Examples of the same class are very numerous in these days, and our observation of the facts for twenty-five years warrants the conclusion that the oracles of past ages were genuine illustrations of spiritual mediumship and intercourse. The Pythia was magnetized, either by the priests of the temple or by the Spirits, and then as now they commenced to speak as the communicating "spirit gave them utterance." This is conceded by a learned writer of our own time, who comes masked before the public, and makes no attempt to conceal the large measure of his contempt for Modern Spiritualism. I quote from a work entitled, "The Apocatastasis; or, Progress Backward," a book containing considerable interesting historical information, but marred by its feeble logic and an ostentatious display of the author's learning.

"The public religion sought to keep such things under its own control. All legal mediums were consecrated and religiously set

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\* The selection of young and beautiful girls as media for the oracular responses continued until an impetuous youth from Thessalia, maddened by the exceeding beauty of one of them, dishonored her and desecrated the temple. After this occurrence it was decreed by law that no woman less than fifty years old should be eligible to the situation.

apart to their office. Among these, by far the most celebrated, and most frequently consulted, was the priestess of Apollo. . . . The theory was that Apollo spake through her voice. But it is obvious that, in so far as she possessed any powers of prevision, or clairvoyance, they originated in the same way as in the case of the enchanted boys ; that is, the induction of the magnetic, or trance state, was an indispensable condition of their development ; and this state was induced by essentially the same means."

The spiritual illumination of the Jewish high priest, derived from the Urim and Thummim, was scarcely more reliable than the Grecian Oracles. The Roman Augurs who prophesied by an observation of celestial phenomena, the flight of birds, and the occurrence of various accidents, were probably not entitled to a very high rank among the instruments of intercourse between the visible and invisible worlds. The Sibylline Oracles—most of which were burnt by an old woman because Tarquin the Proud twice declined to purchase them—may have been of more consequence. On this point I do not propose to speculate. To distinguish the genuine phenomena of a true Spiritualism from the phantom creations of mere appearances, psychological hallucinations, and the tricks of the juggler ; to classify and explain the genuine facts in their relation to the laws of matter and mind, will be our object in succeeding papers. We need not unveil the secrets of the Cabiri and the Eleusinian Mysteries for further proofs of spiritual agency. The facts that have left an indelible record in authentic history, and are now revealed to the common observation of mankind, are sufficient for all the purposes we have in view, in a series of papers that may appropriately follow this Introduction.



## CHIMES OF NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT.

BY BELLE BUSH.

I HEARD one night the sound of many bells  
    Tolling, tolling,  
Then rose the mournful chime of answering bells  
    Tolling, tolling,  
    Over the mountains,  
    Our beautiful mountains,  
    Waking the fountains,  
    Our calm, flowing fountains.  
The wild winds bore me the sound of the bells  
    Tolling, tolling, tolling.

What are they tolling for ? queried my heart ;  
    “ For the Old Year,” sang the voice of the Night.  
Is the Old Year dead ? responded my heart.  
    “ He is dead and gone,” said the “ noon of night,”  
    With its bells that were tolling, tolling.

Then rose and fell with resonant swells  
The solemn sound of the midnight bells,  
    Tolling, tolling, tolling,  
    Over the mountains,  
    Our snow-covered mountains,  
    Greeting the fountains,  
    Our beautiful fountains.  
The wild winds bore me the song of the bells  
    Till the bells of my heart seemed tolling,—  
    Till all the bells  
    In the answering cells  
    Of my heart seemed tolling, tolling.

What are they tolling for? queried my soul.  
"For the Old Year," sang the bells of my heart.  
Is the Old Year dead? responded my soul,  
"He is dead and gone," said the voice of my heart,  
With its bells that were sadly tolling.  
"Dead and gone,  
Dead and gone,—  
Gone to his grave is the Old, Old Year,"  
Said the solemn bells of time.  
Dead and gone,  
Dead and gone,  
Gone to his grave is the Old, Old Year,  
Sang the bells of my heart in chime.

Slowly and sadly in tones sublime  
The bells of my heart to the bells of time  
Repeated the mournful measure,  
Till over the mountains,  
Our snow-covered mountains,  
Kissing the fountains,  
Our song-singing fountains,  
The wild winds swept with a song of pleasure.

Then came a sound as of joy-bells heard,  
Ringing, ringing,  
And merry tones of sweet echoes stirred,  
Ringing, ringing.  
Up from the valleys,  
Our beautiful valleys,  
Over the rivers,  
Our calm, flowing rivers,  
Came the merry sound of the joy-bells I heard  
Ringing, ringing, ringing.

What are they ringing for? queried my heart.  
"For the glad New Year," sang the voice of the Morn.  
Is the New Year born? cried my beating heart.  
"He was born last night," said the maiden Morn,  
With her joy-bells merrily ringing.

Then died away with its resonant swells  
The mournful sound of the midnight bells,  
    The bells that were tolling, tolling.  
        And over the mountains,  
        Our brave, rugged mountains,  
        Greeting the fountains,  
        Our song-singing fountains,  
Came the sweet sounds of the ringing bells,  
    Till the bells of my heart seemed ringing,  
        Till all the bells  
        In the echoing cells  
Of my heart seemed *merrily* ringing.

What are they ringing for? queried my soul.  
    "For the glad New Year," sang the bells of my heart.  
Is the New Year born? responded my soul.  
    "He was born last night," said the voice of my heart,  
        With its joy-bells ringing, ringing.  
        " He is here,  
        He is here,  
Here in his pride is the glad New Year,"  
    Sang the merry bells of time.  
        He is here,  
        He is here,  
Here in his pride is the glad New Year,  
    Sang the *bells of my heart* in chime.

Thus the cry of the Night, and the voice of the Morn,  
In the depths of the soul are alternately born,—  
And yielding to one, we are bound by its spells  
Till our thoughts flow in time to the music of bells,  
    To bells that are tolling, tolling.  
When the other holds sway then the spirit is stirred,  
By strains that are wakened when joy-bells are heard  
    Ringing, ringing, ringing.  
'Tis the voice of our Sorrow, our *cry* in the night,  
That counts every year and bewaileth its flight.

'Tis a sob of the wild winds, a moan of the sea,  
 That tells us we die, when our pinions are free.  
 'Tis the music of gladness, the voice of the Morn,  
 That bids us *rejoice* when a New Year is born.  
 'Tis the song of the Light, when it sings to the sky,  
 That whispers to mortals, "*the years never die.*"  
 "They vanish like clouds," cries the voice of the Night ;  
 "But their records remain," sings the Morn's rosy light.  
 Aye, they live in their *deeds*, like the spirits of men,  
 And we summon them back with the sweep of a pen ;  
 They live, and we learn from the fast-fleeting years  
 That the Old and the New, like our smiles and our tears,  
 Are closely allied, and with Sorrow and Mirth,  
 The heart's Night and Morn, go and come upon earth,  
 Succeeding each other as wave follows wave,  
 Each finding the cradle, the shroud, and the grave.  
 We learn, too, that life hath its ebb and its flow,  
 That the joy of one heart is another one's woe,  
 And the truths we are taught by the shells that are tossed  
 On the surf-beaten shore are, that "*nothing* is lost,"  
 That strong is the tie linking brother to brother,  
 And the flight of one year brings the dawn of another.

But the years never die, for the lessons they give  
 In the heart of humanity cluster and live.  
 Their joys and their sorrows, their pleasures and pain,  
 All the pomp and the pageant that come in their train ;  
 The hopes and the dreams of the young and the old,  
 Their searches for knowledge, their strivings for gold,  
 All the smiles and the tears, all the laughter and songs  
 Denoting man's conflicts, his triumphs and wrongs ;  
 All the flowers that are rocked in the cradles of Spring,  
 All the birds that go by them with quivering wing ;  
 All the roses that bloom in the gardens of June,  
 All the fountains that sing when their harps are in tune ;  
 All the jewels of thought, and the truths that men get,  
 All the stars that are bright'ning on time's coronet ;

All these on eternity's ocean are tossed,  
And the voice of the Ages cries, " Nothing is lost."

But I hear yet again the sad cry of the Night,—  
I see the dark shadows obscuring her sight ;  
Then I travel in thought o'er the track of the ages  
Where History dwells, and I read the dark pages  
Revealing man's sorrows, self-tortures and woes,  
Till my heart feels the struggles, my soul bears the throes  
That Humanity feels, that Humanity knows,  
Have tortured her children, who sighed for repose.  
Hate and Scorn rule the world, cries the Sorrowful Night,  
Her tears ever falling, bedimming her sight ;  
I list till each heart-pulse throbs heavy with pain,  
And I look where she points, to a long moving train  
Of sorrowful souls who on earth gave their tears,  
Their sighs and their groans to the hymn of the years.  
Then I grieve, and I sing with the grief-haunted Night,  
Oh ! world, thou art weary, and age dims thy sight ;  
But Truth is still crushed 'neath the hard heel of might,  
And thy martyrs, O Earth ! are the heroes of Right.  
Wrong sits in high places, and holy Love still  
Bears her cross and her sorrows to Calvary's hill.  
How long, oh ! how long, cries my heart with the Night,  
Shall these things endure and God stay his might ?—  
"Till He's ready to smite," sings the radiant Morn,  
With her roses and robes of the orient born ;  
"Till He's ready to smite," and then heal with the power  
That patiently counsels the deeds of the hour ;  
Till He's ready to smite with the power of his truth,  
That, angel-like, dwells by the fountains of youth,  
That *never grows old*, and *never is crushed*,  
And the voice of whose singing can never be hushed ;  
Till He's ready to *heal* with the wisdom of love,  
That condemns not, but shows where the world may improve—  
That, tracing His plans and His purposes far,  
Sees a mote have its uses as well as a star,

And patiently waits when the seeds have been sown  
For the harvest of Justice and Truth to be grown ;  
Till He's ready to summon to love's holy feast  
All mortals, and show them the "Star in the East,"  
That shines o'er the spot where a new babe is born,  
Where a *new* light hath risen, the herald of Morn."

I list to the song of this beautiful Morn,  
And down in my heart a new fountain is born ;  
Accepting her answer, my heart and my soul  
Sing for joy, and I'm free from the mournful control  
Of the sorrowful Night, and her grief-burdened lay  
With the darkness of ages all vanish away.  
And lo ! I walk forth in the light of the Morn,  
With a song for all hearts that are weary and worn,  
Saying to each, See the dawn's rosy light  
On the world now is breaking, now triumphs the Right,  
And *Truth is not crushed 'neath the hard heel of might.*  
They live, and shall rise, gaining empire at last,  
Though oft in the furnace their jewels are cast ;  
They live and shall triumph till Earth sees their light,  
For her slain are thy stars, oh, thou sorrowful Night !  
They go down to the grave in dishonor and shame,  
They rise in their morning with glory and fame,  
They can not be hurt, though they pass through the fire ;  
Their souls find the Morn, and mount higher and higher  
Up the beautiful mountain of wisdom and truth,  
Till their hearts nearer reach to the fountains of youth.  
Thus the truths we are taught by the shells that are tossed  
On a storm-beaten shore are that nothing is lost,  
That strong is the tie linking brother to brother,  
And the flight of one year *brings* the dawn of another.

## THE TRANSMISSION OF THOUGHT.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

MANY persons who would gladly believe in the reality of the open communion between the visible and the invisible states of existence find an insuperable obstacle to their faith in the fact that alleged messages from the world of spirits do not exhibit the signs of mental superiority which might reasonably be expected. Especially when such communications claim, or are claimed, to be the posthumous productions of minds distinguished while in the body for intellectual and literary culture, do they challenge a sharp comparative criticism; and this, it must be confessed, such productions rarely sustain with credit.

To people of literary and scientific culture, and predominant mental rather than spiritual activity, the discrepancies and defects referred to are necessarily much more apparent than to the masses who are deficient in such culture. Hence, the former class find in the fact alluded to a stumbling-block and rock of offense of far greater magnitude than the latter can appreciate. Thus we find one of the most distinguished *savans* of our time (Prof. Huxley) turning in disgust from the whole subject of modern Spiritualism, with the pointed sarcasm, that if the purported communications of departed spirits are genuine, "they only furnish a new argument against suicide,"—inasmuch as they show that the after-life is a vastly inferior condition!

Yet so little is generally known by any class—*savans* not excepted—respecting the occult mental or psychical processes employed in the transmission of thought from one sphere of existence to another, or from one mind directly to

and through another, that few can be considered fully qualified to pass an intelligent and final judgment upon the claims of the class of productions under notice. The current treatises on Intellectual Philosophy, Mental Science, the Laws of Thought, etc., have little or nothing to say on this most interesting and important branch of science,—mainly because, no doubt, their authors have known little or nothing respecting it. They have not attempted its investigation. Theologians of all sects have, indeed, dogmatized with great positiveness on the subject of "Inspiration," which they have regarded as the direct communication of thought and language from the Divine Mind to and through human minds; but since they have esteemed this as a miraculous phenomenon of an ancient age, long ago ceased,—of which neither themselves nor any contemporary has or can have any personal knowledge or experience,—their opinions are little else than vague conjectures, made in the interest of their special religious systems. They have examined only the fossil remains of ancient inspiration, resolutely ignoring the living forms of to-day.

Since little can be learned from "the wise and prudent" of our day in regard to the topic in question, "babes and sucklings" in science, like myself, should be permitted to open their mouths and give utterance to their infantile thoughts. The following suggestions bearing on the question are submitted with diffidence, to be taken for what they may be deemed worth.

Assuming it to be a fact—as in some form admitted by most religionists—that spiritual beings (whether God, angels, demons, or disembodied men) may in some way influence or control living human organisms, so as to communicate thoughts through their instrumentality, what may we reasonably expect, either as to the character of thoughts expressed or the style of expression? Do the known laws of thought-expression justify us in anticipating that such unbodied minds should be able to reproduce their idiosyncrasies fully and



unquestionably through any and every instrument employed ? or, on the other hand, do these laws indicate that any expression thus made will probably or necessarily be more or less modified by both the mental calibre and the personal peculiarities of such instrument ?

These questions present clearly the considerations involved in the problem before us. To state them seems almost to furnish their answer.

If it be true, as some hold, that the mind or soul is anterior to the body, and that each soul constructs a body adapted to its individual peculiarities ; or if, as others contend, the mind or soul is merely a product of the body ; in either case it is evident that an intimate and special adaptation must subsist between each mind and its own proper body, which cannot be supposed to exist more than proximately between it and any other physical organism. Hence, when a disembodied spirit or mind essays to communicate its thoughts through a mental and physical organism not fully adapted to its peculiarities, it would seem scarcely possible that the result should be otherwise than this,—that the special characteristics of the communicating mind will measurably fail to appear, while those of the medium of communication will be conspicuous. The jet of a fountain is not expected to represent either the *form* or the *volume* of the lake or reservoir which supplies it, but rather those of the orifice through which it is delivered.

This conclusion, however, may be subject to an important modification. There are organisms which are more plastic or elastic in their constitution than are others. Some persons have great facility in voluntarily imitating the modes of speech, thought, gesture, and other peculiarities of others ; while many have but little of this ability. This elasticity of organism in an instrument of communication, or “medium,” must plainly be more favorable to the reproduction of idiosyncrasies than is its opposite. Hence, if spirits ever did communicate in the way alleged, it might be expected that cases

would sometimes occur in which the peculiarities of the purporting communicator would be strikingly discernible, while in most others they would not be apparent, but, instead, the idiosyncrasies of the medium would appear.

Besides this, it would seem probable, from the experience of biologists or mesmerists, in controlling the subjects over whom they acquire a psychical influence (and who become their "mediums," in a sense), that the degree of control may vary at different times, under varying conditions, in the same subject; in which case the reproduction of personal peculiarities would necessarily be modified according to circumstances.

Such at least would seem to be the *a priori* probabilities applying to the question in hand. That the observed facts correspond therewith, every careful investigator knows.

The more recent and reasonable views of "Divine Inspiration," as given by some modern theologians, recognize substantially the result indicated by the foregoing considerations. The "human element" in all purported Divine communications is beginning to be perceived, and to obtain the credit of all the obvious differences in style, imperfections, discrepancies and mistakes, in so-called "Divine Revelation," which cannot longer be ignored by honest minds. The Rev. Dr. Curtis, late Professor of Theology (orthodox) in the University at Lewisburg, Pa., in his recent notable work entitled, "The Human Element in the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures," gives, as the result of his earnest and profound studies, this conclusion:

"This inspiration does not prevent a peculiar and human style from adhering to each author, and a general National or Hellenistic style from belonging to the whole of the Greek sacred writings. Although the teachings, so far as of the Divine Spirit, must be in themselves infallible and absolute truth, yet the human element which comes into play, first in *receiving* the Divine communication, and then in recording or

*uttering* it, is clearly not absolutely immaculate, but of finite wisdom in both these operations. It therefore colors the communication by the medium through which it passes, as to the figures, the style, and to a certain extent the thoughts of the writer. So far as he fails to perceive or to express perfectly the Divine idea, there is at least room to suppose possible imperfection."—P. 315.

This view is certainly far more reasonable than that of the "infallible" school of theologians, who have insisted that anciently inspired men were so acted upon and controlled that every word they wrote or spoke was God's word, and the style God's style, without the possibility of error or imperfection. This violent theory makes the "Holy Ghost" responsible not only for all the differences of style, so obvious in even our English version, between Moses, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Matthew, John, and Paul, but also for all the tedious repetitions of the Pentateuch, the incongruities of Kings and Chronicles, the discrepancies of the four Gospels, and the ungrammatical Greek of Gallilean fishermen!

No less violent and untenable is any theory of spirit-communication which does not allow for the modifying effect of the "human element," or the "medium" employed, both in *receiving* or apprehending the full import of an idea presented for expression, and in giving it fit utterance.

It is obvious, the writer believes, to all careful investigators of psychical and inspirational phenomena, that the mental apparatus, or intellectual organism (whatever that may consist of) of every instrument of communication, whether called "seer," "prophet," "apostle," or "medium," is made use of in some way, either consciously or unconsciously, in projecting messages from the spiritual to the mundane sphere, at least in ordinary cases. If it is so in communications from the Divine Spirit, as affirmed by Dr. Curtis and his school, we may surely suppose it to be so in messages from human spirits.

But it is not supposable that any mind, or mental organism, can be made a medium for the full and intelligible expression of an idea that is too broad, deep, or high for its comprehension. It can give utterance, surely, to only so much of an idea or thought as it can receive or take in, or so much as can be projected through its limited capacities. And the *form* of expression, or the style of the language used, may be expected to be such as the degree of culture and the natural adaptations of the individual furnish. An unlearned Galilean fisherman, like Peter, could not be expected to write the classic Greek of Athens, though divinely inspired; nor can we reasonably look for faultless language from the lips or pens of uncultured mediums in our day. It is doubtless true, however, that, under the pressure of a powerful *afflatus*, persons of impressible or elastic temperament may and do have their capacities for both conception and expression greatly exalted above their ordinary condition, and thus at times give utterance to, *for them*, extraordinary productions.

Now, when it is reflected that the persons who are willing to avow themselves mediums for spirit-communication, are for the most part unlettered people, who have never attained either the mental capacity or the literary culture possessed by the distinguished personages whose names often appear as communicating spirits, we have a reasonable explanation of the facts under consideration. While, on the one hand, the announcement of a distinguished name is in itself no proof of distinguished authorship; yet, on the other, mediocrity of thought, or imperfection of language, or even non-resemblance of style, is no conclusive proof against it. If it be true that a Franklin, a Davy, a Channing, or a Parker actually prompts a message from the invisible realm, how can either of these worthies fully reproduce or represent his own mental characteristics, except through a medium who shall be his complete counterpart in both capacity and culture?

It is often urged against the genuineness of any posthumous communication bearing a noted name, yet lacking character-

istic evidences of the authorship claimed, that no disembodied spirit, having left behind a creditable reputation for attainments in this "mundane sphere," would be willing to tarnish that reputation by employing an unfit medium of transmission; or anxious to convince the world of the reality of future existence, and of the possibility of intercommunion, would jeopardize the case by the presentation of such questionable evidence as these imperfect communications frequently afford. This argument is not without weight, as against the authenticity of much of the seemingly worthless and illiterate trash which has been inflicted upon the world in the name of departed worthies—though possibly we may not be able to judge with accuracy in all cases either the motives or the wisdom of immortals in their use of such instruments as they can employ. Nor can we be certain they are always fully aware of, or can control, if aware, the actual external form or literary dress in which their inspirations or suggestions will appear. In some instances, at least, it is apparent that the inspiring mind originates only *the spirit* or substantial thought of what is uttered, the *form* of words being supplied by the instrument of transmission, from such mental stores, meagre or abundant, scholarly or illiterate, as he or she may have acquired. It is the essential thought, or pervading spirit, only, of a communication which gives it real value, and by that alone can the quality of its source, whether good or evil, be adjudged.

Whatever may be true as to the ability or inability of communicating spirits to control in detail the form of literary expression in their messages, it is a fact occurring often in the investigations of the writer—and doubtless in those of other inquirers—that invisible intelligences, when attempting to speak on topics of an abstruse character, whether scientific or philosophic, complain of inability to give expression to the thoughts they wish to communicate, by reason of the lack of either capacity or culture on the part of the medium employed. Frequently have these invisible teachers urged that mediums should devote themselves to study, that they may

acquire familiarity with the technicalities of science and the language of philosophy, to the end that their minds may be furnished with the terms and formulas necessary for the adequate presentation of thought on such themes; intimating that new and valuable additions to both science and philosophy might be made through such improved instrumentalities.

From all this it is apparent—and the conclusion is commended to the serious attention of those scholarly and fastidious people who are repulsed and scandalized by the shallowness and illiteracy of many alleged spirit-communications—that the one thing necessary to the obtaining of more creditable posthumous productions from the wise and good who have passed within the veil, is, that a more gifted and cultured class of persons should be willing to be employed as media of communication. This would afford to the dwellers in the invisible realm the means of doing themselves better justice, and perhaps of furnishing to a doubting world more convincing proofs of an immortal life.

But the truth in relation to this matter unquestionably is, that many writers and speakers of the highest culture and the largest capacities, in their several departments, are, either consciously or unconsciously, mediums for the transmission of thought from exalted minds in the spiritual realm. In fact, there are reasonable grounds for the belief that all who stand as leaders in thought, in poetry, in literature, in art, in scientific discovery, in moral, political and religious reform—in short, all the foremost minds in this age and in every age, are and have been acted upon, impressed, inspired; and thus are, in a real sense, mediums of thought and impulse from minds that have ascended to higher spheres of wisdom and of activity. If this be so, then *the best productions of the greatest masters in every department of human thought and achievement are in reality the productions of disembodied minds, and furnish the true test of the condition of such minds, whether progressive or retrogressive, in the after-life.*

But what evidence can be adduced on which to ground so extravagant a claim?

The first testimony I would cite in evidence is that of the prince of modern essayists and philosophers, RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Though this gentleman many years ago did himself the grievous wrong of sneeringly characterizing Spiritualism as a "*rat-hole philosophy*," yet it is evident he had not at the time taken pains to inform himself of the full scope of the matter he was presuming so flippantly to adjudge. Certain it is that no modern writer has given more full and emphatic affirmation of the central truth of this system of philosophy than has Mr. Emerson himself. A brief quotation or two from some of his most popular productions will suffice. In his remarkable Essay entitled "The Over-Soul,"\* we find this passage:

"The philosophy of six thousand years has not searched the chambers and magazines of the soul. In its experiments there has always remained, in the last analysis, a residuum it could not resolve. Man is a stream whose source is hidden. Our being is descending into us from we know not whence. The most exact calculator has no prescience that somewhat incalculable may not balk the very next moment. I am constrained every moment to acknowledge a higher origin for events than the will I call mine.

*"As with events, so it is with thoughts.* When I watch that flowing river, which, out of regions I see not, pours for a season its streams into me, I see that I am a pensioner; not a cause, but a surprised spectator of this ethereal water; that I desire and look up, and put myself in the attitude of reception, but from some alien energy the visions come."

Again in his Essay on "The Poet,"† Mr. Emerson says:

"It is a secret which every intellectual man quickly learns,

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\* Essays, First Series.

† Essays, Second Series.

that, beyond the energy of his possessed and conscious intellect, he is capable of a new energy (as of an intellect doubled on itself), by abandonment to the nature of things ; that, beside his privacy of power as an individual man, there is a great public power on which he can draw, by unlocking, at all risks, his human doors, and suffering the ethereal tides to roll and circulate through him : then he is caught up into the life of the Universe, his speech is thunder, his thought is law, and his words are universally intelligible as the plants and animals. The poet knows that he speaks adequately, then, only when he speaks somewhat wildly, or, ' with the flower of the mind ; ' not with the intellect, used as an organ, but with the intellect released from all service, and suffered to take its direction from its celestial life."

Once more, in the same Essay :

" The painter, the sculptor, the composer, the epic rhapsodist, the orator, all partake one desire, namely, to express themselves symmetrically and abundantly, not dwarfishly and fragmentarily. They find or put themselves in certain conditions, as, the painter and sculptor before some impressive human figures; the orator, into the assembly of the people ; and the others, in such scenes as each has found exciting to his intellect ; and each presently feels the new desire. He hears a voice, he sees a beckoning. Then he is apprised, with wonder, what herds of dæmons hem him in. He can no more rest ; he says, with the old painter, ' By God, it is in me, and must go forth of me.' . . . In our way of thinking, we say, ' This is yours, this is mine ; ' but the poet knows well that it is not his ; that it is as strange and beautiful to him as to you ; he would fain hear the like eloquence at length."

The meaning of these passages is unmistakable. The most original of modern essayists and the most transcendental of



poets declares unequivocally that his best thoughts, his highest productions, are not his, but come from a source, a "magazine" of thought and of creative energy, behind or beyond him—in fact, that all true poets, thinkers, orators, artists, are but *mediums* for "the ethereal tides to roll and circulate through."

It may be urged, however, that Mr. Emerson finds the source of these "ethereal tides," not in individual disembodied spirits, but in what he terms the "Over-Soul," a sort of all-surrounding atmosphere or ocean of soul or spirit. True; but our philosopher's definition of this "Over-Soul," so far as he has given any, makes it clear that he regards it, not as an impersonal, unintelligent element, like air or ether, but as in some real sense *constituted of individual souls*, and embracing all such, embodied and disembodied, in the universe. His language is: "that Over-Soul, *within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other.*" If men in the body do not lose their personal identity, consciousness, and characteristics, by being thus "contained" in the Over-Soul, no more do those who have cast off the earthly shell; and since the latter class must constitute the vast majority of human beings in the universe, Mr. Emerson must regard them as at least the chief source of that "flowing river" of thought, that "alien energy" of inspiration, from which all productions of genius are derived. In fact, from his own showing, Mr. E. is what Spiritualists term an "Inspirational Medium," although he appears to lack that opening of the interior vision, or spirit-sight, which some possess, and which enables them to perceive and distinguish to some extent the individual entities who constitute the "Over-Soul."

Other testimonies to the same effect, from other men of accredited genius and originality, might be cited were it necessary. An incident occurring under the writer's notice—one of many of similar significance—illustrates and corroborates the view here taken.

It was my privilege to attend a public meeting held in Boston immediately after the exciting Presidential campaign in which Abraham Lincoln was first chosen President of the United States. The meeting was one of congratulation and rejoicing upon that event, and it was to be addressed by that "silver-tongued orator," WENDELL PHILLIPS, to whom all delight to listen, whether in sympathy with his thought or otherwise. The audience was immense, and the enthusiasm unbounded. I had the good fortune to have by my side an intimate and trusty companion, who at times was gifted by an opening of the inner senses, which revealed the presence of beings invisible to the common eye. Nothing of the kind, however, was anticipated on this occasion, and what followed was as surprising as it was significant to us both. As the orator stepped upon the platform, and began his address, my companion whispered to me that she saw, as it were above and in his rear, another platform, or a vast amphitheatre, on which were assembled a noble array of dignified and shining beings, with countenances all aglow with interest in the occasion. Among those in the foreground she soon distinguished the unmistakable lineaments of a large number of the patriots, statesmen, and worthies of American history, prominent among whom was the majestic form of WASHINGTON, who appeared to be an object of deferential regard by all the assembled host, and spokesman or master of ceremonies for the occasion. Intently regarding this unexpected scene, she soon perceived that the chief personages revealed to her vision were in some way unitedly engaged in giving expression to thoughts, accompanied by symbolic representations, of wonderful artistic beauty and force of significance, and evidently appropriate to the object of the meeting there convened. At my request, she repeated to me, in a low whisper, as fully as possible, the ideas she received, and described the imagery which was made to pass before her surprised vision. Listening to her words, and at the same time to the eloquent language of the visible orator, I soon perceived that the

latter was but following in the same track, and repeating the substantial ideas—sometimes the very words—which had a moment before been whispered in my ear. When he indulged, as was his wont, in a figure of speech, he but dimly indicated what had just been presented as a vivid picture before my companion's vision !

This continued through the whole address, which was delivered apparently impromptu, and was one of Mr. Phillips' most thrilling and commanding efforts, as will be remembered by thousands who heard it.

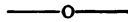
To us this incident, which has been paralleled by many others of a similar significance, furnished conclusive proof that this chief of orators on the American platform is at times (that he is always, is not affirmed) a medium for the transmission of thought from exalted minds once tabernacled in clay. And if this be true of Mr. Phillips, it is and has been doubtless equally true of many other distinguished speakers and writers throughout the world, and in all times.

Whether or not the eminent orator referred to was at that time, or is ever, conscious of any extraneous influence exerted upon him ; or, if so, whether he is aware of the true nature and source of "that flowing river which out of regions he sees not, pours for a season its streams into him," I know not. Consciousness of such influence appears to depend upon some peculiarity of organism or temperament. But instances are not wanting of public men and authors of high repute, who have been both sensible of such inspirational aid, and aware of its source—as they have acknowledged in private to confidential friends—but who have refrained from avowing the fact to the world, through motives of prudence or policy. Whether this has been wise or otherwise on their part, I presume not to judge.

It is hardly necessary to add, that when the disembodied can command the services of such cultured instruments as EMERSON and PHILLIPS for the transmission of their thoughts to this mundane sphere, their productions are not lacking

in either vigor of conception or felicity of expression. And if the philosopher of Concord is right, neither he nor any other master of thought, of oratory, of poetry, or of art, can say of his best productions, "This is mine," nor deny that it has proceeded from some mind or assemblage of minds in the spiritual realm. In fact, it is doubtless chiefly through the instrumentality of the most expanded and cultured souls in all departments of human attainment, still in the flesh, that the great and good of our race who have passed on to higher fields of thought and achievement, cast back the effulgence of their grander lives upon our dim world. Thus it is that mankind advances, and earth from age to age grows brighter.

"The mightiest souls of all time hover o'er us,  
 Who labored like gods among men, and have gone  
 Like great bursts of sun on the dark way before us :—  
 They're with us, still with us, our battle fight on ;  
 Looking down, victor-browed, from the glory-crowned hill  
 They beckon, and beacon us on, onward still."



## MIND AND BODY.

THAT creature must be supremely sluggish whose bleared sense and perverted imagination would make the Mind inferior to the Body and the outward circumstances of the world. We cannot entertain the idea of such ignoble subordination. But it is illogical to admit the superiority of the Mind, and yet maintain that it is only the offspring of our corporeal nature—born and extinguished with the animal fires—that the soul is merely phenomenal, and results from the slow combustion of carbonaceous matter, and the inevitable action of air, light, electricity and other subtle agents on a curious organic structure. To presume that effects thus transcend their causes, in degrees that admit of no comparison, is an absurd assumption. Nor is the fundamental error rendered more respectable by the constant misapplication of the terms Nature, Reason, and Philosophy.

S. B. B.

## MATTER, ETHER AND SPIRIT.

BY I. DILLE.

### INTRODUCTION.

**I**N the summary of the proposed theory, which was published in the Third Number of this Journal, only the leading points of the argument were presented, with a general statement of the facts and conclusions drawn from them. To entitle a theory so comprehensive and radical to the consideration of the thoughtful, a clear and logical arrangement of the facts, relied upon to prove it, should be made, and the simple and natural inductions from them, to lead the mind to the conclusions adopted. If we succeed in establishing the theory, an easy and clear solution of all the processes, problems and phenomena of nature is furnished, by which all that is obscure, hidden and dark can be explained, and the great secrets of science and religion laid open to our understanding. I am fully aware of the magnitude of the undertaking, and if I am able to exhibit it to others as clearly as it appears to my own mind, I feel that I shall carry conviction to all who carefully and faithfully examine the subject.

I shall not undertake to prove the existence of ether, which has been so satisfactorily accomplished by others. My sole object will be to show the constitution of ether and its relation to matter. And,

First, I shall endeavor to prove that ether is composite, that is, like matter, it is composed of various elements distinct in their qualities, functions and effects.

Second, that all force is ethereal and consequently imponderable.

Third, that the qualities of the different elements of matter are imparted by an union with different elements of ether.

Having established these premises, we shall be prepared to consider the differentiations in the universe of matter both in the organic and inorganic world, and to form a conception of the forces which have prevailed in their development.

#### FORCE.

Matter and Force constitute the Physical Universe. The world of matter as compared to infinite space is less than a grain of sand upon the shore to the great ocean which cast it up. Yet that space is not a void, for if it were, our organs of vision would be insensible to the existence of the heavenly bodies which stud the celestial expanse above and around us. Two theories of light were contended for by the scientific—the emission theory, which taught that light was issued from a luminary in minute corpuscles which produced upon the eye the sensation of light; the other insisted that all space was filled with an exceedingly sensitive or elastic ether, the vibrations of which, acting as forces, excited the visual organs to its perception. This last theory is now almost universally accepted, and the existence of an all-pervading ether is now received as an established fact by the scientific world.

Among those who resist the conviction of an universal ether is Prof. W. R. Grove, whose ingenious treatise on the Correlation of Forces has been so favorably received, while his conceit that all space is filled with ordinary matter in a highly attenuated gaseous state, has failed to receive the approbation of scientists. All the matter we know is ponderable and would be attracted in a greater or less degree to the stellar and planetary orbs, and would produce refractions, and perhaps other obstructions to the passage of light from other luminous bodies beyond. The absence of any such effect directly negatives that idea. All the recognized forces are imponderable, with the exception of Gravitation, which of itself is ponderosity, and as those forces pass through space

from the sun and stars, we may logically assign to them an ethereal character and claim that they are universal, or as filling all space.

Let us begin with Light. By means of the prism white light is decomposed, and when a pencil of sunlight is admitted through a slit in a darkened room and a prism is interposed in its path, a spectrum is cast upon a screen, which separates the different colors of the solar ray from each other. The motions of those different colored rays have been studied by the profoundest mathematicians, and Fraunhofer has compiled the following table :

Place in the Spectrum.	Length of undulation in parts of an inch.	Number of undulations in an inch.	Number of undulations per second.
	Millions.		Trillions.
1. Line B .....	00002708	36.918	451,000,000,000,000
2. Line C .....	00002583	38.719	473,000,000,000,000
3. Middle Red .....	00002441	40.949	500,000,000,000,000
4. Line D .....	00002319	43.123	527,000,000,000,000
5. Middle Orange .....	00002295	43.567	532,000,000,000,000
6. Middle Yellow .....	00002172	46.034	562,000,000,000,000
7. Line E .....	00002072	48.286	590,000,000,000,000
8. Middle Green .....	00002016	49.609	606,000,000,000,000
9. Line F .....	00001906	52.479	641,000,000,000,000
10. Middle Blue .....	00001870	53.472	653,000,000,000,000
11. Middle Indigo .....	00001768	56.569	691,000,000,000,000
12. Line G .....	00001689	59.205	723,000,000,000,000
13. Middle Violet .....	00001665	60.044	783,000,000,000,000
14. Line H .....	00001547	64.631	789,000,000,000,000

Fraunhofer says that in the solar spectrum there are at least 500 distinguishable tints or shades of color, from the red to the violet, each with its measurable waves of ether, which differ in length of space and number in time.

It is frequently asserted that the parallel between sound and light extends to the minutest particulars, sound being the result of the vibrations of air, in which the lowest tones are produced by the longest vibrations and the highest by the shortest. A homogeneous medium, then, would be sufficient to give out all vibrations for sound in air and colors in ether. If this proposition be true, the table before us does not tend

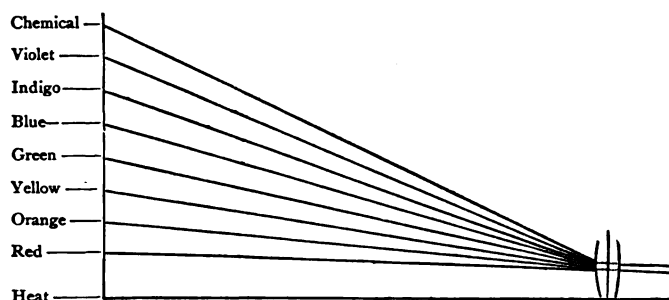
to prove that ether is complex, but that like air it may be a simple and single elastic medium. Let us look further into the spectrum and see what it teaches. Schellen says :

"The colors of the spectrum possess a purity and brilliancy to be met with nowhere else ; they are perfectly indivisible and can not be further decomposed, as may be easily proved on attempting to analyze a colored ray, by means of a second prism. If a small round hole be made in any portion of the spectrum, the extreme red for instance, a red ray passes through it, and appears upon the opposite wall as a round spot of red light, precisely in the same direction as the red rays left the prism on the other side of the screen. . If a second prism be interposed in the path of the ray that has passed through the screen, the ray will suffer a second refraction and the image be thrown in another place (higher up in the figure) on the wall ; this new image, however, is simply red, like the incident ray, and by a careful adjustment of the prism shows no elongation but appears perfectly round." (*Spectrum Analysis*, p. 88.)

Nothing parallel to this is known in sound. Sound is fugitive, evanescent, and can not be perpetuated, but the colors of the spectrum perpetuate themselves in a thousand ways, as we shall endeavor to show hereafter. Color is not a quality in anything we see, nor is it of itself an entity, but it is merely a mode of motion of the medium which transmits the outlines of the object to the eye. All the different colors move with equal velocity, but their movements essentially differ, as is shown in the foregoing table. When we look upon a bouquet composed of all varieties of colors, by reference to that table we shall understand the length of the different waves, in space, and their number in time, of each separate color. So when we hear a musical concert, by having a table of aerial vibrations of the gamut we can ascertain the measure, in space and time, of each note that strikes the ear. The air which conveys the sound is homogeneous, a mixed gas, and all those various tones in a harmony move together. The analogy between sound and light has confused the minds



ism, or chemical energy, are differently refracted, as is shown in the subjoined figure :



No human skill has been able to change this relation of the component parts of the spectrum to each other, or to make one correlate into another. The heat in the ultra red may be condensed by a lens so as instantly to ignite blackened paper, or make platinum foil red-hot, and the chemical force on the other side of the spectrum may in like manner be made to exhibit chemical reactions. But they always occupy their respective places in the spectrum, showing that they are several and distinct forces, each having its peculiar refrangibility and wave-motion.

But there are other modes of decomposing a ray of light, if we will so understand the teachings of experiments. I quote the following from a distinguished English scientist who construed the result very differently from myself. Mr. Grove, laboring to prove his favorite theory of the correlation of forces, unconsciously to himself, gives us another mode of analyzing a beam of light. He says :

“In my lecture in 1843 I showed an experiment, by which the production of all other forces by light, is exhibited. I may briefly describe it. A prepared daguerreotype plate is enclosed in a box filled with water, having a glass front, with a shutter over it. Between this and the plate is a gridiron of silver wire, the plate is connected

with one extremity of a galvanometer coil, and the gridiron of wire with one extremity of Brequet's helix, an elegant instrument formed by a coil of two metals, the unequal expansion of which indicates slight changes of temperature. The other extremities of the galvanometer and helix are connected by a wire, and the needles brought to zero. As soon as a beam of either daylight or oxyhydrogen light is, by raising the shutter, permitted to impinge upon the plate, the needles are deflected. Thus, light being the initiating force, we get *chemical action* on the plate, *electricity* circulating through the wires, *magnetism* in the coil, heat in the helix, and motion in the needles."

An experiment is a question put to Nature. But if the answer is misinterpreted, or not understood, its value is lost. In this experiment, the result revealed two other elements in the complex beam of light, electricity and magnetism, with two manifest in the spectrum, heat and chemical force, found in the invisible part of the spectrum.

Cohesion, which unites atom to atom, and molecule to molecule, to make up solids, is another element. It has analogies with actinism, but analogies are not identities, and parallels between different elements of matter, or of ether, do not extend far. The All-Wise Creator is too rich in resources to repeat any of his processes or productions. Cohesion is also analogous to, but not identical with, *Gravitation*, which imparts weight to all material substances, holds the countless orbs in their places, directs and controls their motions in their spheres, and preserves the harmony of the Universe. As Newton enunciated it, "Gravitation is a force which binds every atom in the universe to every other atom." And though he discarded the undulatory theory of light, in his letter to Bentley he distinctly avows the belief that the atoms and orbs were held together by some intermediate force, or thing, extending from one to the other. Cohesion and Gravitation are similar in one respect, that is, their force diminishes with the increase of their squares of distance. But their difference is, that cohesion ceases to operate at

any sensible distance, while gravitation operates at any imaginable distance.

We thus find by the evidence of our senses twenty distinct ethereal elements, or forces, which are all the forces recognized by many physicists. It is not necessary to our argument that twenty elements of ether be enumerated ; seven, thirteen or twenty will serve our purpose. It is sufficient for us to show that ether is complex, having several well-defined elements, with distinct functions, actions and effects. We have seen that Grove found electricity, magnetism, heat and actinism in a pencil of light, and yet how unlike these forces or elements are in all their physical qualities. Besides their sensible qualities as forces, light moves through space at the computed rate of 194,000 miles per second, but electricity has a velocity of 288,000 miles per second.

#### AFFECTION OF ETHEREAL FOR MATERIAL ELEMENTS.

Electricity associates with silks, furs, amber, glass, gums and water ; but differs. One manifestation of it is called resinous, the other vitreous, positive and negative. It is found to be a constituent element, as a means of offense or defense of certain fishes, which have special organs for its generation. Oxygen and fluorine are the most active of the material elements, the builders and destroyers of so many structures of nature, which may be referred to their being clothed with armatures of chemical elements of great energy. The thermal element is more intimate with some bodies than others. Water takes heat reluctantly ; some of the metals rapidly. It requires thirty times more heat to raise water to the temperature of 212° Fah. than mercury. This subject will be noticed again.

Franklin suggested that every atom or molecule of matter was enveloped in a spherule of electricity, with its axis and poles. Later physicists contend that each atom and molecule had an atmosphere of electricity and chemical energy com-

bined, with separate axes and poles. Mossotti went further, and held that each had an envelope of general ether around it, and refers atomic and molecular forces, cohesion and gravitation, to its influence. I am inclined to think there is some truth in all these hypotheses, but not the whole truth. The adhesion of some ethereal elements to one or more material elements, in preference to others, the indifference of two or more material elements to each other until united by the influence of an ethereal element, as instanced by hydrogen and oxygen, which are indifferent to each other, but unite by electricity with great energy, and water results, or oxygen and chlorine combined by the same force, and hydrochloric acid is formed ;—the allotropic state of several elements, as carbon, oxygen, etc., lead me to conclude that ethereal as well as material elements have their affinities, and the results with matter depend upon the material coatings of ether. Instances of this kind might be adduced almost indefinitely. The whole vegetal kingdom, whose material constituents are so similar and whose qualities are so varied, must result from some combination of ethereal with material elements.

Gasification of solids and the evaporation of fluids can only be satisfactorily explained on the hypothesis of ethereal envelopes of the atoms and molecules. By heat the most refractory substances can be converted into gas, so that even gravitation loses its influence upon the atoms while they are separated from each other, and float in the air like thistledowns. Water is 815 times heavier than air, and yet at how low temperatures will evaporation take place, and how high will vapor ascend to where the atmosphere is vastly less dense than at the ground. Cirrus clouds frequently are seen at an elevation of 30,000 feet (five miles) above the earth ; what other body can we conceive sufficient to lift those atoms and molecules to such heights than the ethereal balloons to which they have been committed ? Again, the freezing of water, which expands in the act of congelation, is explainable on this hypothesis.

## ETHER BECOMING A CONSTITUENT OF MATERIAL FORMS.

The qualities and behavior of water under different conditions suggests that some constituent other than oxygen and hydrogen—something that chemistry can not find—enters into its composition.

The magnet is a clear instance in point. A piece of ordinary steel, by a very simple process, is endowed with new and marvelous properties, so as almost to evince unerring intelligence, by which it teaches man what he can not know without it, enables him to traverse the pathless seas, in unknown regions, with certainty and safety, and shows him the true path to pursue in the midst of clouds and darkness. And what was added to the steel? Just what Grove found in the pencil of light—magnetism. Has it changed the character of the steel in any other respect? Not in the least; it weighs no more and no less, is neither softer nor harder, less tough or more brittle.

Light with its various tints and colors unites and becomes solidified in the hues and gradations of shades in the foliage and flowers of the vegetal kingdom, in the plumage of birds, in the hair of animals, in the scales of fishes and the shells of molluscs. The sun paints with fixed colors that are as enduring as the substance upon which the elegant and fanciful pictures are sketched. In the dark no healthy vegetation can develop. Potatoes and some other roots will send out long sickly shoots in dark cellars, but it is an unnatural and colorless growth, of no vigor, which perishes on coming to the light, and very few plants will flower at all in the shade of buildings, or under the shade of trees. Something is to be learned from these and kindred facts of the nature and properties of ether, and they show conclusively that its constitution is complex, composed of many elements of different qualities, functions and effects, suggesting also that there are many other elements, not yet named, to which may be ascribed all the differentiations of the organic world.

Let us see to what we have arrived. In the visible spectrum we have, as given in the table, fourteen different measured colors (Fraunhofer says there are at least 500 measurable gradations of color in the solar spectrum), then there are heat and chemical affinity, electricity, and magnetism, all found in the pencil of light. These are all Forces, which operate by rhythmical waves or vibrations, of great minuteness and exceeding rapidity. Each element, like the strings of a lute, has its peculiar tension and measure of wave in time and space. One string can not be made to give the vibration of another. Each one is a trumpet which always gives a true signal and never an uncertain sound. Thus we have, in the pencil of light, at least eighteen different elements or strings in the Grand Ethereal Harp, on which is performed the sublime Oratorio of Creation. But when we study the vast harmony of this music of the spheres, we discover innumerable tones which these strings are incapable of uttering, and we must conclude that this stupendous instrument must contain other strings which science has failed to discover, and which are efficient in executing the varied parts in this wonderful concert of nature. We do not hope to develop the whole of this mighty secret in this primitive sphere. The great Author of all has no doubt manifold resources of which the highest angels are ignorant, the unfolding of which may constitute the reverent bliss of eternity : but if we are successful in pointing out the ways of God to man, of finding a clue by which so many difficult problems may be solved, and of opening the eyes of a philosophy that is daily becoming more blind, our labor will be amply rewarded.

I propose to notice more in detail other forces, which are efficient in developing the order of nature, and more especially of organic nature.

#### THE VITAL FORCE.

May we now pass on and seek in ether other elements or forces to account for the phenomena and processes of crea-

tion? We are most interested in understanding the origin, development and progress of the organic world. If we find a starting, primeval cause for organic nature, we attain to what Darwin, Spencer, Lyell, and all the lesser lights of that school have failed to find, for although Bastian and others have obtained the "Beginnings of Life," they are as far from accounting for the phenomena, as they were before their experiments.

The vital force is common to all organic nature. It is a simple force, which produces new combinations of matter,—of elements that in inorganic nature are indifferent to each other, and rarely unite in any form, but quickened by this force, they have no longer a repugnance to each other, but combine for all the productions of the vegetal and animal kingdoms. In some instances these combinations are of a very durable nature, as in some woods, seeds, nuts, and the bones of animals.

Darwin and others work out their origin of species and the evolution of all living things, by evolving all from a few low individual organisms. But they are unable to start from any substantial or original foundation. Bastian does not help them out, for he experimented with matter that had been once organic. The germ was in his hand and he gave it an opportunity to develop.

Chemistry fails to account for the combination of the leading elements in all organisms, for in general those elements are indifferent to each other. There must be physical energy wholly distinct and different from chemical affinity to compound such heterogeneous elements, that will remain together indefinitely without uniting. Three of the four main components of all organic matter have a low intensity, and their affinities have a very limited range. Hydrogen is one which combines with comparatively few elements, and its chemical energies, so far as they are manifested, require a higher temperature than is compatible with organic development. Carbon, another, is quite inert unless too highly heated,

either for plants or animals to be developed. Nitrogen, the third, which plays so important a part in the organic world, is perhaps the most indifferent of all the elements of matter. The fourth is oxygen, which is the most active of all the elements, and the range of its affinities the widest and the intensity of its action the greatest.

Professor Graham's researches have thrown much light on this subject, which Herbert Spencer has condensed in the following paragraph, better than I could summarize his interesting paper.

FROM HERBERT SPENCER'S BIOLOGY.

"Here we are naturally introduced to another aspect of our subject—an aspect of great interest. Professor Graham has recently published a series of important researches, which promise to throw much light on the constitution and changes of organic matter. He shows that solid substances exist under two forms of aggregation—the *colloid*, or jelly-like, and the *crystalloid*, or crystal-like. Examples of the last are too familiar to need specifying. Of the first may be named such as 'hydrated silicic acid, hydrated alumina, and other metallic peroxides of the aluminous class, when they exist in the soluble form; with starch, dextrine, and the gums, caramel, tannin, albumen, gelatine, vegetable and animal extractive matters.' Describing the properties of colloids, Professor Graham says:— 'Although often largely soluble in water, they are held in solution by a most feeble force. They appear singularly feeble in the capacity of acids and bases, and in all the ordinary chemical relations. Although chemically inert in the ordinary sense, colloids possess a compensating activity of their own arising out of their physical properties. While the rigidity of the crystalline structure shuts out external impressions, the softness of the gelatinous colloid partakes of fluidity, and enables the colloid to become a medium of liquid diffusion, like water itself. . . . Hence a wide sensibility on the part of colloids to external agents. Another and eminently characteristic quality of colloids is their mutability. . . . The solution of hydrated silicic acid, for instance, is easily obtained in a state



of purity, but it can not be preserved. It may remain fluid for days or weeks in a sealed tube, but is sure to gelatinize and become insoluble at last. Nor does the change of this colloid appear to stop at this point, for the mineral forms of silicic acid, deposited from water, such as flint, are often found to have passed, during the geological ages of their existence, from the vitreous or colloidal into the crystalline condition. The colloid is, in fact, a dynamical state of matter, the crystalloidal being the statical condition. The colloid possesses *energia*. It may be looked upon as the primary source of force appearing in the phenomena of vitality. (? ! !) To the gradual manner in which colloidal changes take place (for they always demand time as an element), may the characteristic protraction of chemic-organic changes also be referred.'"—(Vol. I., p. 15.)

It is a little remarkable that so profound a thinker as Prof. Graham did not consider when he wrote "The colloid possesses *energia*: it may be looked upon as the primary source of force appearing in the phenomena of vitality," that while the crystalloid is the product of chemical force, the colloid is the product of vital force. We know of no colloid from the albumen of germinating seeds, and of eggs to its prepared state, by processes of digestion, for the nutrition of organic existences, that is not a product of vitality. If the learned Professor had reversed his proposition, he would have enunciated a truth which the savans of our day have been slow to perceive. The *Diastase* of sprouting seeds is a colloid. The contents of every egg, of every unfertilized ovum, of all nutritive food in the state of chyme or chyle in the animal stomach, is a colloid. The first step in all the beginnings of life is colloidal. The vital force is the generator of that condition of matter, and it brings elements into combination, and builds them up into organic structures, of innumerable varieties, which no other force is able to effect. Chemical force urges atoms of matter into combinations by means of their affinities, a property of matter, probably imparted by ethereal invironments or surroundings; in many cases, conditions of temperature, and in all, the condition of freedom of the atom

is necessary for the new combination. To unite carbon with oxygen, for the formation of carbonic acid, a temperature as high as that of animal heat seems required, but the Vital Force compels a union of those indifferent elements, in some cases, even below the freezing-point, and there are cases where the zero of Fahrenheit does not prevent this action; the red snow (*protococcus nivalis*) is an instance, which is a plant, in its mature state, consisting of "brilliant globules, like fine garnets, seated on, but not immersed in, a gelatinous mass" [*colloid*].

The Vital Force, while it has such an active control over a few elements of matter, that constitute organisms, and is as manifest in the alga or fungus as in the elephant, the whale, or in man, would seem not to be a formative, a qualitative, or differentiating force, but simply a power to aggregate elements suitable for organic structures, leaving to other forces to give forms, qualities, properties and characters to the different organisms which it generates. It is worth repeating that no other, or all of the ordinarily recognized forces are capable of bringing into such combinations the necessary elements of matter that are found united in organisms. Hence it must needs be, that their union is the result of a force, and that force, in some way, produces a living thing, and how? By referring to innumerable instances within our daily observation, we may logically conclude that life is imparted to the combination by the ethereal vital force incorporating itself with the compound. Is that improbable? We have seen that magnetism is found in the pencil of light (and if in the pencil, it is all-pervading in ether), we know that electricity, also manifested in the pencil of light, is a component of the gymnotus, as well as other fishes,—the probability that all colors of material objects result from a combination of the elements of ether, whose vibrations produce the colors of the objects,—and as vitality is a persistent property of all organisms, how can we account for life in the organism without a combination of the Vital Force with the constituent matter of every organ-

ism? The severance of the vital force from the matter is death. If this be so, the definition of Life, which has racked the brains of so many savans, is very simple.

This force, then, we conclude, merely quickens or animates matter, forming life-centers, which attract to themselves the atoms of elements, so neutral to all other forms, but so obedient to this. The formless vibrios, mycellia and other lowest forms of life, we may infer, possess no qualities such as we find in more advanced vegetals, but are simply colloidal conditions of matter, such as the Vital Force brings into combination. So the Protozoans of the Laurentian rocks may be supposed to have been odorless and insipid and only capable of a limited growth in that heated condition of our planet.

#### QUALITIES.

But as time progressed other ethereal elements began to unite with the vital force, and vegetation assumed sapidity, and became nutritive to the low and primitive forms of animal life. The earliest vegetation was probably all aquatic, fucoids, algoids and the like, growing in the shallow fresh-water seas of the primitive world. The molluscs of that age flourished upon the simple food supplied by the rudimentary plants which the waters furnished. So we judge, because such we find the earliest vegetation to have been, and so low in the scale of being was the first animal life, the remains of which are left to tell us what they were. We shall probably never possess fossil remains of the first vegetals and animals that peopled the earth, as they dissolved too easily into their elements to be preserved in the forming rocks to leave even an impression. Such as we find, the lowest and least developed must have been quite an advance upon the first organic forms of the earth. Huxley has well said that such genera and species as remain from the earliest geological times are no more advanced in form or character than they were in the beginning. The mollusc or ganoid fish has maintained the

same form all through the ages, with the same habits and habitats. But the changes in the vegetal kingdom, of the earliest forms, have been a degeneracy instead of an advancing evolution. The *Lepidodendron* was a stalwart tree during the carboniferous period, but it has dwindled down to an insignificant moss. Tree ferns are still growing upon tropical islands, but they are pigmies compared to the huge trunks whose forms and dimensions are outlined in the rocks of the coal measures. So with the calamite, whose present analogue is the humble rush plant, in the day of its glory was a tree that attained to the height of twenty or thirty feet, with a diameter of six to ten inches.

The coal-forming period witnessed a great step in advance of the vegetal kingdom. Temperature, moisture and the constituents of the atmosphere were so well adapted to the growth of plants, that the largest developments were made from the feeblest germs. Yet from the composition of coal, we may judge that there was no great development of qualities in plants. The land animals were too few to require much nutrition, and the plants were composed of the fewest elements that enter into the structure of vegetation. Carbon and hydrogen were leading elements of those primeval forests, just what a wise foresight would provide for the supplies of fuel that were laid up for a distant future, to meet the wants of an intelligent race of beings.

When the carboniferous age passed, land animals began to occupy the forests, and forests of a higher order took place of the monocotilidons that furnished the materials for our coal measures. Nutrition was demanded for the denizens of the land, and the demand was liberally met. The fauna and flora of the earth progressed together. Herbivorous animals greatly increased, and provision was made for them by a like increase of nutritious herbs, grasses and plants.

How can this even march of the vegetal and animal kingdoms be accounted for, on the theory of natural selection or evolution? Natural selection supposes a succession of for-

tion in a still stronger light, which it is deemed proper to present under the head of *Qualities* in the vegetal kingdom, which yield them in such great variety and abundance. Roots, stems, wood, leaves, barks, flowers and fruit have their distinctive odors in many cases ; any one part in the same plant is unlike those in the other parts.

There is perhaps no subject of which all know so much, and of which every one knows so little, as that of odors. Science throws but a dim and uncertain light upon the question. Physiologists are yet in doubt about the structure and action of the olfactory as distinct from the gustatory nerves. But how odors are diffused and wafted from their source, science is not able to give us much satisfactory light, although we have a vast accumulation of incoherent facts. Some odors are evanescent and very soon exhaust their source. Others again are enduring and fail not, or waste not in time. An instance is given of a grain of musk having lain more than a century in a chest of drawers, in Holland, which shed its perfume for more than a century, and on being weighed, it was found that its exact weight still remained. Similar experiments have been made with assafoetida, some gums and some essential oils, for shorter periods, with like results. As a general rule, animal odors are more persistent than vegetable. Some dried flowers will retain their perfume indefinitely, even after they are so desiccated as to be made into snuff.\* Some odors will diffuse themselves far and wide, and seem to fill the air for great distances, while others are only perceived when their source is in actual contact with the nose. When we consider all the facts connected with odors, it seems most probable that their means of diffusion, as well as their action upon the olfactory nerves, are wholly ethereal. If it be so, it is evident that different elements of ether are employed to produce the different sensations. The smell of the polecat will extend a mile or more from its source, and the smallest touch of the fluid upon a garment will remain for months. What other

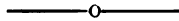
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\* Flowers of the *Pewonia superba* is an instance of this kind.

means for its extension and persistence can we conceive, or for its fetid consistence, than ether? Facts connected with this subject might be multiplied indefinitely, all explainable upon this hypothesis, but explainable upon no other. Odors are forces, and like other forces are imponderable and ethereal.

*Taste or sapidity* is a marked quality of the vegetal kingdom, which, so far as our sense of smelling is concerned, is of as great variety (or perhaps greater) in plants as odors.

But we must close. We have not noticed the differentiations in the forms of plants. That they result from a cause or force capable and adapted, there can be no doubt. Fortuity is neither a cause nor a force. Natural selection is but an infinite succession of accidents. Aristotle's terse remark is worthy of being always kept in mind when we are considering these great subjects, when he says, "All that is in motion refers us to a mover, and it would be but an infinite adjournment of causes were there not a great Immovable Mover."



#### AN UP-HILL BUSINESS.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, some time since, ascribed the stormy weather in England to the omission, on the part of the clergy generally, to read the fair-weather prayers with sufficient fervor and frequency. His Reverence put his ministerial subordinates through a suitable course of theological sprouts, instructing them, in substance, to pray for a dry-time "wherever the circumstances of the district seem to require it." Here and there a shaky minister objected, on the rational ground that the Lord comprehended the situation and the necessities of the district better than the priesthood. In the main, however, the inferior clergy prayed as directed; but, to the best of our knowledge and belief, they did not succeed in making the elements "dry up." There is no use in praying for fair weather while an English fog is more palpable than the faith of the Church. S. B. B.

## A HYMN OF THE NIGHT.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

### I.

IN the vast Temple of the Night  
I stand and muse with calm delight ;  
Its dome with silver flame is bright,  
And drops of odorous, dewy light,  
    Fall from the urn-like Moon.  
The mountains that bear up the skies,  
Like shafts of sculptured emerald rise ;  
From the far North, in radiant guise,  
Flame the ethereal Mysteries,  
    Robed in their crimson bloom.

### II.

The leaves, the winds, the waters flow  
In blended cadence sweet and slow ;  
Now in great waves of song they go,  
Then fall as dew-drops, faint and low,  
    Drip from the myrtle bough.  
My Spirit wakes in this great hour,  
All holy things sweet influence shower,  
The inward Sight, and Sense and Power,  
Unfoldeth like an opening flower—  
    I rise transfigured now.

### III.

Above me bends a vaster sky,  
The storms, their wide wings beating, fly ;

Dim shadows o'er the horizon lie ;  
 And the eternal stars on high  
     Shine through the Night of Time.  
 All worn and scarred the toilers sleep ;  
 Sad eyes in slumber weep and weep ;  
 Strong Souls their faithful vigils keep  
 Through the world's Midnight dark and deep,  
     With Hope and Love sublime.

## IV.

The outward Night that round me lies  
 Must perish. Lo ! the Darkness dies ;  
 Sweet voices in the bright'ning skies,  
 Sweet odors from the earth arise  
     Where flowers their bloom display.  
 The Sun-burst with its golden wings  
 Has woke earth's blessed, beauteous things,  
 In silver robes the fountain springs,  
 All Heaven with echoing music rings,  
     To welcome in the Day !

## V.

*Thus*, waiting hearts, Time's storm-fill'd Night,  
 Where Hate and Love, like gloom and light,  
 Have wrestled long in desperate fight,  
 Shall end. Rejoice ! The True and Right  
     To victory onward go.  
 No more dark Fears the Soul shall rend,  
 All hearts in Love's blest concord blend,  
 Bright Seraphs to the Earth descend,  
 Man dwell with God as friend with friend,  
     And Heaven fill all below.



## CHRISTNA.

### THE FIRST AVATAR.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

WHILE a sharp attention to physical wants was necessary, in order to maintain a mere existence, the spiritual powers, finding but small time or space for attention, became comparatively inert. There were, indeed, faint and remote traditions of a period when men had other relations, and other wants ; but these were so absorbed in the one essential struggle, that the soul but timidly dared assert itself ; and, to all appearance, was as nearly annihilated as was possible for sentient beings.

But when improving conditions left leisure for rest and reflection, and the spontaneous exercise of the intuitive faculties, there was a reaction. The physical man had now attained consolidation and equipoise, with full strength and stature, without any opposing forces ; and the time had arrived when the spiritual powers must be quickened ; and these suddenly became paramount. With its first waking consciousness, the soul overwhelmed itself with seemingly unanswerable questions. The whole mystery of being, with its inexplicable entrance, and its dark exit, stood ever, an impenetrable cloud, directly in their path, receding as they approached, but still before them, silent, dark and defiant. Whence and why are we ? and whither do we go ? was the great unanswered cry of the human soul. But the deeper they delved and the more earnestly they sought solution, the darker and more remote appeared the tantalizing truth. There was still a problem which the most gifted minds could not solve—the presence of this mysterious being in the world, so constituted—so gifted

—his sight and steps bounded by a thousand barriers—his thought limitless, stretching around—back—forward ;—though answered not, still craving to know. What is it ? and why is it always thus baffled, yet never subdued ?

They cried out in the anguish of their midnight dreams. They thought of it with the first morning light. They pondered on it in the noonday silence. They questioned the Sea, the Stars, the Mountains and the great Rivers that sprang from their abysses, if they could behold, anywhere, a being—a word—a thought—that could answer them. And the Mountains, standing stately, and the Rivers, hurrying by ; the deep Stars, singing silence, and the Sea, in rhythmic numbers, all, spoke of something stranger, deeper, stronger, than their wildest thought. But nothing answered them.

At length they almost neglected the care and sustenance of the body, in this all-absorbing desire to fathom the mystery of being—to find, perchance, some stable anchor, to which they might hold, and steady themselves amid the rapid and dizzying currents of life and thought. And they said, “ What shall be the end of us, if we cease caring for our flocks, and neither sow, nor gather in ? ”

But the great and good Brahm, Father of Gods and Men, heard and had compassion on them ; and he raised up a beautiful maiden by the name of Vasadeva. Fair she was to the eye, and lovely to the heart. Within her pearly bosom dwelt a spirit as pearly pure ; and such a light shone out of her forehead, that all who beheld her beauty, were fain to bow down and worship her ; for she seemed like one of those celestial strangers, whose visits to the earth were still living in the memory of man.

Many youths sought her in marriage, but on none of them could she look without a sense of outrage in her soul ; for had she not been awakened in her early childhood, by a voice telling her that she should become the mother of a God ? And had not the promise been repeatedly reëffirmed since, by voices from the sky, the sea, the stars—by words spoken in

distinctly in the advancing light ; and she soon found both security and rest, on the same mossy bed, where, in peaceful meditation, she often spent her noonday hours. Every trace of fear had vanished ; and thankful for the shelter, she lay down, and slept sweetly.

The scene when she awoke was adorned with the most prodigal beauty of Nature. Pushing aside the lovely Vasant, a gigantic climber, that completely hid the entrance, she stepped out on the small platform, that connected this almost insulated mountain-spur with the mainland. Though within sight and hearing of human haunts ; yet so completely was it secluded by high rocks, and embowering trees, with a happy curve in the mountain itself, as to betray no signs of its presence, even on close approach. She herself had found it, only by following the flight of a wounded dove along the narrow opening, which insensibly wound itself into this perfect paradise of flowers. And was not the dove, itself, a celestial friend, sent to guide her to a knowledge of this cloistered cavern, against the day of extreme danger ? She often asked herself this question, especially when she remembered that the bird, on her arrival, was nowhere to be found.

Charming as the spot had been, in its previous aspects, every feature was now enhanced by the beauty and freshness of morning. Buds just opening ; leaves unfolding ; herbs and grasses dew-gemmed ; and the whole wrapped in a robe of rose-light, the benison of the new day.

The earth was carpeted with fragrant flowers, richer and brighter than the gayest parterres of the garden. The Caruna with its tender blossoms, and the lovely Casavella, with many other nameless, but unrivaled beauties, that clustered closely around her footsteps, so bright, so varied, so wondrously tinted, it seemed as if frolic Nature had been decking the earth with rainbows.

Nor were the trees less charming. The tall Valanga, with its anise-breathing blossoms, the graceful Moranga, with its

flutter of the child-heart was toned down into a strong will, to do, and dare, as the way might open. The natural awe and dread of darkness, and the terrors of a thousand superstitions, that fettered the feet, and unmanned the courage of older and stronger than she, as if by some magic spell, were dissolved in a moment; and she stood erect, free and fearless, entering at once into that harmonious relationship with Nature, which is society and solace in the most troubled and solitary conditions. The whispering Wind told her not to be afraid; and the rolling River murmured low in unison. The wild Flowers, wafting incense, saluted her with sweet smiles. Insects in their cells, and birdlings in their nests, murmured soft syllables of dreamy sweetness. Tall Trees waved their arms with a gesture of paternal protection; and the great round Sky bent over her with deep enclosing walls of love. The solemn Stars sang to her songs of triumph, and joy unspeakable; and the distant Mountain beckoned her, with the outreaching arms of a mother, to come to her bosom and find rest. It was Mount Elzil—one of that picturesque chain of the Vindhya range, that stretched down from the ancient Himalaya, intersecting the beautiful Valley of Nerbuddah. She stood looking at it wistfully; for she knew that there was hidden in its bosom a secret cave, known, as she believed, only to herself; but the natural fear of so lonely and wild a place overcame her new strength, and she was near sinking to the Earth. It was but for a moment; for, even as she looked, behold a sphere of light rose from the heart of the mountain; and sending forth a soft luminous current, shot along the path, directly approaching her.

"The angels know best!" she meekly murmured; for she recognized the light as a symbol of divine protection. "I will go thither;" she continued, clasping her lifted hands, while a celestial radiance shone from her beautiful eyes and illuminated every feature; "for what can harm me, when the Heavens light my way?"

Thus saying, she sped along the path, which now appeared

parrakeets, with their exquisitely graceful forms and chaste and delicate plumage, contrasting happily with the grand and gorgeous display of the proper parrots, appeared in large flocks. The refulgent Leophorus was making, here and there, a flying visit from the distant mountains; while the purple and golden Cinnryis, the humming-birds of the East, hung round the blossoms in brilliant swarms, praising with their drony music the beauty they ravished. The meek-eyed jungle-hen, with her soft-hued, modest plumage, led her little brood down to the shallows to drink; and the large snow-white cockatoo sat amid the glossy green of the fragrant Santalum, surveying the scene with a quiet and curious eye. Pigeons, hardly less brilliant than the parrots, and in the exquisite softness of their tints far more beautiful, spread their glossy green wings in flight, or came down to the water's edge, marching in long trains along the shore, to sprinkle their glossy plumage and bathe their crimson feet. It was the paradise of the world, the wide-spread Eden of Earth.

And all this beauty, with its divinely refining power, quickened in the heart, and nourished the soul of the receptive Vasadeva. And thus she became, like the spiritual food she fed on, sweet and pure, unconsciously dropping off the earthly character, and putting on the celestial; and in the sweet silence of her maiden spirit, she awaited the fulfilment of prophecy. All gentle creatures entered into companionship with this beautiful life, because they felt its harmony with the very heart of Nature. Nor did the most dangerous animals injure or molest her. The huge rhinoceros, as he fed among the sugar-canes, turned his ponderous body from her path, and bent on her a look of wonder. Noxious serpents were disarmed of their venom; and even the terrible tiger had his mouth shut, and his fierce eyes shadowed, when she crossed his track. By such signs, and such wonders, was her divine mission sealed. And now, in the opening of the second moon from her flight, came the long-expected day of redemption, that should confirm her faith, and repay her for all she had suffered.

One morning, having found a cluster of that rare blossom, the Blue Campac, "which Brahmins say blooms nowhere but in Paradise;" and seeking for her mirror a clear little pool of water, she began twining the flowers in her bright amber hair, finishing the effect with a sprig of the exquisite Cesarer, which the Indian poets call "the quiver of love." Surveying herself with a pleased eye, she seemed then first really to know how supremely fair she was. In this feeling there was neither vanity nor foolish pride, but a refined and holy joy in the sense of her own beauty, because she believed herself created for beautiful relations and uses; and to see herself so lovely, only confirmed the faith in her divine destiny. And thus, unconsciously, she was adorning herself for her bridal.

Scarcely had the last tendril clung to her shining tresses, when she heard a voice, saying, "Arise, and go forth out of the secret passage; for he whom I have sent awaits thee."

For a moment she hesitated. Her position had made her cautious. But a second thought reassured her, and rising without delay, she entered the winding path that led back to the world. But why are her steps arrested, as if she were suddenly sinking to the earth? She had just emerged from the thick copse-wood, when directly before her, in a little open space, appeared a figure, so beautiful, so majestic, so benign withal, that he seemed more like some descended deity than a mere man. He stood leaning against a stem of the graceful Deodora or Fragrant Pine, as majestic and graceful as itself. The heavy night-black hair hung in wavy masses over the strong chest and broad shoulders; while the large, soul-lit eyes were bent forward, with a searching look, as if he, too, were seeking.

It was in vain that Vasadeva attempted to urge her steps forward, or even to retrace them. With a sweet diffidence, that threw a transparent veil of modesty over all her charms, she could only await the stranger's approach.

But a single moment, as eye met eye, and hand clasped hand, were they strangers to each other; and then, every

thought, feeling, affection, all consciousness of the present and hope for the future, mingled spontaneously, as the two lives were rapidly flowing into one. And thus, by a miraculous and mutual understanding of the wants and capacities of each, their present and future destiny was sealed. At first words had no language for them; and they could only survey each other with a sweet and silent rapture, that sought no embrace, craved no kiss; but only awaited in reverent joy the fulfilment of its promises.

And who was this stranger, who had come, in a moment, to possess himself of the heart and person of the beautiful Vasadeva? It was Devaci, the young king of Ozéne. And he, too, had been instructed and prepared for this union, and the divine fruit that was to follow.

"All the kings of the Earth have ordained marriage," he said at length. "Let us then keep the law. Let me lead thee back to thy brother's house, that, in the presence of all thy people, he may name thee mine."

He paused; and the blushing cheek, and the downcast eyes, alone, answered him.

Thus, by all the forces of sympathy, affection and pure passion, they were drawn together; and they were united in the presence of her rejoicing friends.

The young queen was taken home by her proud husband; and among his devoted and worshiping subjects, she moved like a being of a more exalted sphere, still wearing, amid all her honors, the same sweet and native simplicity—still nursing in her secret thought, the one most devout purpose of her being.

And when she found that the word so long since given, was about to be made manifest, she bent the full force of her immense will-power directly on her child. To do all that should benefit, and nothing that might injure, became her daily and hourly study; and her life was one long prayer for the final fulfilment.

And thus was this simple child of Nature, in the first pure

instincts of motherhood, taught by divine wisdom, truths which the wisest of this day have but barely reached. And with all these refining and inspiring forces, how should the child be other than divine? He was born at midnight, beautiful and wonderful to behold; and a chorus of Devotees saluted, with hymns of joy, the God-like infant. Scarcely was he three days old, when his parents were greatly alarmed for his safety. The tyrant, Canza, to whom it had been predicted that a child born about this time would be the cause of his own overthrow, had ordered all the male children of about that age to be slain. Hearing of this, the parents in great terror rose in the night; and the babe was carried away and concealed in a region remote from his birth. He was cradled among shepherds, to whom were first made known those stupendous revelations of the Future, that stamped his character with divinity.

As he grew in strength and beauty, a celestial wisdom flowed into his life; and sages sat at his feet to listen and absorb the wondrous truths he taught. Even in childhood he not only exhibited a superhuman wisdom, but a God-like strength. On his seventh birthday the envenomed serpent, Calijah, crept into his cradle and sought to crush him in its deadly folds. The child arose. He grappled with his horrible foe. He tore the links asunder. Grasping the head, he plucked out the venomous fangs, and then throwing the snake on the ground, crushed it with his heel. Many pictures and sculptures, representing this scene, are to be found in various parts of the East, even to this day.

But to return. The attendants, witnessing the attack of the serpent, fled in terror, crying out for help; and thus the heroic child was left alone to struggle with his horrible foe; and the shrieking mother arrived just in time to see the monster writhe his last, beneath the crushing foot, round, bare and white, of the laughing child.

After this incident, a deep presentiment of his future mission and final destiny, for some time took possession of the



child. One day he lay in the deep shadow of a beautiful Palaza tree. After gazing at the stem of the tree thoughtfully for some moments, he suddenly burst into tears. This not only surprised but alarmed his mother ; for his sweet and happy nature was always flowing forth in ebullitions of innocent and childish joy ; and she asked him why he wept.

Clasping his mother with renewed weeping, he answered : " A tree like this I die on."

And pointing to the stem of the tree, he added : " I saw myself nailed up there ; not as I am now, but large and tall as my father."

The mother was greatly affected by this circumstance. She recalled the many wonders that had signalized his advent ; and now the possibility of a violent death first possessed her. But in time the impression wore away from her own mind, as from that of the boy. And when she saw him dancing with the happy milkmaids, she mentally rejoiced ; saying, " Surely nothing can harm my child ; for every creature loves him."

As the young Christna advanced in age and wisdom, he began to unfold divine truth in such a masterly manner, that men regarded him not only with delight and admiration, but with astonishment and awe ; and they said : " It is not a mere incarnation ; but Vishnu himself."

He taught them of one Supreme First Cause, the great Brahm Father of Gods and Men, who, by an incarnation of Brahma, had created the world ; that all spiritual powers and forces, all emanations from this great Source and Center of Light and Life ; that portions of this spirit become invested with human forms and for a term of years inhabit the earth ; that the short life here, is but a school and preparation for the life that has no end ; that all good actions would clothe this life with peace, and beauty, and divine joy ; but evil actions would defile and deform it ; that goodness consisted in a love of truth and justice ; in kindness to the sick and suffering, a fostering care of young and old ; and thus should

we worship Brahm, with clean hands and a pure heart. By a careful observation of these cardinal virtues men would, in time, draw nearer to the all-wise and all-perfect Brahm.

The young lawgiver carved no idols, adored no impersonation of Nature, but practiced and enjoined the worship of a Spiritual Being—All-mighty, All-wise, All-good—the great Builder and Ruler of the Earth and Heavens, and the Universal Father of Men.

In short, he answered the hitherto unanswerable. And so true were these teachings to the wants of the times, that a great system of religious faith and worship was established in the world. Nurtured by the mild, beneficent and practical character of this religion, all the arts of peace flourished; and men made good progress in the cultivation of the natural sciences, especially Astronomy. All these powers and forces at length became centralized, with a very highly advanced people, inhabiting a portion of what is now Asia Minor, extending to the Mediterranean. These people became the first instructors of India, China, Egypt, Persia, and Chaldeæ.

But after many ages this bountiful and beneficent religion became corrupted, and finally overthrown by the engrossing and ungodly spirit of priestcraft. The priests gradually took the power of self-direction out of the hands of the people, and concentrated in themselves all dignity, power, and authority, introducing idolatries and superstitions; everything that could impoverish and enslave the people, and enrich and exalt themselves, until, in the thick darkness that overspread the world, the very name of this people has utterly faded out from the mind of man; and only in a few fragments of faith and art can we trace the merest initials of its history. But the germs of long-hidden truths yet had life; and when, many ages after, the arts began once more to revive and flourish, Commerce and Letters sprang from this very region, where, perchance, they had long lain dormant.

The ministry of Christna was not confined to the immediate

land of his birth. He traveled over the world, and carried from land to land the glad tidings of great joy, which he had been born to publish. And his mission was confirmed by miracles, many and wonderful. The sick were healed. The blind received sight ; and the dead were raised. He lived many years, spreading abroad through the world the beautiful, serene and joyous faith which he had been born into. But at last he met the fate of almost all great benefactors.

Finding some people in a distant land worshipping an idol, which they had just made, he attempted to show them the absurdity of addressing prayers to a dead piece of wood, which had neither ears, nor eyes, to hear or perceive them. The enraged idolaters construing this into a contempt of the Gods, clamored loudly for his life. He was seized, bound, and nailed to a tree and crucified. Against this cruel murder of her noblest son, Nature entered her protest in angry thunders, now bursting in the blackened air, now muttering in the depths of the quaking earth. And the bitter agony of the Cross was made more bitter, by the cruel taunts and mockings of brutish men. No pitying eye regarded him. No loving voice consoled. With a straining and searching gaze, he surveyed the multitude. Among all that cruel crowd, not one friend. In the last anguish of almost expiring hope, he seemed seeking, or seeing something in the distance. That flying form, now nearly sinking, now rushing forward with such desperate speed, can be no other than the best friend—the mother—whose life had become so conjoined with his that she could not be insensible to his condition. With a prescient view of this scene she had long followed him at a distance, never approaching too near, because her anxiety disturbed him and frustrated the fruits of his labors.

She draws near. The crowd give way. Stretching her arms, with an ineffectual effort to reach her child, she clasps them around his corded limbs, and presses her pale cheek against his wounded feet. He sees ; he knows his mother ; for he had expected her presence ; and then, amid the drops

of blood that trickled from his distended veins, fell pure, pearly, peaceful tears.

The last agony was over. A divine smile irradiated the closing eyes, and softened the hard strain of the curving mouth. A serene calm settled on all the features; and, as the Spirit passed, a halo of bright light encircled the forehead, and illuminated the whole figure, now in the deepening gloom strikingly manifest.

The murderers were paralyzed; and men with bloody hands stood stony still, their eyes fixed, as if by some horrible enchantment, on that serene and beautiful face. At length they began to cry out for pity and pardon, beating their breasts and bowing themselves in frantic worship of the loving brother they had so cruelly crucified! And thus it was that they came to recall and sanctify every word he had uttered, and to strive with each other in obedience to his beautiful precepts. Not all too late did they recognize the God they had rejected and slain. He was deified. The Palaza tree, where he suffered, became sacred to him, and large groves of it adorn his temples to this day.

The mother was removed from the tree, in so deep a trance she was supposed to be dead. But on the third day she suddenly revived, and for the space of a few minutes was able to speak and rehearse what she had seen. During this time she had been following the Spirit through the shadows of Death and Hell, which his presence had mitigated and would finally overcome. But on the third day he had risen to the sweet rest and the sublime joys of Vaiconvalha, the Paradise of Vishnu.

Having uttered this, her features settled in a profound calm; and the spirit of Vasadeva had flown, unchecked, to the outreaching arms of Christna.

And thus passed away from Earth one of the divinest spirits that ever became incarnate in a human form; and though his precepts seem to have faded away from the mind of man, yet the beautiful lessons that he taught, in their

spirit and essence, have always lived ; and they still traverse the world, bearing balms of peace and fruits of immortal joy, in a thousand changed and changing forms.

#### INTERLUDE.

In almost every principal Mythology there is a great Teacher, or Mediator, between God and Man, who instructs the people in Religion, Government and Arts, and who, after a life of exemplary usefulness, dies in a mysterious or violent manner. They are all, also, First-born Sons of the Supreme God of the people, when they appear, born of Virgin Mothers, and inaugurated into their Life and Mission with many signs and wonders that conspire to make their presence memorable.

The most ancient of these is probably Christna, the second divinity of the Hindoos. The points of resemblance between him and our Christ are many and remarkable, as doubtless has been discovered in the previous reading.

The learned Jesuit, Baldæus, says, that every part of the life of Christna resembles that of Jesus ; and he shows very clearly that the time when these miracles are supposed to have been performed, is at least 3,100 years before the Christian era.

Sir William Jones attributes these wonderful resemblances between the Christna and the Christ to interpolations of the Vedas from the apocryphal Gospels. But this, as Maurice very justly remarks, is rendered at least doubtful by many of the sculptures of Hindoostan, representing the same story, which are undoubtedly of a very high antiquity—pointing back to a period ages anterior to the birth of Christ. Among the sculptured figures copied from one of the oldest pagodas, is one that represents Christna dancing on the head of the serpent. In another drawing from the same, Christna is seen entangled in the enormous folds of the serpent, symbolizing the terrific nature of the contest, while the enraged reptile is biting his foot.

Mr. Higgins, the learned author of *Anacalypsis*, considers it very unlikely that the Brahmins, the most proud, conceited, and bigoted people on earth, would interpolate their ancient books to insert in them the Gospels of a people who were almost entire strangers to them—who were few in numbers, and regarded with such contempt that they would neither eat, drink, nor associate with them—and could not, without losing caste. It can not even be pretended that the Brahmins wished to make converts. This is contrary both to their faith and practice. The books in which these histories are found were obtained with the greatest difficulty. They have every appearance of a very great antiquity, and were found concealed in recesses of their temples, that were evidently built many centuries before the Christian era. A prominent and ferocious figure surrounded by slaughtered infants—all boys—has been, by the Christian missionaries or visitors, called “The Judgment of Solomon.” “Absurdly enough,” says Forbes, who further testifies that there are many figures in Elephanta, representing the same thing, that have the history of the fact annexed. These could never have derived their origin from any of the spurious Gospels, for the reason that they antedate them by many ages.

Sir William Jones and Mr. Wilkinson have shown good reason for believing that a much more benign and perfect system of religion once had sway in India. This had been corrupted by designing priests and unprincipled legislators, until scarcely a vestige of its ancient purity remains.

Maurice says, in the description which the Ayen-Ackbury gives of Cachmere, there is an account of a very interesting religion, or a band of religious devotees, who were very pure, amiable and devoted, and were called Reyshees, a name which, in Sanscrit, signifies a holy person. And in this sect, it is thought, may be traced the mild, the beneficent, and the uncorrupted religion of the great Brahm.

It was also the opinion of the eclectic Christian Philosopher, Ammonius Saccas, that one universal and very refined

religion originally pervaded the whole world, which only required to be divested of the meretricious ornaments, or the corruptions with which the infirmities of men, or Priestcraft, had laden it, in order to show its original purity and beauty. In many different countries it was everywhere found. Taking this liberal view of the matter, he averred that, between the Christian and Gentile systems, there was no fundamental or essential difference. Ammonius was probably the most learned of the Christian Fathers, and had the best opportunity for knowing the truth in these matters.

In accordance with the above opinion, he taught that all the Gentile religions, together with the Jewish and Christian, were to be explained by a universal philosophy. But in order to do this, the fables of Pagan Priests were to be removed from Paganism, and the Comments and Interpolations of the Disciples of Jesus from the Christian.

Philo, Clemens and Ammonius, and, in fact, all the ancient Christian Fathers and Rabbis, who must necessarily have known the truth, have admitted that there were in the Christian and Jewish religions, certain secret doctrines not known to the vulgar. The ancient Gentiles also profess the same thing. Mysteries among them constituted the most prominent part of the religion itself. All the choice truths, all the higher light, were locked away in the darkest crypts and the deepest caves; and thus guarded by the most terrible penalties, were kept from the common eye. Even the divine philosophers had not yet learned that the Man could be invested with the keeping of his own conscience, or the choice of his own religion, or even entrusted with a knowledge of himself.

Ammonius Saccas says that the Heathen and Christian Mysteries were the same thing. There seems to have been a secret religion for the Conclave, the Lateran, and a public one for the Senate and People. Papal decrees all issue from the Church of St. John—Lateran—or the place of the secret religion.

Ammonius, perceiving that the different barbarous nations, as well as the philosophers of Greece, were in unison with each other, in regard to all essential points, made it his business so to expound the tenets of all these various sects, as to make it appear that they had originated in one source, and tended to one and the same end.

The favorite object of Ammonius was to bring about a reconciliation of all the different philosophies and sects, Greek, Barbarian and Christian. Hoping to induce the wise and good of all nations to lay aside contentions and quarrels and unite together as the children of one common mother, to this end he zealously labored. He maintained that the Divine Wisdom, which had been brought to light, and nurtured by the people of the East—by Mithra, Hermes, Zoroaster and other sacred characters, was warmly espoused and cherished by Pythagoras, Plato, and others of the Greeks. In short, he represented the differences as of trifling moment, showing also, that as the religion itself became corrupted and obscured by mere human conceits, superstitions and falsehoods had crept in. He believed that the whole object of Christ's coming was to reinstate and restore to its primeval integrity the wisdom of the ancients.

But the heart of Ammonius Saccas was too large for his times. His clearer sight penetrated the dark horizon of the age and comprehended a principle that lay ages beyond—and is not yet—not QUITE yet—accepted as a common truth.



## SCIENCE OF THE ANCIENT RELIGIONS.

BY GROVER C. STEWART.

**I**N the following essay I propose to call the attention of the reader to some of the evidences in support of the theory that there existed in Asia and Africa, during many ages, a well-digested and widely-extended system of religion, founded upon the science of the heavenly bodies, and the operations of Nature.

The moderns are mere imitators, having derived their various systems and creeds, forms and ceremonies, and all their so-called sacred books, from the ancient pagan system. Paganism to-day represents the remains of an effete barbarism, yet the pagan nations have not been equaled by the moderns in the scientific arrangement, grandeur and consistency of their ecclesiastical organization. I say consistency, because the ancients adapted their religious system to the apparent operations of Nature. But the moderns, in their creeds, ignore the phenomena and laws of Nature, and our religions are continually at war with the demonstrations of science and the evidence of our senses. The moderns have rectified the errors of ancient science, but have retained the corresponding blunders in the existing system of theology.

When an accident happens to a pleasure-party on Sunday, modern theology says it is a penalty inflicted by God for the breach of the fourth commandment; and the believers are constantly instructing him in the proper course to pursue—praying for rain and fair weather—and in various ways trying to induce him to change his course of action and the order of events. Modern science anticipates climatic changes, and can foretell such coming events as depend upon the operation of

discovered laws ; but modern theology clings to the old idea of a divine favoritism, and special interpositions and infringements of natural law in the interest of a few.

This old system of worship has left its memorials in every section of the habitable globe. We find the evidence in the traditions of wandering savages ; in the sacred books of all the more advanced tribes and nations ; in the astronomical diagrams of the learned Asiatics and Africans of the mystic ages ; in the astrological and masonic systems ; and in the ruined temples and other works of art which are found on the surface of the earth, or that lie entombed amid the débris of ancient populous cities in both hemispheres.

We proceed to notice in brief some of the links that connect us unerringly with those old systems ; to trace the relationship of religious beliefs, and perhaps to offer some reasons why we should advance in harmony with the revealed will of God, as seen in the work of creation, and explained to us by his priesthood—the scientific teachers of the age.

While we concede to the authors of, and the believers in, the various pagan systems of antiquity, an honesty of purpose and a sincerity unsurpassed by the moderns, yet we can not disguise the fact that their notions originated in fear, and their systems were the outgrowth of superstitions which everywhere characterized the infant mind. Such was the condition of the masses ; the exceptions were the knaves who fostered these superstitions for gain or glory ; and those heroic old teachers who either like Boodh or Confucius founded new sects ; or, like Jesus and Socrates, fell victims to the intolerance of Church or State. I need not attempt to prove to the Christian reader that Paganism was and is a failure, for that he believes already ; but when I claim that Judaism was but a branch of this same old pagan church, and that modern orthodox Christianity is simply a reformation of the same, my statement is likely to meet with a different reception.

A gospel of peace has never yet become the religion of any people. The church founded on the Jewish Bible has been

hostile to humanity. A community admitting the axioms of Judaism can hardly be either intelligent or virtuous. Such a people can neither live in harmony with natural law nor worship God in the beauty of holiness. History teaches us that most of the bloody wars, ancient and modern, have been waged by, or in the interest of, the creed-mongers. If the real animus of Judaism was not gold, the model Jew is always a successful financier. The model Christian belongs to a church that pays one man \$12,000 a year for his services, while other members eke out a subsistence on two or three hundred.

We are living in the midst of a grand Spiritual Era ; and while the spirit-hosts are teaching new and startling ideas and doctrines, and founding a new and more stately system than the world has ever before witnessed, we are employed as auxiliaries in the humble mission of tearing down the old, or so much of it as in our estimation hinders the progress of the human family. The Anglo-Saxon type, through its intellectual development and science, has made Christian Judaism barely tolerable, by restraining the fanaticism and bigotry of the masses who believe in the Hebrew Deity. The Caucasian race in Europe and America has advanced beyond Judaism, as taught by Moses ; but it has not yet risen to the self-abnegation imposed by the teachings of Jesus. There are, therefore, no true Christians among us. Jesus taught his disciples to sell all and give to the poor, and take no thought for the morrow. If any of us were to act on that suggestion, in this enlightened age, we should subject ourselves to the penalty of arrest as vagrants, with the alternative of being imprisoned or giving bail for the support of our families.

Judaism is only another form of Paganism, and the Jewish Jehovah was borrowed from the Egyptians. Modern orthodoxy is little more than a finger-board pointing from Judaism to a load of antiquated teachings and superstitions. Paganism, Judaism and Christianity, Catholic and Protestant, are similar in spirit and identical in their origin. The former are perpetuated in the latter, in forms so modified as to suit the

requirements of the age and the forms of government under which they exist.

The key to all the ancient sects was the Cherubim and Seraphim. The last-named was the first in the order of time, and, by the precession of the equinoxes, gave place to the latter ; but this subject belongs to an advanced stage of the argument. Moses was directed to place two of the former on the mercy-seat in the tabernacle ; and when the Tyrians were employed to build a Temple for the Jewish God, two of them were placed in the oracle, or most holy place. The walls of the house were emblazoned on all sides with a repetition of the same figures, or with parts of the same. The various Cherubims of Nineveh, now being disintombed from the ruins, bear the same peculiarities. Some are complete ; being compounded of the four beasts (vide the Apocalypse), others having three, and some having but two. On the walls of the temple in Jerusalem, the face of a man and the face of a lion were alternated with palm-trees ; or rather, we should say, they were to be sculptured on the walls of the new temple that Jehovah promised to the Jews by Ezekiel.

Having referred to the biblical mystery—myth or allegory—of the four beasts with wings, and full of eyes before and behind, let us turn heavenward, and scan the starry hosts as they march to the music of the Spheres. To the ancient priesthood their every movement was pregnant with good or evil, and they believed it to be their mission to warn the people to flee from the wrath to come whenever the horoscope of the heavens foreshadowed coming calamities.

During the many ages which preceded the Jewish era, the leaders of the people were engaged in surveying the celestial country ; in classifying its inhabitants ; in learning their dispositions, and forming leagues, offensive and defensive ; and in learning the art of always getting on the strongest side. While the race consisted of wandering tribes, they judged the other nations by their own condition ; and it required

quite an advanced state of scientific knowledge to reach the ultimate of only two Gods,—one good and one evil. The old sects only claimed that their God was greatest among the crowd ; not that he was the only God. Probably the Jews more nearly approached the same conclusion than any other old nation ; yet we find Jehovah fraternizing with Adonis the Greek God, in the memorable expression, “ The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou on my right hand,” etc., the original term in the last case being Adonai, the possessive case of Adonis.

The result of ages of observation of the heavens culminated in the oldest written work extant, namely—the twelve signs of the Zodiac and thirty-six other constellations, so arranged that on them is founded the wide-spread system of masonry, and all the religions of the nations of the earth. The center of attraction consists of the twelve signs ; the twelve constellations ; the twelve houses of the sun ; the sun itself ; the moon, and the five old planets. These constituted the court of the most high ; the sun was God, the moon his spouse, and the planets were his body-guard. All religions then and there, under all the pagan sects, consisted in following their Sun-god in his various conflicts with the direful aspects of the warring elements. They rejoiced with him in his exaltation in the summer solstice, and fasted with him in his wintry humiliation among the fishes and other signs of evil import. At the two solstices and the two equinoxes these old world-makers placed the four identical beasts full of eyes before and behind, described in the Apocalypse ; in Isaiah under the name of Seraphim ; seen by Ezekiel and described under the name of living creatures on the banks of the river Chebar, (chap. i.), and again seen by him in Jerusalem (chap. ix.), and again in his vision recorded in the eleventh chapter.

The sacred animals are being discovered in great numbers in Nineveh, chiseled in stone ; and in Egypt are as common as are the crosses in the papist cemeteries. One stupendous work of art, embodying these mystical beasts in one, looms

up amid the arid desert sands, and under the cognomen of the sphinx has been the admiration and wonder of the ages.

What then is the sense and meaning of all these images? How could sane men addle their brains with so much folly? We answer, that in the absence of the knowledge of the arts of writing, printing and reading by the masses, hieroglyphic and allegoric teaching was the best, if not the only, method by which the people could be taught and controlled by the priesthood. Notwithstanding the Bible translators have attempted to disguise the fact, yet a comparison of the different visions shows that the Hebrew word seraphims means serpents, and cherubims, oxen. In Ezekiel's first vision one of the four faces was the face of an ox. In his second vision he calls it the face of a cherub, thus proving the two words to be identical in the judgment of the translators.

Jehovah said to Moses (Exodus, chap. vi. 3), that he had appeared to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob by his name, Baäl Shaddi, but that they never knew him by his name Jehovah.\*

Baäl worship taught that there were twelve great Gods, who had their houses in the twelve signs, the principal of which were in the signs of the four beasts constituting the seraphim and cherubim of the Jews, Egyptians and Chaldeans. The ancients represented the Zodiac as a grand man, and were guided in their daily pursuits by the relations of the astrological signs to the human body. Our almanac-makers represent this idea on the title-page by portraying the man surrounded by the twelve constellations. The signs of the Zodiac, as represented by the modern Jews, differ from the ordinary representation in one particular—they place a lobster where we have the crab.

We may here meet the objection that one of the four beasts, the Eagle, is not in the Zodiac, and that the Lamb is at the gate of the vernal equinox instead of the Ox. For the infor-

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\* Some copies of the Hebrew Bible, not having the Masoretic points, read El-Shaddi, translated God Almighty.

*Yes, Mr. Aquilla*

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mation of the uninitiated in astronomical science, we must explain, as well as we are able, that instead of the sun crossing the line of the equinox at the same point every year, it reaches and crosses it several rods in advance of the preceding year; by this process the vernal equinox passes through one whole sign in about ~~2,140~~ years.\* By this process the vernal equinox, as shown by Jacob's blessings on his twelve sons to be in the Bull, has passed through the Lamb and the fishes, and is now on the dividing line between Aquarius and Pisces, although astronomers treat of it as being in Aries. This passage of the sun through the signs is called the precession of the equinoxes.

The blessings of Jacob gave to each of the Patriarchs the quality of sign or domicil to which he belonged. Thus Judah was a Lion's whelp, and with the star Regulus, or the little King, in the heart of Leo, became the royal tribe. Reuben, unstable as water, had Aquarius on his banner and his domicil in January; Ephraim had Taurus for his beast, and Dan was a serpent, an adder in the path, etc. These four beasts were the four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of heaven. The Ox of April held the spring wind, the Lion the summer wind.

We conclude, therefore, that when these blessings of the Patriarch were uttered, the serpent of October was accepted by Dan, and was one of the seven great Gods that constituted the royal arch of the kingdom of Heaven, according to the old pagan church and the masonic fraternity. At that time, and during the preceding ages, the serpent was in high favor with theologians, and was the emblem of wisdom and sundry other qualities too numerous to mention in this connection. He gave his name to the seraphim that Isaiah saw in his vision. By the precession of the equinoxes he fell below the equator, and became the leader of the hosts of winter—the hell of the

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\* The equinoctial points retrograde, or move from east to west, at the slow rate of fifty seconds yearly, thus requiring not far from 25,000 years to complete a revolution.—EDITOR.

ancients. Consequently, four hundred years after we have reason to believe is the time, at the encampment in the wilderness, when Dan flung his banner to the breeze, with Aquila the Eagle substituted for Scorpio. At the same time the Lamb became the leader of the hosts of heaven, and the Ox passed on toward the summer solstice. The Bull, however, retained his place in the affections of the people of Judea, was still worshiped in Egypt, and preserved his situation in all the Seraphims and Cherubims reported in the Bible ; and he usurped the places of the eleven other beasts under the brazen laver in Solomon's temple. The Lamb, however, figured quite conspicuously in John's New Jerusalem, while seated on the great white throne.

I think it was Robert Taylor who observed that, in the early editions of the New Testament, the four beasts served as Vignettes to the four Evangelists, and any observer can see them in the stained window in the rear of old Trinity in New York. Jesus is beautifully represented with the shepherd's crook, Matthew with his Ox by his side, Mark with Leo, Luke with the Eagle, John with the Water-Bearer, and Peter with his Keys. We shall not insist on all our statements relative to the period or the *modus operandi* of these changes, as we sometimes fail in our attempts to trace the currents of events in history ; but we insist upon the reliability of our basic facts, and on the general correctness of our conclusions. That the cherubims constituted the body-guard of the Gods of both Judea and Egypt, we know from history. On the mercy-seat in the tabernacle of the Jews, Jehovah communed with Aaron while under their outstretched wings, and also in the Temple. The same beasts—called the Sphinx in Egypt—lined the entrances to their temples ; and one tall giant rears his stately head amid desert sands as he seems to watch over the ancient land of Khem.

The descriptions in the Bible of the form of the Cherubims are so obscure that theologians differ materially in their conclusions. Moses was so embittered against the Egyptian Ox,



that it is doubtful whether it was allowed to figure in the tabernacle. The Serpent, too, having fallen like lightning from heaven, was no doubt rejected by him, and the choice lay between Leo and Aquarius. But after the death of Moses, who had been educated in Egypt, there seems to have been no learned men to lead or instruct the people, and they resolved themselves into clans or tribes, until under Saul, David and Solomon they began to emerge from their former barbarism, and assumed the dignity of a nation. But they were without the elements necessary for the consolidation and perpetuity of the State—with no literature, probably, except their traditions and sacred ballads; with no public buildings, or other important works of art; and without either ideas or institutions around which a united people might rally. Under these circumstances Solomon resolved to erect a gorgeous temple which might be a center of attraction for those stormy Petrels of the desert, who were ever on the *qui vive* for a raid on their more peaceful neighbors. But here was a fundamental difficulty: Solomon had gold, but Judea had no brains; there was not an architect in all Israel. The Jew could fight, but he would not work; he was ready to rob his neighbors, but would not stoop to plebeian pursuits.

In this dilemma Hiram, King of Tyre, came to his aid, furnishing the skilled labor, while Solomon furnished the necessary treasure. The result was a Temple essentially pagan in its appointments, and everywhere ornamented with the veritable sacred Ox of Egypt, that so mortally offended the great lawgiver of the Jews. On the brazen laver were three hundred Oxen, under it twelve, and on the walls and folding-doors they were indefinitely multiplied. And probably the Cherubims, as they stood sentinel over the mercy-seat, presented the demure but kindly faces of the bovine race.

I am aware that there is some obscurity resting on the question of the interior ornaments of the Oracle. In I. Kings vii. 24, we have the statement that there were two rows of knops, "ten in a cubit." In II. Chronicles iv. 3,

they are said to be oxen. In I. Kings vii. 29, it is said that between the ledges "were lions, oxen and cherubims." In Ezekiel's vision, chap. xl. 18, 19, each cherubim is described as having two faces, one of a man and one of a young lion. Some light may be thrown on these Bible obscurities by the fact, that the ancient sculptors produced and reproduced these mystical beasts or figures in every variety of form that their ingenuity could invent. The favorite form and the most common was the sphinx, with the head and chest of a man, the body of an ox, the legs of a lion, and the wings of an eagle. Some have the body of a beast, the wings of an eagle, and the head of a man only. The general method of the Jews incorporated the six wings multiplied by four, to symbolize the hours and to denote the flight of time.

This peculiar form was adopted by the Jews because their system was a compound of the worship of the Sun and Time; or an attempt to perpetuate the memory of father Abraham, who was the representative of time, or time itself. The root of his name is Bram, the Hindoo term for time. With the addition of aleph, or A, it became Brama. Abraham's name was Bram with the A prefixed, by which it became Abram, the first of time, or the father of time. Astrologically his domicil was astride of Saturn, the old time-measurer, with a scythe in one hand, a dial on his breast, and pointing to it with the motto, "time flies." It was to Abraham as time, that the promise was made that his seed should be more numerous than the dust of the earth. It was also in this sense that Lazarus was taken into his bosom, Lazarus being the old year, while the new year was represented by the rich man. In the New Jerusalem of the Revelator is a riddle—a most wonderful horoscope of the heavens as seen from the ancient astrological stand-point. John's vision combines the worship of Time, the cherubim, the royal arch of Masonry, all the zodiacal signs, and several of the outlying provinces, or constellations, with much of their astronomical, astrological, symbolical and prophetic significance.

But our limits forbid a further attempt at elucidation at this time.

Up to the time of Moses the Jews worshiped the El, or Elohim, of the Hindoos, under the name of Baäl Shaddi. This was simply a worship of the Phallic organs, or the fructifying powers of Nature. The same worship is still perpetuated in the land of his nativity.\* Moses adopted Egypt's God, I.A.O., and in the Hebrew Bible called it I.H.U.H. The Greeks borrowed the same God and called him I.O. PATER, *i.e.*, I.O. the father. The Romans borrowed from the Greeks and baptized him Jupiter. The Christians borrowed from the Jews and modernized it into Je-ho-vah. It seems strange, however, that the name never found its way into the New Testament, or that Jesus and his disciples never recognized him. This may, however, be explained by the fact that Jehovah never traveled without his body-guard, the four beasts of the Pagans. Iao and the sacred Ox of the Egyptians were the Siamese twins of pagan lore.

We think a critical study of the Jewish Bible establishes the following facts, namely: That zodiacal worship, administered by a titular deity, who was borrowed for the occasion from the Egyptians, was the religion of the Jewish nation; that it was modified to admit the worship of one Deity combined with the worship of time; that all their sacred epochs were celebrated in accordance with the phases of the Sun, Moon and planets, and the revolution of the heavenly bodies; and that it was simply a pagan sect, with its oracle and all the paraphernalia belonging to heathen worship. We may be met here with the argument used by the Romanists when they discovered the papacy in full blast in China, at the time of the advent of their missionaries in the flowery land. They explained it on the supposition that the Devil, foreseeing the entrance of the missionaries, had forestalled them. It may be assumed that the Pagans borrowed their best ideas from the

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\* See Bayard Taylor's *Travels in China and Hindostan*.

Jews; but if we show that ancient astronomy and astrology (terms or names synonymous with worship), far antedated the birth of Abraham, then candor must compel the admission that the Jews either borrowed from the Pagans, or God gave them to both Jews and Pagans; or otherwise admit the assumption of the Romanists, and claim that God gave them to the Jews, while the Devil taught the Pagans the true religion, many centuries before Jehovah revealed himself to his chosen people.

The learned Egyptologist, Bunsen, concedes to Egypt an antiquity of at least 20,000 years, and claims for China a longer period. He also claims that Egypt had both a hieroglyphic and a phonetic written language of great antiquity. Yet the oldest monuments in each nation contain the evidences of astronomical knowledge, the first pyramid, probably over 5,000 years old, giving evidence of a knowledge of astronomical science. It was built to face exactly north and south, and with an angle corresponding to the angle of the sun's rays at noon fourteen days before the vernal equinox. The following statement originally appeared in the *New York Sun* some years since :

"Professor O. M. Mitchell delivered, not long since, in Philadelphia, one of his splendid astronomical lectures. The following statement of a remarkable fact is given in a report of his lecture :

"He had not long since met, in St. Louis, a man of great scientific attainments, who for forty years had been engaged in Egypt in deciphering the hieroglyphics of the ancients. This gentleman had stated to him that he had lately unraveled the inscriptions upon the coffin of a mummy, now in the London Museum, and in which—by the aid of previous observations—he had discovered the key to all the astronomical knowledge of the Egyptians. The Zodiac, with the exact positions of the planets, was delineated on this coffin, and the date to which they pointed was the autumnal equinox in the year 1722 before Christ, or nearly 3,600 years ago. Prof. Mitchell employed his assistants to ascertain the exact positions of the heavenly bodies belonging to our solar system on the equinox of that year

(1722 B.C.), and sent him a correct diagram of them, without having communicated his object in so doing. In compliance with this, the calculations were made, and to his astonishment, on comparing the result with the statements of his scientific friend, already referred to, it was found that on the 7th of October, 1722 B.C., the moon and planets had occupied the exact points in the heavens marked upon the coffin in the London Museum."

In the "Euterpe" of Herodotus, section 4, is the following:

"In all which they related of human affairs, they were uniform and consistent with each other; they agree that the Egyptians first defined the measure of the year, which they divided into twelve parts; in this they affirm the stars to have been their guides. The Egyptians divide their year into twelve months, giving to each month thirty days; by adding five days to every year, they have a uniform revolution of time. The people of this country first invented the names of the twelve gods, and from them the Grecians borrowed them. They were the first also who erected altars, shrines, and temples; and none before them ever engraved the figures of animals on stone."

In an old work entitled "A Dictionary of the Greek and Roman Antiquities"—compiled by order of the French King, and translated into English in the year 1700—under the head of *Astronomia* we have the following:

"The Ethiopians, it is said, were the first who discovered this science, because their air is very clear, and they have not such changes of seasons as we have; besides that this nation is very subtle and surpasses all others in wit and knowledge. Afterwards they improved this science with great application of mind, for they measured the course of each star, and distinguished the year into months and seasons, regulating the year by the course of the sun, and the months by the motion of the moon. Moreover, they divided the heaven into twelve parts, and represented each constellation by the figure of some animal, from where proceeds the diversity of their religion and gods; for those who more particularly observed the proprieties of the *Ram* adored it, and so on of all the rest."

In the foregoing extracts we have the counter claims of the Egyptians and Ethiopians: they may, however, be in a measure reconciled by the fact that Egypt conquered and absorbed Ethiopia. In either case we must concede a greater antiquity to the zodiacal worship than to the Jewish Nation. In the same work, under the heading "Jocasta," is the following description of the Sphinx:

"There was then in that country a monster called Spinx, who had a face and voice like a maiden, the body like a dog, the tail like a dragon, the claws like a lion, and wings like a bird."

Here we have a sphinx with parts of five animals. The probability is that in some rude specimen of the early sculpture, the tail and body may have been intended for those of an ox, but misunderstood by the narrator, because of imperfect delineation; or like John's beasts around the throne, for some mystical reason, a fifth beast was added.

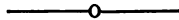
Egypt records an astronomical period of 1460 years, called the Sothiac Cycle. At the end of each of these periods Sothis, Sirius, or the dog-star, rises in the latitude of Thebes just before the sun. By this they rectified their calendar. According to "Bunsen," there are records of the return of three of these periods before the Christian era.

But our limits admonish us that we must bring this essay to a close. We have presented but a tithe of our proofs that the Jews—notorious for their deficiency of inventive genius, but with good imitative powers—have but followed the lead of the other unmixed tribes, and borrowed their religious system from their former masters. If Moses obtained his directions *viva voce* from Jehovah, is it not strange that he should be told to reproduce the same leading ideas which he had been taught in Egypt? that he should call his God by the same name; separate the animals, *a la Egypta* (the Egyptians detested swine); practice circumcision; make an ark in imitation of theirs; exclude women from the priesthood as they

did ; adopt the Zodiac, giving to each of the tribes one constellation, etc. ? It will be argued that Abram practiced circumcision. He did, but not until after he had sojourned in Egypt.

It is true that Moses sought to isolate the Jews from their fatherland by discouraging the arts and sciences among them, absolutely forbidding the making of a likeness of anything above, around or below the earth ; and also by continually preaching to them about their degradation and hardships. He attempted to excite their hatred against their former oppressors ; but fond memory, busy with the past, was ever tempting them to retrace their steps to that land of plenty, of golden skies and perpetual sunshine.

NOTE.—The author of the foregoing essay has elsewhere treated the general subject at length, in a work entitled "The Hierophant," published in 1859.



#### LEX TALIONIS LEX TERRÆ.

THE Gallows still stands as one of the expressive symbols of a vindictive theology and a semi-barbarous law. Its cold, accursed shadow falls on all the land—on the Church and State ; on sympathetic human hearts, on the faces of little children that lisp, with tremulous voices, the names of its victims, and on the souls of unborn babes, to blight and blacken human nature. Its hideous image and its frightful work ; its bloody record of the law's mistakes ; its long lines of innocent victims and of creatures morally deformed—all grim and ghastly in their gory habiliments ; the infamy that falls on desolate homes and blasts the hopes of families—all present to the living only sad and sickening scenes of tragic interest, and to the future a foul inheritance of blasted hopes and bitter memories.

S. B. B.

## QUID DIVINUM.

Translated from the French of *Revue Spirite* of Paris.

BY MRS. EMMA A. WOOD.

THE article that follows in this connection is in answer to a letter in a former number of the *Revue*, to whose writer our author, while substantially agreeing with him in sentiment, yet replies by *Quid divinum*. The insertion of the letter, however, is not necessary to a comprehension of *Quid divinum*, which will, I think, be found sufficiently interesting and important, treating as it does of the intimate relation of all material things to things spiritual. It is also interesting as an illustration of the manner in which the subject is treated by French Spiritists of different schools and of different views in the same school—showing how a subject assumes new aspects in passing through various forms of mind.

Foreign Spiritists, it is well known, hold some peculiar views, which though adopted, either wholly or partially, by some of our own people, have not, as yet, been fully indorsed by the majority among us, the principal one being the reincarnation of the soul through various human bodies, either in this or in other worlds, until the soul's purification has reached its highest degree. They, however, expressly repudiate the ancient idea of the human soul entering the body of an inferior animal. Everything progressing to good, no backward step is permitted by the Infinite Ruler of all. This doctrine of reincarnation so permeates all their writings, that every argument and every exemplification is colored by it, and those who read, as well as those who translate, must look at their arguments from the stand-point of their own philosophy; finding, as they will, in every new investigation, fresh proofs of the goodness and wisdom of the Creator.

### QUID DIVINUM.

In all diseases it is necessary to understand the part of the *Quid divinum*. A long time ago was *Quid divinum* dis-



covered. The expression comes to us from Hippocrates, who admitted it in its fullest signification when he called epilepsy the *sacred disease*.

By this expression he seemed to wish to say that the gods themselves created disease in the human body, and that then medicine was powerless. In fact, how struggle against the will of the gods! Light may be thrown upon this expression by Spiritism, which science also permits us to determine more exactly the generation of diseases, and at the same time the intervention of medical science and of medicine. This is what we shall endeavor to do; but first we shall unfold some general views of life, as Spiritism enables us to comprehend it.

#### GENERAL VIEWS OF LIFE ENLIGHTENED BY SPIRITISM.

Whatever may be the instrument the Creator has used to manifest life, were it only by means of a *cellule*, it is evident that the life is no more in the cellule than is electricity in the machine that manifests it; the cellule is the matter God has used to manifest His thought, which is *life*.

When an engineer creates a locomotive to run rapidly over great distances and transport heavy burdens, the locomotive is the expression of the engineer's thought, it is not itself the force and movement; all that is in the thought of the engineer, manifested by the locomotive. *It is a thought-made machine*, and by the same argument we can say of life, that *it is a thought made flesh*.

Has God desired solely to manifest life? Let us follow life from the cellule to its better defined expression in the various organisms—what shall we see? Life always manifested by cellules, but also, a thought manifested by organisms—a thought that goes on always being developed in a clearer, more distinct manner with the increasing perfection of the organisms.

The organism, then, is not living solely by the life of the cellules, it is living still more by the thought that created it, and for the end for which it was created; man, created last,

is necessarily the heir of the organic lives that preceded him, and the heir of the thought that presided at the work of creation, which has given occasion to the words of St. Paul—  
*"That God knew and loved us before we were."*

#### CREATION OF THE ANIMAL SOUL.

If man is the heir of the thought that presided at the creation of organisms ; if God who made all these things knew and loved him before we were, man is then the foreseen result of the creation and not a being issued instantaneously from the hand of the Creator, like Minerva, armed cap-a-pie, springing from the brain of Jupiter. If man is the result of all these organisms it must be that these organisms have not only produced something, but *something progressive*, and this progressive something is the *animal soul*.

This something, still animal soul, must have passed along the thread indicated by the zoölogical scale ; the development of instinct and intelligence must have kept pace with this progress of the organism and have been continued up to man.

#### THE ANIMAL SOUL AND THE SOUL OF THE FIRST MAN.

The *Revue*, of February, 1867, speaks of a dog who attempted suicide ; on that occasion a communication given by a Spirit taught that animals are responsible for their actions in proportion to their advancement. The same *Revue* speaks of a dog that has reappeared, thus demonstrating the survival of the animal soul after the destruction of his organism. Dogs dream ; this can not be doubted by all observers ; it may then be supposed that other animals of equal development also dream. We know a fact that shows, according to the evidence, that dogs see spirits, thus they may enjoy the faculty called seeing mediumship ; all these psychic facts, of the same nature in men and animals, prove a relative identity of psychic nature. We do not mean a complete similitude between the two natures.

Seeking to demonstrate the ascending progress, existing

from the primitive animalcule up to man, we do it with a certainty that a difference exists between the soul of man and that of the animals immediately inferior, as between these last and the soul of animals one degree less advanced in the zoological scale. What we design to prove is, that from the first degree of life God develops His thought; that each successive development has produced the first degree, then the second with the first, then the third with the first and the second, and so continuing, no one annihilating another, and so up to man. These are the degrees that correspond to the celebrated Archeus of Van Helmont.

Having reached man, the animal soul is complete such as God designed it to be, to conduct it to new destinies; this is the soul mentioned by Sthal; it is the one I call the first Adam. The animals and man have not only an identity of psychic nature, they have an equal identity of organism; they are subject to the same diseases produced by the same external causes, such as sudden variations of temperature; they are even subject to some similar diseases from internal causes, such as cow-pox and small-pox, the rot, the measles, etc., etc.

The soul of the animal man, then, is of the same nature as that of the animals; the ulterior development which God causes it to make, brings it nearer to Himself, differentiating it entirely from animality, and then appears humanity.

#### ORIGIN OF DISEASES.

We have seen that God ended His work of creation on the earth in man, but that He still continues it in conducting this animal soul towards the ulterior destinies for which He created it, and towards which we journey. All history—that of the Jewish people more particularly—the sacred books, the prophets, the coming of the Messiah, Spiritism, prove the constant solicitude of God for man.

Thus the human soul finds itself between two attractions, organism on one side and faith in a future, which we see

but darkly, as St. Paul says ; thus, man often mistakes the supreme law that guides him. This law may be divided into three classes : moral, intellectual, and physico-chemical laws, thus giving the cause of all diseases, if always we could know the secret of the organism by which one becomes gouty, scrofulous, insane, etc.

What is certain is that disease is an action of the organism by virtue of a law God has impressed upon it, and that disease and culpability are synonymous terms. The fact is patent for external causes, such as the influences of climate or simply a sudden variation of temperature. It must be the same for the infraction of moral laws ; for Christ said : " Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace ; " and he healed by touching the sick, also saying : " Be it unto thee according to thy faith." If He healed thus, it was because his prayer was granted. Guilt then is the primary, disease but the secondary fact.

What happens between the primordial fact *culpability* and the secondary fact *disease*, that is to say, how the fault committed in secret becomes visible to all eyes ; or, again, how a moral fact is translated physically, it is this *how* we call *Quid divinum*. Here it is no longer God who sends the evil, it is ourselves who are the instruments of our own punishment, and that appears to us more rational than the *Quid divinum* of Hippocrates. Diathesis, or predisposition to a hereditary disease, does not escape this law, for God has said : " I visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, even to the fourth generation." Spiritists know that this can be done without *injustice* on God's part, for if he punishes the fathers by the children, it is only by the affection they bear to their progeny, or by the trouble they occasion, the expenses to which they subject them. . . .

Yet, notwithstanding—and what still further proves that the moral fault precedes the disease—is that God wills not the death of the sinner, but his conversion ; and as, by reïncarnation, it is always easy to retread our steps, it is evident that

by inheritance God can show mercy unto a thousand generations of them that love Him, know how to keep His natural commandments and follow the great law. Then appears what in medicine we call a *latent diathesis*, that is to say, the possibility of living without undergoing the consequences of the inherited disease ; one is sick *in posse*, and not sick *in actu*. It depends on the incarnated Spirit to avoid the succession of bodily disease ; his free-will is respected, but he must not forget that at the least fault *the latent disease becomes active*. This view was adopted by the Jews, and in the Gospel according to St. John, chap. ix., it is said : “ As Jesus passed by he saw a man which was blind from his birth, and his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind ? ”

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Since guilt is the primordial, and disease the secondary fact, how is the moral fact manifested in the body ? All Spiritists will tell you : It is by *the perisprit*, and we perfectly agree with them. But how are hereditary diseases produced ? Every Spiritist who believes that the perisprit is something that the Spirit can take or leave at will, because it is merely an exterior agent, would be very much embarrassed to explain a hereditary disease ; for on this hypothesis, when one has a diseased perisprit it is a worn-out garment, which may be replaced by a new one and no more said ; or the Spirit is fatally subjected to the morbid development of the body he has inherited, and no longer has his free-will.

For ourselves, all that impairs the liberty of the Spirit should be eliminated from Spiritism, while the perisprit—its formation beginning with the first vital cellule and developing with the organism—becomes successively : instinct, intelligence, then, under the influence of the Divine fluid, a human soul, that is, one composed of animal fluid and Divine. It will be seen in the sequel that this series is natural, logical ; it is not the make-shift that undermines the free-will ; and yet one

is obliged to retain one's perisprit when it is diseased. This perisprit will follow you through all your incarnations, if you do not reënter the path traced by the wise and immutable law; even as disease was and will be caused by your errors, so health will be the reward of your return to the law. Always it is done to us according as we know and believe. Does not this reasoning, based on old experiments of eminent doctors, seem to you logical and very just ? \*

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God leads you ; you have allowed yourself to fall back to the animal fluids, those fruits of your organism, and disease, consequence of your false route, leads you, by modifications of your nervous system and your whole body, to see for yourself what you should never have abandoned. Ah, how true are those words of Christ : " Thomas, because thou hast seen me thou hast believed ; blessed are they that have not seen, and have believed." This, in a general point of view, is what we mean by humanitarian disease and how we understand the *Quid divinum*. Is it not in point here to quote St. Paul in a passage of his first epistle to the Corinthians, ii. chap., 14th verse : " The natural [physical] man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God : for they are foolishness unto him ; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

#### DISEASES FROM EXTERNAL CAUSES.

Good for one disease, you will tell me ; good for the diseased from moral causes . . . . I told you three classes may be admitted : moral, intellectual, and physico-chemical laws. The three classes are reduced to two, for the intellectual laws indicate whether or not a person is conscious of his fault, that is to say, if he have failed knowingly, voluntarily or through ignorance. The intellectual laws serve only to fix the degree of culpability. But, strange to say, diseases from physico-chemical causes produce in the organism, in an inverse sense, the same effect as diseases from moral causes : general uneasiness, troubles of secretions, nervous troubles, typhoid state and delirium. Yet this similitude should not surprise us, for they are both manifested in the same organs.

The typhoid state is certainly not insanity, but the patient is, so to say, beyond this world ; one must speak loudly in his ear to attract his attention ; from his brief answer you know if you have been heard, if reason is not wholly gone, but it is also known that it can not manifest itself through the organ-

ism, become a discordant instrument in the hands of a Spirit. In insanity it is a discordant Spirit who has untuned the instrument . . . . It is thus possible for physico-chemical causes to reproduce in the body general *effects* similar to those produced by moral causes.

This proves that the organism is *one*, that it possesses a dynamism of its own,—a dynamism that can be nought else but the animal fluid of that organism—a fluid whose existence is demonstrated by animal magnetism. Again, this proves that the Spirit is one, that the perispirit and divine fluid constitute a unity of just so great elevation as the divine fluid has the ascendancy. The human soul, its existence, its hurtful or beneficent properties are demonstrated by *human magnetism*. This again proves that the tie connecting the soul with the body can be constituted only by sympathy of the perispirit of the Spirit with the animal fluid of the organism.

This bond recognized, it can be understood that in man—Spirit incarnated in a body—all holds together, all is *in solidum*, so much so that touched in the clay or touched in the soul, the commotion—the shock—is felt through the whole being. It is the realization of Jacob's ladder which leads from the earth to heaven, and from heaven descends to earth.

#### RÔLE OF MEDICINE AND OF THE PHYSICIAN.

The origin of diseases—their divine nature (*Quid divinum*), thus being known, the rôle of the physician and the intervention of his art can be defined. In physico-chemical diseases, if they are from external causes, there is nothing to do but withdraw the patient from them, to assist nature to react in order to annul the effect produced ; then we succeed easily and promptly in curing them.

But the moral causes can not be relieved by the physician ; he can very truly point them out—recognize them . . . . Then the physician becomes truly a priest, then medicine is a sacrament. To grasp the cause of the evil, to make the patient understand it, make him accept it, lead him into the good

road,\* persuading him to pray, praying for him and with him if possible, asking the assistance of good Spirits, praying to God to enlighten you, that you may enlighten him, to guide you to cure him—this is the imperative duty, the only one possible ; without this no medicinal action, no magnetic action, either personal to the doctor, or to the magnetizer, or to the magnetized, or to the healing medium, can succeed.

It should never be lost sight of that being free, we are but relative beings, deriving all from the absolute ; all spirit phenomena, to speak plainly, should clash neither with our liberty nor with the absolute liberty of God ; nor with our relative state in regard to God and all his creatures. We should never lose sight of the fact that, making a part of *God's plan* in the creation He asks of us only our good-will ; like a good father he says to us : " My son, give me thy heart." Christ himself in raising Lazarus cries : " I thank thee, oh my God, that thou hast heard me." God alone is sovereign master ; every knee should bend before Him, to him alone belong the glory and the power.

DR. D. G.

The following reply to the foregoing article is from another correspondent of the *Revue* :

#### APROPOS TO QUID DIVINUM.

In the chapter entitled : *What is the substratum of the Quid divinum?* we read these words : " The perisprit, its formation beginning with the first vital cellule and developing with the organism, becomes successively : instinct, intelligence, then, under the influence of the Divine fluid, A HUMAN SOUL," etc., and the author adds, " It will be seen in the sequel that this series is natural, logical," etc.

Dr. D. G. derives the human soul from the organism—otherwise from matter—while the *Book on Spirits* (page 34) tells us that the Spirit or the Soul is formed from the universal intelligent element ; this is very

\* In examining with care what we, improperly perhaps, call *passions*, we discover for each of them an opposite sentiment, which is found localized, if one may so speak, in the same point of the cerebral organ, and whose results differ completely ; their development, in most cases, depends upon a good direction impressed upon the faculties of the child.—*Revue*, 1872, page 186.

clear. (The universal element is composed of the intelligent element and the material element.) This instruction was given to us by the superior Spirits who established the *Book on Spirits*; to wish to seek another source is to desire to heap hypothesis upon hypothesis without attaining the end.

In the *Book on Spirits*, page 34, the question is asked: "Are Spirits created spontaneously, or do they proceed from each other? *Answer.* God creates them as he creates all other creatures, by His will; but once again, their origin is a mystery: I add, it is not given to man here below, to know things in their first principles."

It is certain that the organism from whence Dr. D. G. derives the soul, is the result of a combination of molecules more or less fluidic, more or less material, and which, thus combined, produce tangible matter; it is not then rational that a Soul or Spirit, who must have his individuality and his tendencies toward God, which is the aim of every Spirit or Soul that is in progress, should spring from inert matter, which is moved solely by the vital principle; when this principle, the motor of this organism, shall have disappeared because the end or death has come, what becomes of this organism which Dr. D. G. would transform into a soul? . . . The Soul or Spirit being immortal, can not proceed from a perishable source.

Dr. D. G., our brother in Spiritism, has committed an oversight in giving a substitute to the organism of which he would make a Soul, at least in giving it multiple functions. . . . The perisprit of which he would make a soul is only an instrument or the conducting agent of this Soul or Spirit.

We are taught in the *Book on Spirits*, in regard to this, that the Spirit draws his perisprit from the universal fluid; thus the soul exists before being clothed with the perisprit, which D. G. makes a soul.

The soul having reached the point in which it can be clothed with the perisprit, already existed and had been for a long time unconscious, itself working in the grand laboratory of space under the direction of a guide, when the moment came for the formation of the perisprit; which indicates a certain degree of progress. This soul, which still can not act alone in this formation, is plunged into a mass of matter: his guide assisting him to make a choice from these elements; then comes the moment when free-will is conferred upon him. Later is the advancement of the Spirit, who by his will, long directed



towards good, attracts to himself better fluids which increase his spirituality, until he reaches the rank of superior Spirits.

A Spirit who labors to spiritualize his animal body, given as an instrument for progress, who attains a certain degree of purity, gives this matter back to space, in disintegrating, much more purified than when it served for the formation of his body. This purification of human bodies, on a large scale, improves the atmosphere, and must by continued succession produce great physical progress on the planet. I think such must be the material progress of our globe.

As to hereditary diseases of which Dr. D. G. speaks, he forgets that we voluntarily accept our trials and the sphere in which we are to live, before being reincarnated ; that it often enters into these proposed conditions for our advancement that a reincarnated Spirit will accept and be born in a body having a diseased constitution. The Spirit charged to watch over the accomplishment of the voluntarily accepted trials, will have only to introduce some unhealthy molecules into the organism of the newly incarnated, while still in the maternal bosom, for the accomplishment of the accepted trials. Here, then, is an ill health that can not be classed with hereditary diseases. Apropos to his quotations of the Christ's words to Thomas, he adds, " this in a general point of view is what we mean by humanitarian disease, and how we understand the *Quid divinum*." These last words without further development teach nothing. The Christ said, and the invisibles have since told us, that the time would come, and now is, when we should be taught without parables, without metaphors, with clearness. This humanitarian disease, of which Dr. D. G. speaks, should be translated by these words : Thomas did not believe without having seen and felt, because he was not an advanced nature ; at his birth he had not brought with him an intuition of spiritual things, and those who believe without having seen are most frequently advanced souls who have already known. Ignorance may be called humanitarian disease, as Dr. D. G. names it, but an explanation is yet necessary in order that it may be comprised in the list of material diseases.

Dr. D. G. often quotes the words of St. Paul, always on the subject of the soul. St. Paul, a speaking medium, apostle of Christ, and all the prophets of old, speaking mediums all, were inspired only according to the places, the times, and the more or less backward Spirits they addressed. . . .

A. C.

THE DOCTOR'S REJOINDER.

*Gentlemen and Spiritist Brothers :*

The author of the observations, *Apropos to Quid Divinum*, did not comprehend my whole thought, doubtless my exposition lacked clearness. In order to be more exact, allow me to exhibit some general considerations on organisms, for the present limiting myself to the separate analysis of the vegetative and animal functions.

I. Man, like other animals, like plants, is born, is nourished, grows, breathes, secretes, propagates himself and dies ; and from these functions, called vegetative, there results one fact common to all—the formation of a liquid called sap in plants, blood in animals.

II. This liquid, sap or blood, the result of the vegetative functions, itself becomes a liquid organ (?) destined to nourish the organs that form it.

III. Their reciprocal dependence is such that disorder in one of the vegetative functions leads to disorder in the sap or in the blood, and a disorder in the sap or in the blood leads to disorder in the nutrition of the tissues, and consequently in the functions of the organs formed by these tissues.

IV. Further, if the animal functions of man are compared with those of animals, we see the same organs of sense, touch, feeling, sight, hearing, taste, smelling, motility, generation. All assist the animal to perceive exterior phenomena and to satisfy his wants.

V. Concurrently with these senses, and according to the different modes of growing, or according to their acuity, or according to the sphere in which they are exercised, a corresponding instinct is observed to grow out of each organism, and to develop into individuality.

VI. The observation of these various organisms of the sap or blood they produce, as well as the corresponding instinct they exhibit, this individuality accented with the intellectual and pathetic development of this last, in proportion to the

elevation of the organism, though with no new organ—for they are always the same organs that act, authorize us to conclude with Carus (*Elements of Comparative Anatomy*, Introduction, p. 7, Art. xiii.), "That this appears to be a law of nature, that the superior formations include in them the inferior—that instead of assuming a new type, they but repeat, only more perfectly, that which existed in the last scale."

VII. Thus we have an order of ideas that comprises life, whether of plants, of animals or of man, "whose speciality," says Carus, "is the harmonious reünion of all the functioning organs, under the light of a superior idea."

VIII. Thus man sums up in himself, as blood, a perfection that other animals can not show us.

IX. Man sums up in himself also—in a much greater degree of perfection—the instinct exhibited by the animal series.

X. The vegetative and animal functions, which we have separated to facilitate their study, are not so separated in the animals; still more, the same organs, the same tissues which serve for vegetative life are employed in animal life. The eye serves as well to seek the food as to select it; to recognize an enemy or a beloved object; the muscles serve as well to fly from one as to run after the other; the tongue assists mastication and deglutition, the articulation of the will, and the expression of the sensations. The blood nourishes as well the organs of animal life as those of vegetative life.

The organs of animal life, like those of vegetative life, are formed of the same tissues, same mucus, same serum, muscles, nerves, arteries, veins and lymphatics. The animal and vegetative functions penetrate each other and are commingled by their solidarity and by their tissues.

XI. It is only in this sense and figuratively that it can be said intelligence is united to matter.—I have a stick of a meter's length; it assists me in walking, defends me if I am attacked, serves as a lever if I wish to raise a weight. Will you say these different intellectual actions are in the stick? Certainly not. Intelligence has never been united to any

matter, not even to the universal fluid ; but all fluid, all matter, can be modeled to take a form desired by an intelligence, and this form belongs to the intelligence and not to the matter (I speak here of superior intelligence, ours which is only relative, is still obliged to bend itself to the properties of matter ; this is the rôle of science). If then, there is intelligence in the universal fluid, it is because already there has been work therein ; it is no longer matter, it is an organism.

XII. I have said (Art. X.) that the vegetative and animal functions penetrate each other and are commingled by their solidarity and by their tissues. I say also that the two results of these functions, blood and instinct, are also commingled. This mixing is proved by the effect produced on the blood by anger, hatred, and all the passions ! Rage, which is of these passions most fatal in its consequences, pushed to the extreme gives to the blood qualities that are communicated to the secretions of all the infected organism.

Every one knows that gentleness, kindness, patience, give to the blood qualities very different to those which result from anger, hatred, jealousy, etc. Now, all these vices and all these qualities are of the instinct and not of the blood ; it must necessarily be then that the instinctive fluid is mingled with the blood. This is true, not only in animals, but in man. Everybody knows that if a nurse gives her breast to her nursling after a fit of anger or any other strong emotion, the death of the child may be the consequence. It is also known that it is of great importance to choose for a nurse a very moral person ; theft, lying, and many other vices inoculate themselves through the milk.

XIII. It may be said that the blood is penetrated by the instinct, that this imparts to it its qualities and its defects. I say still further, that the blood imparts its qualities and its defects to the instinctive fluid ; this fact is demonstrated by the influence of the temperaments called sanguine, lymphatic, bilious, etc., on the character of those who possess them. I

say still further that this combination produces a new fluid more compound, and this I propose, for the moment, to call *instinctive organic animal fluid*.

XIV. The instinctive organic animal fluid which varies, as may be conceived, according to each type of the animal series, varies also in each individual of each type. In fact, the integrity of the blood depends on the integrity of the vegetative functions; the integrity of the tissues and of the organs they form, depends on the integrity of the blood; thus the integrity of the instinctive fluid depends on the integrity of the blood, and on the integrity of all the tissues in all the functional organs. The mixing of the instinctive fluid and the blood must then produce an instinctive organic fluid in perfect proportion to the integrity of all the functions.

This phenomenon is the generating cause of all the particularities of each individual of a type.

XV. If we consider this instinctive organic animal fluid as a unity, as we have in the case of instinct and the blood, we shall see that it is not a new being that appears at a given moment, but, like the others, it has had its progressive development and continued up to man inclusively. This is the reason the cry of terror uttered by an instinctive organic animal fluid at the sight of the hawk, is understood, even without seeing the hawk, by all who fear it. It is the same with the roaring of the lion, the hyena, the tiger, etc. This organic animal fluid is progressive also, its progress is continued, and, without changing its inmost nature, it follows the sanguine and instinctive organic development; this gives us the power to subdue certain animals, to tame some and domesticate many.

XVI. Another fact. This instinctive organic animal fluid issues, so to speak, by evaporation from the body of the animal, it impregnates everything he touches, it gives to the objects touched its odor, peculiar to the type and even to the individual. Thus the dog finds his master's track, the hunting dog pursues the game by its trail, and knows perfectly if

it is a bird or a quadruped, and what kind of bird, and what kind of quadruped.

In the chase, a well-trained and experienced dog does not leave the track he has been pursuing if he finds on his route another track; he can easily distinguish one from the other.

By this every animal can pursue and seek his prey, and recognize the approach of an enemy.

XVII. The instinctive organic animal fluid which evaporates from the body and stamps everything it touches, so that the animal from which it has escaped can be recognized, which prompts the utterance of cries of terror and of joy, which precipitates the animal on its prey, or makes him fly from a danger, is inevitably the *sensorium* of all the interior passionnal manifestations of the animal; the *sensorium* of all the exterior perceptions of the animal, is what links the animal to his organism and to the exterior world; it is the common motor of the muscles and nerves. Well, it is this I call an animal soul.

This ascending scale through which the animal fluid passes, this perfecting without changing its nature, this facility it has of diffusing itself abroad without losing its specific properties, the power it has of awakening the passions of some animals and of terrifying others, seems to me must be the cause of the magnetic action of some over others, and that it can be extended even to plants.

These different outlines, which I have submitted, seem to me to agree with the opinion of the celebrated naturalist, M. de Blainville, who said that all creation was the realization of one same synthesis. These same outlines appear to me to be the explanation of these words of St. Paul: "We are all one same body, we are all one same spirit."

And the reunion of all these outlines in humanity makes me say still with him: "God has known and loved us before we were."

As all my deductions are drawn from anatomical and physiological facts acquired through science, I can still say with

St. Paul : " The invisible perfections of God, His eternal power and Divinity are clearly seen, being understood in His works from the Creation of the world."

XVIII. I have said (Art. XIII.) that the blood is mingled with the instinctive fluid and that it imparts its qualities and its defects, as, *vice versa*, this instinctive fluid is mingled with the blood and gives to it its qualities and its defects. Let us try to determine of what nature that is which, in the blood, influences the instinctive fluid. How is the blood formed ? We have seen it is by the action of the organs of vegetative life. But these organs are in affinity with the earth and its productions from which they draw their nourishment. They are by respiration in affinity with the atmosphere which envelops the earth. The earth, with its atmospheric bed, travels through space, in what you call the universal fluid. There must necessarily be an exchange between them, so much so that everything that partakes of the nature of the earth and its bed of air must partake of the nature of the universal fluid. If, then, the blood communicates something of itself to the instinctive fluid, this must be only a fluidic emanation and partaking of the nature of all that assists in its formation, that is the universal fluid, the earth fluid, the atmospheric fluid, and the organic fluid of vegetative life.

XIX. At death the instinctive organic animal fluid leaves the body and the blood ; but can it detach itself from this bed, from this vegetative fluidic covering from the blood whereby it is imbued, penetrated perhaps, and who shall say it is not saturated by it ?

I believe not. I believe rather that it can be separated only when, by the progress obtained by reïncarnations, it is called to leave our globe ; until that time, inasmuch as it can not go higher, this fluid which follows it serves it as perisprit on our earth. What proves it is, that Spirits of a but slightly elevated order love the places they have inhabited, and rarely leave them for fear of being lost.

It is only when they have come to the knowledge that they

can use the fluid of the incarnated that they go elsewhere, then, when they encounter a fluid similar to their own, and which recalls to them some of their former evil sensations, begins the power of obsessing. Still it is all done blindly, for want of a better direction. Indeed, if you speak to the obsessing Spirit, make him listen to you, instruct him, make him see the light, at once his obsession ceases.

XX. If it were not so, it must be supposed that when a bad Spirit wishes to obsess a person, he could fabricate a perisprit *ad hoc*. Now we know that the obsessing Spirits are all ignorant; we learn from the *Book on Spirits* that the superior Spirits assist Spirits already advanced to form for themselves a perisprit in accordance with their mission. Thus, we should be obliged to think that there are higher Spirits charged with the duty of fabricating perisprits for those bad Spirits who might want to obsess a person.

This thesis is untenable. Neither do I believe, as my opponent pretends, that there are Spirits charged to execute great works, insinuating into a perisprit some molecule destined to make us diseased. This character does not belong to a superior Spirit.

Nevertheless I believe in the possibility of being ill from that cause. The Book of Job furnishes us an example. But here it is the theory of the fact, arranged in a drama and very well drawn; but in practice, they are bad Spirits who do so by obsession, and that also is done as we see it here, by clothing worn by the diseased, it is always the perisprit that acts.

XXI. If my demonstration of the perisprit is true, which I by no means affirm, it is a study which I submit to the appreciation of all serious circles; if it be true, I say, it is easy by the action of the passions on the blood producing rage, by the action of a nurse's anger on her milk, which can kill her nursling, it is easy, I say, to determine the moral cause of diseases; it is *in every infraction of the law of progress which God has enjoined on man*; this law is that *light of a superior idea* of which Carus speaks.



As God is a good Father, he will make those only responsible who have attained a certain degree of development ; this is why you see so many persons do certain things with impunity, which in others are severely punished. It is to these last I address the words of Christ : " Thou hast believed, Thomas, because thou hast touched, happy those who have not seen and yet have believed." In fact, those who are punished by the evil had been warned, instructed ; they came to submit to the trial ; they have failed. The consequence of the moral fault translated physiologically by disease makes them touch with their finger the sore spot in their heart. Happy those who, warned, instructed, have not failed in the trial ; they have believed without seeing, they have not fallen sick, they have not been obliged to touch.

Yet there are noble wounds, the wounds of Christ are an example, with those of all true servants of God, of all the soldiers of Christ. Those wholly given to their work devote themselves entirely, and use their bodies if they are not killed. I am not troubled for them, on the contrary : " We know where they go, and we know the way ; " but I ask that from here below the sympathy of all noble-hearted men may be given them.

There are many other maladies which result from the influence of the surroundings. It is evident that an organism to be regular in its functions needs a regular sphere conformable to its nature. But this is an accident, not a disease.

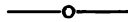
XXII. If my demonstration has any value, what I have called instinctive organic animal fluid would resolve itself into a fluid, which from the blood goes to the instinctive animal fluid, and into an instinctive animal fluid.

This which from the first goes to the second, and which is born of the organism with the blood, partakes like it of the nature of all that has assisted in its formation, whether by the relations of the organism with the earth and its productions through nourishment, or by respiration with the atmosphere and the universal fluid in which it moves, and with which ex-

changes must exist. This first fluid which we have detached from the whole by an analytical study, I propose to call *organic fluid*. This organic fluid can be but the perispirt.

As to the instinctive animal fluid, I propose to study it, and to analyze it also with the help of the ideas furnished by anatomy and physiology.

D. G.



### THE HARP AND PIANO.

THE rudest form of the Harp, as it existed before the time of Moses, was but the dim prophecy of the magnificent Piano-Forte of to-day. The history of this instrument is full of poetic interest and is associated with the elegant arts, the, devotional exercises, and popular amusements of many nations and countries. Tradition attributes the invention of the Egyptian Lyre to Hermes. The Mercury of the Greeks and Orpheus are supposed to have improved the instrument. Its authentic history covers a period of more than 3,000 years. The instrument is pictured on the tombs of Egyptian kings, among the mountains at the west of Thebes ; it is often mentioned in Grecian and Roman history ; and it was employed in rendering the orphic chants of the Hebrew poets and musicians. The gallant knights of Europe, for two centuries, went a-wooing under its inspiration ; and the romance and minstrelsy of the Troubadours of southern France and northern Italy are inseparable from the history of the Harp. And now, among all the cherished objects to be found in the homes of the most enlightened nations, the Harp, in the superior form of the best PIANO—the queen of the stringed instruments—is of all others the one that ministers most essentially to the happiness of our social life.

S. B. B.

## The Editor at Home.

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### THE NEW YEAR.

**R**EADERS OF THE JOURNAL, in both hemispheres! —wherever you may chance to be, and under all the conditions of human life—we offer salutations appropriate to the season! The year 1873 is numbered with the years that are gone, and its receding form now looks shadowy and spirit-like. The Angel with the mystical *stylus* has finished the eventful story, and added other lines, and new lights and shadows to the characters our lives have fashioned. It may be well for the living to pause and inspect the record they have no power to change. At least it is within the limit of our capacity to profit by the contemplation. In view of our varied experiences—whether fraught with pleasure or pain, covered with shame or crowned with honor—it always remains for us, even here, to grow wiser in thought, stronger in the unselfish purposes of life, and more rational and reverent in spirit. Higher states and better conditions are always possible achievements. It is the privilege of the humblest soul to reach nobler eminences in the ascending scale of life, that leads up from these mortal struggles to our great Immortality.

The year **1874** comes to us smiling from the cradle of the Ages. Quick with new life, and radiant with the spirit of prophecy, it crosses the threshold of Time with the grand procession of the Seasons. It comes to leave its now invisible record in the path of the Centuries; and when its work is done it will pass silently away through the dim “valley and shadow of death,” as all the Years have done since the beginning. Time, father of the Ages, is always with us, on whose brow

"Are the deep traces of all earnest thought,  
While every feature seems a history  
Of human disappointments, sorrows, joys,  
Affections, hopes and passions infinite."

What limitless desires and interests center in the NEW YEAR! Truly, the years that come to us now are pregnant with living thoughts and great events. Their shadows go before and are mirrored in the still depths of sensitive souls—shades that look like spectral prophecies of impending battles, wherein many peoples gather against their oppressors—shadows, it may be, of crumbling thrones and fallen scepters—the broken symbols of arbitrary power—and of royal banners trailing in the dust.

But the greatest changes and the grandest achievements of our time scarcely arrest the attention of the common mind. They approach with a noiseless movement, but in the end the world is most deeply impressed by its silent ministers. No more shall mankind be ruled by tyrants who strangle Liberty, and mail-clad warriors who

"— storm the steepes of death,  
And burst the massive gates of victory."

Great minds now occupy thrones, for God and the People will have it so. Already the Thinker holds the scepter and rules the world. Your mere grammarians and rhetoricians accomplish nothing. Classical scholars, who know more of names than things; the expounders of other men's words; and all the venders of the second-hand clothing of the human mind, are powerless as empty echoes in the wilderness.

"The bookworm dies in dusty libraries;"

but the living world moves on, nor heeds the "paper financiers" who find their capital in the brains of dead men and the lore of the buried ages.

The power that now assumes the government of the world commands respect by its noble presence. The Thinker lifts the Palm and wears the Amaranth. Be strong, O Thinker,

and smite with thy thought ! Error trembles even in the light of thy smile ; consecrated Falsehood and imperial Wrong pale before the majesty of thy mien, and the armed millions of Oppression shall be scattered. The stubborn form of skepticism shall humbly bow in thy presence, and doubt inherit the gift of tongues no more. Then smite and ignite the elements, and consuming flames shall follow the stroke. The world needs to be thus tried and purified ; Providence has placed it in the crucible, and it remains for the Thinker and the Worker to kindle and to blow the fire.

“ Be true, O Thinker, to thy nature’s law ;  
Call things by their right names—right minds shall hear ;  
The Senate of the mighty gods, who sit  
In sky-built palaces, rejoice in thee,  
As worthy to repeat their loftiest speech.”

Arise, O Messenger of Light ! Go forth and wave thy torch above the phantom-shapes that people the darkened air. Walk through the valleys and along the mountain sides, and the light of the immortal Morning shall gild thy footsteps. Beautiful are the feet of those who stand on the moral summits of the world. Lift up the light of thy countenance that they may be glorified, and the Angel of Peace shall unfurl his banner above their dwelling-places.

The shadows of the old Night are illuminated while they pass away forever. A new Day dawns on the world, and human hearts thrill with great expectations. Science triumphs over ignorance, and superstition dies among her worshipers. Fair skies, golden with promises of good, bend above us, and many shapes of wrong and ill vanish in the light of the spiritual horizon. To-day Mind is king, and the Thinker guides the wheels of swift revolution. We are born to better hopes, a purer faith, and a larger charity than were known on earth in the earlier periods of human history. We congratulate the reader on “ the signs of the times.” All hail to the NEW YEAR, and to the shining heralds who come to sweep away the despotisms of caste and intolerance from among men !

## MANSFIELD AND MEDIUMSHIP.

WRITING MEDIUMS have become quite numerous in this country, and—in respect to the *modus operandi* of the process—are generally of two classes. The power and reliability of the inspirational class is varied in measure and quality by several causes of which we can only treat in general terms in this connection. Sometimes only the ideas are received by influx, and are left to be clothed in such language as the medium may be able to command. When the inspired influence is thus limited to an infusion of ideas, it is extremely liable to find expression through the class of faculties that may chance to be dominant in the mind of the medium ; or, at least, it is quite sure to be colored or otherwise modified by their action. When the words as well as thoughts come from the communicating intelligence, the inspired message is expected to carry with it the internal evidence of its authenticity. In such cases we are often enabled to identify the author by the general drift of his ideas and the peculiar characteristics of his style. When these evidences do not appear there is great reason to infer that the communications are adulterated by the channel through which they come—that they are the composite expression of the blended thoughts of two minds.

The other general class of Autographic Mediums embraces those who write with little or no inspired influence, the nerves and muscles of the hand and arm being controlled by the spirit's volition. In other words, by a psycho-electric action the invisible intelligence regulates the distribution of nervous energy, and so graduates its application to the nerves of voluntary motion as to determine the muscular movement. In this form of mediumship—if the mind be active and allowed

to anticipate the spirit—it is possible for the medium to corrupt the despatches—consciously and unconsciously—by the interpolation of both words and thoughts. Hence, to insure the integrity of the communication the medium must be in a state of unresisting submission ; or, to say the least, the spirit must have sufficient power over the instrument to hold the faculties in check, and to overcome the independent action of his mind.

The Writing Mediumship of MR. J. V. MANSFIELD differs, in some respects, from the general forms already described, and is especially interesting. The Spirits give surprising answers to sealed letters, both in the presence and absence of the authors. The method is peculiar and may be briefly described. Placing his left hand on the sealed communication, with no knowledge of its contents—frequently not knowing either by whom it was written or to whom addressed—he passively waits for an intimation of the presence of some foreign intelligence. If the spirit comes and is pleased to open a correspondence, the index-finger of the Medium's left hand begins to move up and down—gently but rapidly—giving telegraphic signals which the Medium readily interprets, by the aid of both feeling and sight. These signals are at once translated into English or some other language, and generally written out by the voluntary effort of the Medium. Sometimes the signals through the left hand are so rapid that, occasionally, a word may be lost ; but as a rule the autographic execution keeps pace with the automatic signals of the Spiritual Telegraph. Although the hand that holds the pen is usually subject to the will of the Medium, there are times when he feels a strong spiritual influence on that arm ; and this occurs, chiefly, when the communications are rendered in foreign tongues—to himself unknown—and when the autographs of spirits are given in *fac-simile*.

The reader will please to observe that, in the case of Mr. Mansfield, *the messages come through his hand*, and are not, therefore, liable to be warped either by mental impressions,

desires, passions or opinions. His mind is seldom simultaneously informed by any inspiring agency of the spirit ; but he depends on his recognition and interpretation of the signals for his knowledge of the contents of the despatches. With these preliminary observations we will submit several illustrative examples of Mr. Mansfield's mediumship.

In 1857 some of the Professors at Harvard University—and the scholarly skeptics who found repose under the shadow of the Cambridge Divinity School—felt a curiosity to try the Spirits, not so much, it would seem, with a serious purpose as to amuse themselves and annoy the mediums. They engaged in the investigation in a caviling and half-derisive spirit; and if they were not satisfied with the results obtained, others were with the gentle, but significant reproofs they received from the Spirits. Letters were addressed to the ancient Greeks—written in their own tongue—some of which were answered through the hand of Mr. Mansfield. The late Professor Felton was one of the class of inquirers referred to, who did not fail to receive pertinent and rather caustic answers to some of his epistles. We cite an example—a letter to Menander, and the answer from that ancient poet. The first was submitted to the Spirits in an envelope superscribed in Greek characters. The following extract from an article that appeared in the *Boston Courier*, at the time, will enable the reader to comprehend the circumstances that led to the correspondence, and the ostensible object of Professor Felton :

In explanation of the subject, it ought to be stated that the writer discovered last winter, in New York, in Dr. Abbott's collection of Egyptian antiquities, a short passage of Greek verse, on an antique tablet from Alexandria ; that he was able, by carefully examining the half-obliterated letters under a microscope, to make out the entire passage ; and that by carefully comparing it with the known fragments of Menander, he ascertained that the lines were the composition of that poet, though not found in any hitherto published fragment of his plays.

Of course the learned Professor did not anticipate any re-



sults that would shake his own iron-clad skepticism. But it naturally occurred to him that if, by a possibility, a satisfactory answer should be obtained, he might be enabled to settle a number of other questions to which the resources of his learning and the results of his critical inquiries had furnished no solution. Accordingly, he determined to address Menander. The Professor's letter and the Poet's answer here follow:

## LETTER TO MENANDER, SUPERSCRIBED IN GREEK.

CAMBRIDGE, May 22, 1857.

MY DEAR MENANDER:

I wish to know in which of your works occur the lines that have been lately found in New York. By giving me the information which I have been unable to obtain fully from other sources, you will confer a great favor upon one who has long admired your genius.

I am, my dear Menander,

Faithfully yours,

C. C. FELTON.

Please state what line follows the third in the passage referred to.

## MENANDER'S ANSWER.

Cornelius C. Felton,  
Professor of Greek:  
How long have ye dwelt on  
Tempting me to speak?

Why invoke my spirit down  
After lapse of ages?  
Is it mine to trample down  
Theories of sages?

Am I to proclaim the TRUTH  
That Spirits walk the earth?  
'Twas so in MY days of YOUTH,  
And ages ere my birth.

Then cast off thy bookworm pride,  
 Search ye with candor :  
 Allow not tongue to deride—  
 Remember MENANDER.\*

The Spirit appears to have replied to his correspondent very much in the tone and manner we might expect him to manifest in view of all the circumstances. The Editor of the *Courier* naturally objected that "the rhythm of the lines is not according to Menander's urbane and graceful style." But it should be remembered that when the Poet wrote for the ancients he had not made the acquaintance of this perverse generation. His patience had not been so tried by the obstinate skepticism of the learned citizens of our modern Athens, who dogmatically maintained that *he was dead and could not speak for himself!* Such was doubtless the conviction of the University Master of Greek ; also of Professors Agassiz, Eustis and others, including the Editor of the Boston *Courier*. To the conscious spirit of the immortal Menander it must have appeared like senseless mockery to be thus questioning a man reputed to be deaf, dumb, and *dead*, and who could not, for these reasons, be expected either to hear or speak. And so the spirit mildly *punctured* the proud "bookworms," and then, we presume, returned to his more congenial occupation in the Poet's heaven.

Some fifteen years ago, having been told by a spirit that DR. FRANKLIN had much to do with our own views of the relations of electricity to vital chemistry, and the organic functions of man and animals, we addressed a letter to the immortalized *savant*, propounding a number of philosophical questions. The letter, enclosed in two envelopes—without superscription—was forwarded to the Boston address of Mr. Mansfield. It was not long before it was returned—the original seals were unbroken—with a lengthy communication,

\* The above is a true copy of the response that I received to your letter, and is seemingly all that I can obtain.

Respectfully yours,

J. V. MANSFIELD.

signed Benj. Franklin, and in which the several questions were taken up *seriatim* and answered to our satisfaction.

Not long after, having occasion to visit Boston, we prepared a letter addressed to the spirit of a Philadelphia Lady whom we had known in our youth. During her earthly existence she was wholly unknown, either in New England or New York. She had been in the Spirit World more than twenty years. Stepping into the rooms of Mr. Mansfield one day, we laid the letter on the table before him. It was not superscribed, but free from the slightest visible trace of a pen. Mr. Mansfield was instantly influenced, and, in our presence, superscribed the letter, writing the full name of the Lady on the envelope.

In September, 1871, Mr. T——, of Washington, D. C., sent a letter to Mr. Mansfield, in a blank envelope, but addressed inside to his "Spirit Daughter Lillie." The gentleman had been separated from his wife for fifteen years, the breach having occurred in consequence of the antagonism of their religious views. The spirit addressed promptly responded in a lengthy and affectionate communication, showing her father that the separation was wrong, and that he misapprehended the disposition of her mother. She proposed an immediate reconciliation, and urged its importance with the irresistible force of "logic set on fire of love." The message was signed LYRANTHIA, which proved to be the true name of the gentleman's daughter; Lillie being a pet name, or otherwise used as a disguise. It is especially worthy of remark that the entreaties of the spirit led to the reünion of her parents, which subsequently occurred at the rooms of Mr. Mansfield. Appended to the spirit's letter to her father was this curious

"POSTSCRIPT.—Here comes Dr. Alexander\*—says, Ask father if he called for those †—that were to be nickle-plated. He left them

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\* The late Dr. Joseph Bell Alexander, who embalmed the body of President Lincoln.

† Here followed a drawing representing a brace of pistols.

in New York the last time he was there—says he desires you to have them as a keepsake from him."

Mr. T—— subsequently went to the particular place designated by the spirit, and there found the pistols ; but as Dr. Alexander had deceased, and his friend had no order except a spiritual one, the property was not delivered. This may suggest the importance of making a proper disposition of property while one is in the body. When another hand grasps the treasure it is likely to be used for selfish purposes, and the desires of the spirit are seldom respected. It is a fact that during the past year we have received, unsolicited, a number of communications from spirits recently translated—persons widely known in this life—expressing sincere regret that they did nothing to further our PROPOSALS (published some time since in the Banner of Light and more fully in the third number of this JOURNAL) while their fortunes were subject to their disposal.\*

Early in November last we received a letter from MR. JUAN LEWIS, a well-known "inspirational writer of works of fiction," containing some account of his spiritual experience since the Spring of 1871. On the 23d of April of that year he visited Dr. H. Slade, of New York, and on that occasion was surprised by a visit from CHARLES DICKENS, whom he characterizes as "the great master of English fiction." At that interview the following communication was written without the use of mortal hands, and in the chirography of the immortal Author, the italicised words being underscored by the Spirit :

COMMUNICATION ADDRESSED TO MR. LEWIS.

"MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER :

"God bless you for coming here to-day. I have been very anxious

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\* We can recall the names of many Spiritualists who have large fortunes, and are doing nothing to hasten the triumph of the truth they profess to love. They can not carry their treasures with them, since the use of the same is limited to this world. Already the shadows of many years rest on some who may soon awake from the dream of a selfish life to a similar experience in the Spirit World.

for you to *know* I am by you—and ask you to go on with the work could not finish. I *can* impress *you* to finish it. Do go on with it; we all stand ready to bring you the proper knowledge and helps for the work. I can not *rest* until it is finished. Then you shall receive many blessings from

“CHARLES DICKENS.”

From the same source, as he believes, Mr. Lewis was instructed to complete the work under a new title—“THE FATE OF EDWIN DROOD”—and this—in precise terms, as he informs us—was expressed to him in a *clairaudient* manner. It also appears that on the 12th of October, 1871, he secured a copyright for a work bearing the above title. In the month following, a letter from Mr. Lewis, written from Philadelphia under date of November 20th, appeared in the *Banner of Light*, in which he announced the receipt of the communication from Mr. Dickens. These—if we are rightly informed—were the first public intimations, from any party, that the great novelist proposed to complete his unfinished work through mortal instrument.

Our own long experience of psychological phenomena not only warrants the conclusion that Spirits may directly inspire the human mind in the body, but likewise that a number of minds of similar organization and kindred sympathies, may derive impressions from the same individual sources at the same time. Hence it sometimes happens that essentially the same invention or discovery is almost simultaneously made by minds in opposite quarters of the globe. The susceptibility of intellectual and spiritual influences in such persons enables them to feel the force and to perceive the operation of the same mind, in obedience to some general law, as the radiations of light inevitably touch and illuminate all objects that stand in their way.

Feeling some curiosity to know what Mr. Dickens might say about the matter, and especially respecting his alleged influence over Juan Lewis, we arranged—in behalf of the gentleman and ourself—a *séance* at the rooms of Mr. Mansfield

It was about the middle of November, and on the day set apart for the interview the writer addressed a letter to the spirit of the great novelist, making known his desire to obtain certain information, the nature of which was therein expressed. The letter was written in the morning at Newark, N. J., and left there, in the Editor's private desk, when we went to New York to meet Mr. Lewis at the time and place appointed. That gentleman had no information of the contents of the letter; he was personally unknown to the medium, and was not introduced to him by name on that day. The writer opened the correspondence by writing the question, *Is the Spirit present to whom we addressed a letter this morning?* After a few moments' delay two brief messages were received from the late MR. DAVID R. GATES of Worcester, Mass., a brother-in-law of the Editor. Mr. Gates was a singularly quiet man in his disposition, unobtrusive in his manners, and had never before, at any time, signified his presence with us in spirit. His communications contained several evidences of his identity; and in his first words it appears that he comprehended our purpose. We here extract such portions of his despatches as are not merely of a personal and private nature:

"The God-gifted spirit is not present at this moment; but have patience, he will be here before you leave. There are several who will speak with you. . . . Meeting with Mrs. John Davis, not long ago, she said to me she regretted she was not in the body just now, that she might assist you financially.\* She seemed pleased to know you are preparing a work that will reflect so much credit to yourself, and generally to Spiritualism. The dear old Lady's heart is ever in the right place."

After an interval of a few moments Mr. Dickens signified his presence, and in a brief message declared his desire and his ability to communicate directly with Mr. Lewis by an inspiratory process whenever the latter might find it convenient to supply the necessary conditions of repose and separation

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\* The Lady referred to was the wife of the former Governor of Massachusetts.

from all other personal influences. This was immediately followed by a despatch from the great dramatic Poet, addressed to Mr. Lewis. We copy the concluding part of the message as follows :

. . . . "The world, no doubt, would have my opinion of your God-gifted artist Page's attempt to reproduce my features. Tell him for me, he has the only true likeness. As to the deep scar, it was caused by a saber cut, in my fencing-training ; it was, however, an accident. The smaller one I received from an encounter with my schoolmates. This may solve the mystery so much commented upon.

"I thank you, sir, for this notice. I have seldom attempted to govern a mortal organism--that may account for this imperfect control.

"I am,

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE."

Looking about the apartment, with no definite purpose in mind, our attention was arrested by a plaster cast of the face of Napoleon. There was at the time considerable excitement in the French Assembly, and on the instant we resolved for the first time to call for an imperial personage, and see if we could elicit anything concerning the existing government and the future prospects of the nation. Accordingly, the following interrogatory--inclosed in a dozen folds of paper and sealed up with mucilage--was submitted to the medium :

LOUIS NAPOLEON :

Permit me to inquire if you are here, and have you aught to say of the present and the future of France ? S. B. BRITTAN.

The spirit addressed did not answer, but the following message was immediately received :

RESPECTED MORTAL STRANGER : Excuse the seeming intrusion ; but in the absence of my nephew, LOUIS, I come to say, he will be with you soon. He has important matters of State that called him away at this moment.

Au revoir,

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

To this we responded in the following terms, inclosing our message and sealing it as before :

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE :

I thank you for the honor of this visit. Will you be pleased to express your views on the subject comprehended in the question to your Nephew ?

BRITTAN.

The answer—couched in the most respectful terms—followed without delay, and the reader will perceive that it covers the ground embraced in the original question to Louis Napoleon.

"The thanks, dear Sir, should come from my side of the house. You have done me a great favor to thus notice me—a dweller of the Spirit Land, now over half a century. Sir, I thank you, and if at any time I can serve you, in my feeble capacity, you have but to command me.

"My house will be restored through McMahon. France will never be content so long as a Napoleon lives without one to lead her. Mark this prophecy.

"NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE."

It was after the date of this communication that McMahon achieved his triumph in the extension of his powers by the French Assembly, to a period reaching beyond the minority of the Prince Imperial. Now that McMahon has made himself master of the situation, and has obtained a seven years' lease of power, the Republic may be regarded merely as a name to please an ambitious and restless people, until the prophecy of Bonaparte is verified in the restoration of the Empire.

There are a class of obtrusive and irresponsible persons in every large community who are either barking continually for religion and virtue, or otherwise offensively meddling with the interests of the people. It makes no difference if their services are never called for ; they still busy themselves with the affairs of the community instead of minding their own business. They profess great respect for law and order ; they take the scales from the hand of Justice and hang about Police Courts—all for the pure love of God, in the interest of public justice and legal morality ; and, especially, *for a chance to*



*speculate in somebody's misfortunes.* Some of these people went after Mr. Mansfield, not long ago, and caused his arrest in behalf of the people. He was arraigned before the Jefferson Market Police Court in this city, Justice Cox presiding. As our friend has been long and widely known as a man of most amiable disposition and gentlemanly deportment, our readers will be surprised to learn that he was taken into custody by the ministers of the law on a charge of "*disorderly conduct.*"

Let us see how the case was made out. Several persons called on Mr. Mansfield, and after learning his terms for the occupation of his rooms and his time (and being informed that as success primarily depended on the presence of the Spirits and their disposition to communicate, he could not guarantee the results), they concluded to remain and pursue the investigation. The results were what might have been expected, and would have been eminently satisfactory to a more philosophical class of minds. But after those *soi-disant* reformers had finished their inquiries—occupying two hours extra time without additional compensation—they departed, apparently in peace. But when they reached the street, the sudden reflection that they had been deceived, caused them to give way to such an intense feeling of indignation as to endanger the public tranquillity and the safety of other people. (Such was *their* testimony.) To be sure, Mr. Mansfield was civil and polite to his visitors—he always is—but still it was he alone who raised that fearful disturbance in the pure souls of the Police Court Reformers, and thereby jeopardized the peace of a great City; and on this ground it was argued that he should be restrained and punished!

And so Mr. Mansfield found it necessary to neglect his private affairs and dance attendance on the Police Court for two whole months. Under this peculiar administration of justice our friend was obliged to visit the same dismal precincts *fifteen times!* As his persecutors had no confidence that their charges rested on any foundation, either of fact or law, the case was of course adjourned, from time to time, generally

after keeping Mr. Mansfield and his friends for several hours in the semi-infernal atmosphere of Jefferson Market. How long shall this mockery of justice be tolerated? What is the intrinsic value of a civilization that fosters such abuses? Of what use is the effigy of the tribunal, and all the symbols of dignity and law,

“When life-long virtue is no shield against  
The public curse ; when crime and folly thrive,  
And fat themselves, with ignorance and hate,  
And jesuitic artifice and craft,  
And keen sectarian malice?—”

Hon. John W. Edmonds and Mr. Tenny were counsel for the defendant ; and a wealthy gentleman by the name of KING—a stranger to Mr. Mansfield—volunteered to become his bail in any sum not exceeding \$50,000. It is seldom, indeed, that such a company of influential persons is found in attendance at Jefferson Market. Among them we recognized Judge Culver, Judge Tyler, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Newton, David Felt, Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, M. M. Pomroy, Dr. Gross, Professor Watson, and Dr. Louis Slessenger. The presence of these, and other prominent persons, doubtless had an influence on the Court ; and when at length the case came to trial the Judge prudently reserved his decision for an indefinite period.

Mr. Mansfield has been before the public in his present capacity twenty-one years. During this long period he has been faithful to his convictions, and he has never lost the confidence of those who have had the best opportunities to form an intelligent judgment of his claims. It is said that through his mediumship over 300,000 messages have been received from the Spirit World in no less than sixteen different tongues. Examples have been printed in fifteen languages, only one of which he can either read or write in the absence of the Spirits.

Some persons of little reflection and imperfect sense of justice think a medium should discount his services and never put a price on his time. They assume that as mediumship is

a spiritual or divine gift, it is highly improper—if not absolutely sacrilegious—to exercise it for money. Empty-handed, the medium must take his chance in a selfish world and trust to special providences for the necessities of life. Even Christian ministers—who receive large salaries for preaching small sermons and repeating stereotyped prayers—have been known to reason after this poor fashion. Specious but shallow are all such objections. The truth is, all our gifts—all the faculties and functions of man—are divinely originated, and for substantially the same reason, all men, if they please, may work for nothing and find themselves. The proposition to make a special and exclusive application of such a principle to a particular class is at war with the Golden Rule.

But we are disposed to take an entirely different view of the subject. The investigator may not pay for the spiritual gift, nor for the despatches he receives ; but he should make a suitable return for the medium's time and the use of such instruments. This is demanded by the common sense of justice. Nor should the medium be expected to promise success in the experiment. If he did so we should set him down as an impostor. When we hire a boat for a fishing excursion we never expect the boatman to guarantee our luck. That must depend at last on the presence of the fish, the strength of their appetites, and our own skill in angling. If you hire a competent man to prospect for a gold-mine you take the chances of the enterprise, and expect to pay for his services, whether you succeed or fail. In like manner the man employed to bore for petroleum receives his wages though he may never strike oil. We insist that the function of mediumship shall not be made an exception to the rational rule that governs all other transactions in which the time and the faculties of men and women are employed. We see no good reason why Mr. Mansfield is not entitled to equal rights with Mr. Beecher, who finds in the assumed sacredness of his ministerial functions no bar to the acceptance of a large salary,

### ANNETTE BISHOP.

**A**MONG the gentle and noble beings who have shed the pure light of their presence on our pathway, and left us an inheritance of pleasant memories, was MISS ANNETTE BISHOP—a child of Nature, endowed with many gifts and spiritual graces, inspired from early youth and a devout worshiper of Beauty—that divine excellence which Plato viewed as the privilege of Nature, and Ovid esteemed as the favor of the gods.

Miss Bishop was born in New Russia, Essex County, N. Y., probably about 1830. The plain homestead of her father's family is situated in a wild glen, surrounded by high hills, forming picturesque termini of the Adirondack chain. In that secluded valley, away from the fashionable follies and the bitter strifes of the world, her mind was developed and her character formed. Before the child had blossomed into young womanhood her soul was quickened by an intense love of Nature, and she had learned to recognize the presence of invisible ministers. No Alpine climber ever had a more impassioned and intelligent love of mountain scenery and rural life, and not even the fair young Shepherdess of Domremy was more beautifully inspired.

At an early age she manifested an ardent love of music and remarkable poetic inspiration. A lady of fine taste and rare musical accomplishments—who had been familiar with Annette from childhood—assures the writer that her natural voice was wonderfully pure and bird-like in quality, and that "her singing was unabated melody." In the course of her education she promptly mastered whatever she attempted. While at the Female Seminary in Troy, she was not only distinguished for her gentle spirit and faultless deportment,

but by her quiet supremacy in the chief studies and accomplishments accessible to the girls of that period.

Perhaps the only *affaire d'amour* of her life occurred while yet the bloom of young maidenhood was on her cheek. She met an earnest solicitor in the person of a gentleman of fortune and social position, and was affianced for the brief period of twenty-four hours. On her part, at least, it was a sublimated passion, so free from earthly fire, that it shrank from mortal consummation. On reflection, the step she had taken was deeply regretted; and she plead so earnestly to be released from the contract, that she recovered her self-possession and retained her freedom to the close of life.

It was, perhaps, in 1854, while filling an engagement to lecture at Glenn's Falls, N. Y., that the writer first met Miss Bishop. We were both entertained at the residence of Dr. Cushing. The morning after we had given the lecture a member of the family privately exhibited Miss Bishop's album, in which we found our own portrait—in *furor loquendi*—well drawn, in a spirited attitude, and with remarkable expression. The work had been done on the evening before and during the delivery of the lecture. It chanced that while on our way to meet this appointment we had purchased a large and beautiful album, and no careless hand had as yet soiled its virgin leaves. We took the first opportunity to hand the book to Miss Bishop, remarking that, for the time being, she had a harmless, but a twofold advantage—in the possession of our portrait—rather skillfully executed—and also in the capacity to draw her own in our book, an accomplishment we were not so fortunate as to possess. Blushing deeply Miss Bishop silently accepted the book. The next day it was modestly placed where we might be expected to find it. On opening the album we found a pencil-sketch of herself and the following original poem :

## BEAUTY.

OH had I but a voice and words to tell  
 The lovely dreams that haunt me evermore,  
 The many thoughts that in my spirit dwell—  
 Which are like harp-strings rung in days of yore,  
 That can not yet forget their silvery swell,  
 Whene'er a breeze of gladness sweeps them o'er ;  
 Then might these broken thoughts, these lost dreams be  
 Poured forth in one deep strain of harmony.

Oh Beauty ! how my heart doth worship thee,  
 Where'er thou dwell'st in Nature's airy hall,  
 Thou most resemblest what my dreams would be  
 Could they rise real at my fancy's call.  
 When glittering on the forest's leafy sea,  
 Or hovering where the sunlit waters fall,  
 I love thee, Beauty, in thine earthly shrine,—  
 How will thou trance me in thy home divine !

Oft I have dreamed that when this soul unbound,  
 Flies from its earthly tenement away,  
 Words for its dazzling visions shall be found,  
 And heavenly fires that now uncertain play  
 About my spirit, then shall clasp it round,  
 And burn the darkness from its depths away.  
 Then like a land uprising from the night  
 How shall I waken to all joy and Light !

In early youth Miss Bishop was led from conscientious motives to connect herself with the Christian church. But, by degrees, as her spirit was emancipated, quickened into conscious life, and opened to the very sources of inspiration, she lost her interest in an unreasoning faith and a ceremonial worship. She became a devout Spiritualist. Her faith and philosophy were often and strongly expressed in the poems she contributed to the SHEKINAH—then conducted by the

Editor of this Journal—and still more beautifully exemplified in the spotless purity of her character and the singular harmony of her life. A single stanza from a poem entitled “Heaven is not Afar”—written in the full consciousness of the presence of a departed Brother—indicates her progress from darkness into light and the strength of her spiritual convictions.

“There oft the listening ear of even  
Hath heard my low and mournful hymn,  
As upward to the loved in heaven  
It floated through the shadows dim.  
I knew not then that by my side  
Thou, dear one, listened to my moan,  
While all around me, far and wide,  
The glory of thy presence shone ;  
Yet now my hand is clasped in thine,  
Thy spirit-fingers thrill in mine.”

At an early age Miss Bishop acquired no little skill in portraiture. Her heads were always drawn in miniature and often displayed a fine appreciation of art. In this capacity she employed her time during the winter season—for many years—chiefly in Albany, New York and Washington. But as often as Spring reappeared she returned to her home among the mountains, to listen to the brooks and birds and to hold uninterrupted communion with Nature. Her native susceptibility of spiritual influence, so delicately displayed in her poems and paintings, at length assumed a more demonstrative form. Up to this time she had never drawn a head life-size. But one day while holding a crayon, her hand was suddenly seized by a spiritual power wholly foreign to herself, and used in drawing a number of mythological figures and the heads of several ancient artists and philosophers. These were the full size of life. They were executed with great boldness and astonishing rapidity, nearly a dozen being dashed off in the course of an hour. The Spirit informed

Miss Bishop that he was an artist on earth, and lived in ancient Greece. The same Spirit visited her three times in the course of a few days, drawing altogether some forty heads. The largest number executed at any one time was fifteen. During the performance the medium was standing, and was



in the full possession of all her faculties, except that she had no control over her right arm. To give our readers a clearer idea of the character of these drawings, we selected the accompanying head of Jupiter—an average specimen—reduced the size to suit our space and had it engraved to illustrate this article.



The Medium waited long and anxiously in the hope that the invisible Artist would repeat his visits. She often retired to her room alone and spent whole hours in the silent invocation of his presence, but he came no more.

Miss Bishop long entertained the idea of preparing an illustrated volume of Poems and Fairy Stories, and in spite of many obstacles actually made considerable progress toward the accomplishment of the work. Her conceptions were so exquisitely fanciful that she could find no engraver disposed to undertake the difficult task of reproducing her designs. Accordingly, she procured the necessary implements and soon learned the art of etching on copper, in which she displayed uncommon skill. Among her poetic contributions to the *Riverside Magazine* was one of these airy creations, illustrated by a picture of a baby Fairy, cradled in the heart of a rose. The lines were so full of genuine feeling as to leave no doubt that among poets a merely ideal being may enlist the purest and deepest sympathies of the human heart.

It is impossible in the nature of the case for such a spirit to have a strong anchorage in this world. The powerful attractions of the higher life naturally weaken the forces whereby it preserves its corporeal relations. Under such circumstances it requires but a slight shock to sever the mortal restraints and release the aspiring soul. By such constitutional causes, and too constant application to her work, her health was gradually impaired. At length a slight cold produced physiological derangement; typhoid pneumonia supervened; and then, cheerfully obeying the celestial gravitation, she relinquished her feeble hold on earth. It was a scene of calm triumph. Her last audible words were, "Tell all my friends that I am glad to go." And then, gently as flowers conceal their bloom and are folded up at the close of day, did her mortal life terminate; and the Angels that keep the gates of heaven ajar received her pure spirit.

## EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

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### I.

#### SEASON OF GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

AT the Holiday Season young people are haunted with visions of new and splendid things to come ; and even some Old Folks vaguely dream, in the winter of their years, that they may not be forgotten. We can not say which of our friends will be pleased to remember us in a tangible way ; but we venture to hope that no suggestion of ours will weaken a virtuous resolution to do a handsome thing at the proper time. Let no one pause from an apprehension that our extreme modesty may be shocked by any man who chooses to indulge the benevolent impulses of his nature. While it might be indelicate to express any choice of our own in a matter of this peculiar nature, we must, nevertheless, be permitted to say, that we are in good health, and therefore do not require physic ; that we have a heavy cane and no rheumatism ; also that our personal habits being good, we have no use for Meerschäum Pipes. In fact, we have a chronic aversion to *shams* of every possible description. Our self-sacrificing friends will therefore please infer that we want a genuine article, the value of which does not depend on its being discolored by smoke or otherwise.

After all we are mainly concerned about our *last-born child*, which is said to be beautiful and very promising for one of its age. It has gone into the ministry without the sanction of the priesthood or the ordinary ceremony of ordination,—but preaches the new Gospel to the satisfaction of the audience—which is select but not numerous. Already it has a circuit that extends to California and Australia. Ministers generally

are known to require some visible means of support, and this one is no exception to the rule. Thus far, however, it has been obliged to live mainly on faith and to travel chiefly on its muscle. Our child has inherited a good constitution and a cheerful disposition, but has no hope of any other inheritance, unless certain members of the great family—who may have something over—shall be pleased to leave it with us in trust for the benefit of our offspring. If any one feels an impulse to put his hand in his pocket just now, and is restrained by an honest doubt of our fitness for trustee, he has our consent to either psychometrise this article, take counsel of the spirits, or we will submit to have our head examined.

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## II.

### MEN AND MUSIC.

PEOPLE may be compared to musical instruments, many of which are either broken or unstrung. As the instruments are extremely numerous and present every conceivable variety, it is not to be expected that all will be either finely toned or particularly ornamental. There are several *old fiddles* and *new whistles*, the peculiar uses of which are often illustrated but rarely comprehended. The bass-viol is one of the best instruments, provided all life, and thought, and action are to move to the measure of "Old Hundred." If ever we discover the utility of bass-drums, it is when we make emphatic appeals to empty heads and hollow hearts.

But there are clear, pure minds whose thoughts are like golden bells that ring out on the world's ear; whose eloquent words, like the soft notes of some mellow horn or silver-keyed flute, captivate the sense; and whose beautiful sentiments steal into and thrill the soul like the faint echoes of a shell. Some souls there are so full of love and religion that life is all music, tender and touching as the tones of a guitar played by moonlight from the top of a lonely turret, or on the flowery bank of a clear river. There are also

Æolian harps that sigh responsively to the gentlest whisper of a zephyr, and delicate *attachments* that soften and spiritualize the music of ruder natures.

And then there are voices that resemble the notes of the clarion when it is heard from the distant summits in the gray light of the morning, calling nations to battle and to victory. Some speak with trumpet-tones before the sepulchers of slumbering nations, and they wake and rise from the dead ; while here and there a deep, solemn and musical inspiration flows into some lofty soul, whose great thoughts and illustrious deeds cause the framework of our being to tremble, as the measured tones of a great organ shake the consecrated pile.

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### III.

#### LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

ACCORDING to the mythological tradition, when Venus arose out of the sea she appeared with a garland of Myrtle, on account of which the myrtle was consecrated to the fair goddess, and has become the emblem of Love. The Palm was the classic symbol of Victory, and was deemed to be even more appropriate and expressive than the Bay in representing any great moral achievement. While the former encircled the brows of ordinary victors, the Palm has been more especially employed to symbolize the conquests of moral heroes and the martyrs of religion. The Amaranth has for centuries been associated with the idea of supreme honors ; hence, the gods of mythology were represented in ancient sculpture and poetry as having their brows adorned with its unfading flowers. According to Homer, the Thessalians appeared at the funeral of Achilles wearing crowns of Amaranth ; while it forms in part the diadems of the Angels, as represented by Milton in his description of the celestial court :

With solemn adoration down they cast  
Their crowns, inwove with Amaranth and gold ;  
Immortal Amaranth, a flower which once  
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,

Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offense  
 To Heaven removed, where first it grew—there grows,  
 And flowers aloft, shading the fount of Life.

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 IV.

## THE TRUE MEASURE OF LIFE.

**I**F we measure life by a succession of sensorial impressions and mental emotions, rather than by the sands in the hour-glass, it will be perceived that, in this progressive age, men live faster, and, hence, perhaps longer, than ever before. And is there not quite as much truth as poetry in the idea that we live

“ — in thoughts, not breaths ;  
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial ? ”

Thus surely shall we measure *all* life in the great Life that is to come. If we can sufficiently refine our feelings and exalt our thoughts, we shall discover no impropriety in a rational application of this standard to the existence on earth. Surely, if one has only a single sensation before dinner, he *lives* but an instant in half a day ; while the man who never has but one idea only begins to live when what the world calls life is over.

It is not all of life *to be* ; and to inhale the vital air. The man who never goes out of sight of the old homestead—who gazes at the same scenes, reads the same books, and associates with the same people, from day to day, as long as he remains on earth, lives but a little while at the longest, because his experience is small. All that he has gained by the aid of the senses, and by his limited intercourse with men and things, should have been as perfectly acquired in a few years, and the remainder of his time should have been wisely employed in adding to his experience those invaluable treasures which constitute the wealth of the soul.

Moreover, men of large experience are usually men of liberal views, while those whose observations of Art, Science,

Religion, and Society, have all been limited to a narrow sphere, are liable to be correspondingly circumscribed in their ideas, and partial in the objects for which they live and labor. That man must have made a very imperfect survey of life and the world,

“Whose travels ended at his country seat.”

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V.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE is something deeply suggestive in the following brief editorial paragraph from a paper published in Victoria, Australia :

“The people in this region have become so virtuous and well-behaved that it is impossible for us to make an interesting daily paper. We hear that a shipload of convicts is on the way to our virtuous port, and we look for greater activity in our news department as soon as its passengers shall get fairly ashore.”

According to this Editor, the chief elements of interest in a daily paper are to be found in the foul details of the great catalogue of popular villanies. It appears that good behavior ; generous and noble deeds ; polite manners and sound morality, are of little account in making up an interesting paper. In the news-market deviltry is the chief staple, without which the business would fail. The secular press revels in filth ; at the same time many well-dressed people delight to be fed on moral garbage. Too much virtue is regarded as a dead weight on a modern newspaper. The Australian journalist is slightly “cast down, but not in despair.” He hopes for better times, and a lively sale of his budget when convicts arrive and hell breaks loose.

## VI.

## THE GALLOWS MOLOCH.

"**A**T a recent execution in New York, while the last prayer was being offered for the poor victim of the criminal code of Moses, the doomed man was observed to sway to and fro in such a manner as to excite the apprehension that he might possibly die without the aid of the executioner. Accordingly, Sheriff Brennan stopped the religious services and gave the signal to the hangman."—*City Paper*.

And so the sheriff very unceremoniously choked off the ministers of the religion of him who "came not to destroy men's lives;" and then he proceeded, in hot haste, to strangle the trembling object of their prayers. What a heterogeneous association of venerable forms, priestly robes, and the offices of religion, on the one hand; and, on the other, the manacles of iron, the black cap, the fatal trap, the hangman and all the infernal implements of the law! Grim, ghastly, and horrible spectacle! What deep and shameless hypocrisy to be on our knees petitioning God to save the poor wretch we have determined to destroy! This, alas, is an incongruous and mournful exhibition—the prayer-book and the halter; this clumsy machine for breaking necks; this miserable caricature of the religion of Jesus; and that pulseless form of the divine image, obscured by sin and venous congestion—dangling up there between heaven and earth, with face of orange hue, and eyeballs starting from their sockets! Oh, this is terrible! Verily this must be the saturnalia of hell, and the drama of all deviltry with a strong cast. The inexorable ministers of the law say that justice is satisfied now, and the saints—

"They wait to hear the priest declare,  
The sinner of last even',  
To-day a saint, unfit for Earth,  
Is good enough for Heaven."

### THE MORNING STARS.

**M**R. W. M. FERNALD, who recently departed this life from Boston, was in 1847-8 one of the chief contributors to the *Universalist*. The leading article in the first issue of that paper, "On the necessity of new and higher Revelations, or forms of Truth," was from his active brain and ready pen. It was during our management of that Journal that we became familiar with Mr. Fernald. He had abandoned the Universalist denomination because it no longer represented the true spirit of religious progress. With full faith in the Latin proverb, *qui non proficit, deficit*, his discretion never relaxed his moral courage. He was most outspoken in his Rationalism, and quite indifferent to the *odium theologicum* with which himself and his associates were subsequently pursued.

Mr. Fernald's later studies greatly modified his views on the most vital questions. From being an earnest advocate of the philosophy of "Nature's Divine Revelations," he was led (from conscientious motives, we can never doubt) to widely different conclusions. This change was chiefly brought about by his careful reading of the voluminous works of Emanuel Swedenborg. With a large brain and extreme nervous susceptibility—strongly emotional and highly intellectual—it was not possible for Mr. Fernald to be one of the happiest of men. With a trained and vigorous intellect he was delicate and womanly in his sensibilities. Such a man is easily disturbed by slight causes, and can scarcely be perfectly adjusted to the sphere of his outward relations. We were sufficiently acquainted with Brother Fernald to respect him for his manly independence, his ability as a writer, and for his conscientious devotion to his convictions. He was one of the stars that heralded the Spiritual Morning. His light is not extinguished; it is not even eclipsed. He has not gone down beneath the line of the visible horizon, to be seen no more. He has risen! Only as the stars disappear in the light of day is he veiled to our mortal vision.



## PSYCHOMETRICAL REVELATIONS.

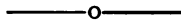
**T**HERE are persons so sensitive to the most subtle emanations and influences, that they detect the medicinal and other properties of a substance by merely touching the wrapper that envelops it ; they also describe the characters of persons by holding their autographs ; and otherwise illustrate their exquisite powers of perception in a manner calculated to excite the special wonder of ordinary mortals. HON. JOHN W. EDMONDS once placed a package, containing some small fragments, which he had picked up among the ruins of a city in Central America, in the hands of one of those sensitive persons, whereupon the following was immediately and emphatically spoken by the living psychometer, who knew nothing of the contents of the package :

Fragments, withered leaves, desolate wrecks—ashes from the conflagration of antiquity ; gods, idols, precious gems, on every side are scattered beneath my feet. I stand, or seem to stand, amid the vestiges of departed nations. The American Babylon, its Nineveh, its Thebes, lie prostrate around me. The skeletons of departed ages crumble at my feet. The very dust is formed of the decayed members of shapes once human. Come forth, ye spirits of remote antiquity ! Were ye men ? Ye were dwarfish, sensual, carnivorous, ape-like in intellect, serpent-like in craft ! And were these your works ? And did ye worship these ? Did ye drag your captives by the hair of their heads up the steps of these terraces, and offer them on these altars to your demon gods ? Were human bodies divided and consumed on days of solemn state by yonder hideous multitude ?

A cannibal, sensuous, and idolatrous people reigned through all this wilderness. Their empire has become their tomb. Whence came this race ? From Farther India. The Affghan, the Malay, the Hindoo, the Mongolian, and the Aztec—all branched out from one primeval race of men. Search deep in the tertiary diluvium of the

Ganges, and evidences shall be discovered by means of which it shall be established beyond the possibility of a doubt that kindred nations once existed on the fertile plains of Hindostan and upon the central portions of America. The art, the character, the sacred rites identical—the architecture similar. The various symbolic forms are evolved from the same dialect, and image identical conceptions. Produce from Farther India its most ancient relics. Subject them to psychometrical analysis, and you shall unfold revelations of primeval ages.

Go forth and gather from the lands in the central portion of our continent the various relics which have been exhumed from them, the traces left in the copper mines, on the banks of Lake Superior, the various relics in the country of the Algonquins and Hurons, and the ancient towns of the Six Nations, the relics found on the banks of the Delaware, and bring from the Mammoth Cave fragments of the skeletons preserved therein. Subject these to a psychometrical examination in that serial order which shall be indicated, and results shall be unfolded which, in grandeur and importance, shall transcend your highest conceptions. The nations shall speak from the depths of primeval times ; and the earth, interrogated, shall reveal the secrets of every epoch since man existed.



THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.—It was at the earnest solicitation of many friends—often expressed during the past year—that we finally decided to place the Editor's portrait in this number of the JOURNAL. It is from a photograph taken by our friend H. J. NEWTON, of this city, and was engraved by J. A. J. WILCOX, of Chelsea, Mass., the artist who engraved the "Orphan's Rescue." In the estimation of those most familiar with the original, it is the best artistic representation of his personality. The microscopic eye may detect imperfections, but the *ensemble* will be eminently satisfactory to the friends of the JOURNAL.

The reader's attention is called to our GALLERY OF PORTRAITS of eminent Seers and distinguished Spiritualists, elsewhere specified in this number. We shall be pleased to receive orders for any of the Portraits contained in that list.

## Fine Arts and Books.

### THE DAWNING LIGHT.\*

THIS picture represents the early home of the Fox family, Hydesville, New York, where, in 1848, the first intelligible communications were received through the sounds now known as Spiritual Rappings. It is true that similar phenomena had attracted more or less attention in other places and at earlier periods. A well-authenticated instance occurred at the residence of REV. JOHN WESLEY more than one hundred and fifty years ago. The pious founder of Methodism appears to have regarded the whole matter as an infection from the infernal regions, and hence the sounds and other phenomena were attributed to the chief of the fallen angels and to Jeffrey—the last-named individual being a man who had died in the house. But although similar rappings and other mysterious sounds had, perhaps, occurred in all ages and countries, it yet remained to the Fox family and their visitors to interpret the telegraphic signs and thus to establish a familiar and orderly intercourse through the phase of the Manifestations.

Mr. Joseph John visited Hydesville with a view of transferring to his canvas the quiet scene that surrounds the spot which imaginary persons regard as the Bethlehem of Modern Spiritualism. The artist faithfully sketched all the objects that were visible from his point of observation. Central in the picture is the dwelling, which is simple in construction, and only one story high. A mellow light is seen through the windows of the haunted room. The other principal objects are the little blacksmith's shop—in front of which a man is employed in shoeing a horse, while the light of the glowing forge is

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\* The Early Home of the Fox family, Hydesville, town of Arcadia, Warren County, N. Y. Painted by Joseph John; engraved by J. W. Watts; R. H. CURRAN & Co., publishers, Boston.

seen through the open door ; the rustic fence and the well with curb and wheel ; the garden and orchard, ornamented with various trees and shrubbery, with a single specimen of the genus *Populus* pointing heavenward like a tall and graceful spire. In the immediate foreground are domestic fowls and animals. The watch-dog suggests the idea of faithful guardianship. The lambs on the lawn, and the doves, that hover in the air or fold their pinions on the roof, symbolize innocence and peace.

Not only are the more tangible objects in this picture well drawn and natural, but the atmosphere is admirably done. The clouds opening above the landscape—with many rifts and silver linings shining through—are flecked and fringed with mildly tempered rays. The floating vapors are massive, yet shadowy and imponderable. Dark lines and gray disappear in subdued lights. The angelic hosts are seen descending from cloudy canopies through illuminated vistas. Veiled in soft draperies, they stand at the door and hover above the roof of the humble dwelling, distinct in form, yet airy as the images of a Midsummer's dream. The Artist's vivid conception of the presence of "the powers of the air" finds adequate expression. The "great cloud of witnesses" that watched over the champions of ancient Spiritualism, and still keep their vigils above the world, assume the appearance of reality. This is a fine illustration of our divine philosophy. It is the artist's translation of

" — The Patriarch's ladder, reaching Heaven,  
And bright with beckoning angels."

This is the chain that unites the mortal with immortality—the bond whereby the "Spirits of just men" restrain our wayward passions and uphold the interests of the Race. In the light of this constant revelation, we perceive that our varying lines of life all center in a divine UNITY. Our path may be obscure, and difficult the way ; dense shadows hide the stars, but the Night is far spent ; the remaining gloom is like the vapors that veil the Morning, and we know that the Spirits

" That fret the clouds are messengers of day."

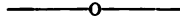
JOSEPH JOHN—painter of the original picture—seems to be equally fortunate in the selection and treatment of his subjects. It is the prerogative of genius to command recognition. First to signalize

himself in the Spiritual Art of our time, Mr. John has only to continue in the new and beautiful field of his choice to win an enviable position. The artists who paint red dragons and winged monsters for angels will soon find their "occupation gone;" but the recent works of Mr. John prophesy of future success and lasting fame.

In the hand of J. W. Watts the graver is more potent than a magician's wand, since he actually brings out the most delicate and graceful figures on the inflexible surface of the cold steel; and, what is more, their continuance does not depend on the presence of one skilled in either natural or celestial magic.

Mr. R. H. Curran, the publisher, is teaching the living gospel of Spiritualism in a way that provokes no resistance. This ministry is silent but not less impressive; and in no way can the truth be more surely carried to many minds and hearts.

We understand that the original paintings, "The Dawning Light," and "The Orphan's Rescue," are on exhibition at the Office of the Publisher, and that they are for sale.



### THE SABBATH QUESTION.\*

**I**N this closely-printed pamphlet of some thirty-six pages we have the substance of the Author's recent contributions to the press, on the subject so fully expressed in his title. It is a singular fact that even in Massachusetts there are American citizens who presume that the ancient Jews and Pagans acquired a divine right to determine the character of our institutions. Against this absurd assumption—often and variously expressed or implied—MR. GILES enters his emphatic protest. He approaches the subject with a conscious mastery, not only of its essential principles, but also of the details that belong alike to the legal, moral, and scriptural aspects of the question. He does not object to a day of rest, but would have it a season of rational enjoyment. He would leave every one to occupy the time as may best suit his inclination and promote his interest—without the unwarrantable intru-

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\* "The Sabbath Question, considered by a Layman, showing the origin of the Jewish Sabbath—how Jesus observed it—the origin of the Pagan Sunday—How it became Christianized—and the origin of the Puritan Sabbath; by Alfred E. Giles. Boston: COLBY & RICH."

sion of legislation or municipal interference—so long as the exercise of his freedom does not infringe the equal rights of others. This is precisely what every intelligent person has the right to expect and should imperatively demand.

But when this freedom leads men—in their legislative capacity or otherwise—to enact laws or to exercise authority in such a manner as to deprive a large class of our citizens of their natural rights, this freedom becomes aggressive and should be restrained. The law-making power may represent the average public sentiment—may reflect the will of the multitude—and yet be oppressive. Mr. Giles is not opposed to Cæsar, but would have him pursue his appropriate business within proper limits. We all know that the elements of a cruel despotism may exist in the will of the majority. Hence the necessity for this vigorous protest against the pious tyranny that would compel men either to go to church, or stay at home ; to be active, or to be idle, on the first day of the week.

There are many gold-mounted saints and pious people with soft hands, who despise labor. All these violate the law six days out of seven. The same authority that requires us to observe the Sabbath, *by doing nothing*, just as imperatively demands that we *shall labor six days in a week*. Now those who perform no labor violate the law six days out of seven, while the so-called Sabbath-breakers only violate the same law one day in seven. Would it not be well for friend Giles to look after these sevenfold sinners in Hyde Park and elsewhere—the “gentlemen of elegant leisure”—if there are such, and see that they are brought to trial. It seems that those who do not respect the authority of Moses, and poor people who must work all the while to live—are unscrupulously damned ; but judgment moves slow after the saints and people in silk stockings.

Mr. Giles treats the Sabbath Question in a scholarly manner, and at the same time with remarkable directness and force. His lucid statement of facts and ideas, and the logical reasons by which his views are supported, are clearly expressed in vigorous English. If the churches, including the clergy, will read what this Layman has written, they will see daylight through the thick fog that envelops their minds rather than the subject.

## Foreign Spiritual Intelligence.

### THE SPIRITS IN THE FLUIDS.

WE are indebted to our esteemed contributor, MRS. EMMA A. WOOD, of Washington, for the following translation of a letter written from Cordes, containing an account of certain curious experiments and observations conducted through the aid of a spirit-medium. There are those who profess to discern spirits in crystal. That such revelations really depend on the use of a piece of limpid and colorless quartz, may be doubted. That spirits may mirror themselves in water, is certainly possible. But in all similar cases there is ample opportunity for the imagination to shape the facts and color the statement. It is probable that in a majority of the cases reported the phenomena are *subjective*. The *experimentum crucis* is not reached by the method described. As we have no knowledge of either the writer or his medium, we can not determine how much of truth may be revealed by spirits and water. We extract the material portions of the letter.—EDITOR.

### MANIFESTATIONS BY MEANS OF A GLASS OF WATER.

I have at my disposal an excellent seeing medium ; he sees the Spirits not only with, but without the aid of the glass of water ; he tests the fluid they project on the incarnated, whether to communicate with them, or to instruct or to obsess them.

With his help we have been able to establish :

1. That these fluids are composed of an infinity of molecules excessively small and close, resembling a very thick fog ; these molecules are material, more or less pure and luminous, more or less sombre, according to the degree of superiority or inferiority of the Spirits who project them. (Instruction of the guides of several circles.) I will add that many deceiving Spirits have communicated, projecting a fluid as pure but not luminous ; should they belong to the category of Spirits elevated in science but not in morality ? The future will tell us.

2. The Spirits give to the fluids they use whatever color suits them ;

their will suffices. (A Spirit showed himself to the medium with the features of Allan Kardec ; he gave to his fluid, successively and at intervals, the colors of red, rose, blue, yellow, milk-white ; this fluid was very pure and very luminous ; the brilliancy of the diamond is pale compared to it.)

3. The Spirits can give to their perispirt the form and appearance of others disincarnated, even when these Spirits are their superiors ; consequently they can take the form of an incarnated.

4. The fluids pass through all bodies ; we have experimented with cast iron, wood, porcelain, glass and crystal.

5. These fluids can be made, not only visible to all eyes, but palpable under the form of dust ; by concentrating a certain quantity of their molecules. I am convinced of the phenomenon by numerous experiments made here and by our friend and brother Blanc, of Gaillac. The process is very simple ; it is only to pour some drops of distilled water into a glass or other receptacle ; magnetize the water for some time, and afterwards evaporate it—by the sun or by the fire. The evaporation accomplished, there is found at the bottom of the receptacle a deposit, which is the concentrated fluid, the distilled water leaving no traces.

#### POSTHUMOUS HISTORIES.

A work has been published in Spain, entitled "Histories from beyond the Tomb," by M. Emmanuel Corchado, Deputy of the Assembly, and translator of the works of Allan Kardec. The author is an ardent Spiritist, as also is M. Fernandez Barcelona, and they are both earnest defenders of Kardec's philosophy. The work referred to contains a list of the names of some of the more distinguished Spiritists in Spain, from which it will appear that the subject is strongly represented by those who hold eminent positions at Madrid. We make a record of the names as follows : Don Alejandro Benisia, Assistant Director of Finance ; Anastasio Garcia Lopez ; Manuel Corchado ; Marquis de la Floride ; José Navarrete, (Deputies) ; Antonio Hustado, Ex-prefect, and a distinguished poet ; Antonio Torres Solano ; Eusebio Ruiz Salovina, General of Division ; Lieut.-Gen'l Joaquim Bassols.

#### A SPIRIT TELLS THE STORY OF HER LIFE.

M. Joseph Palet y Villava has published the life of Charlotte Didier, (a leaf from 1793), obtained by somnambulic mediumship from her spirit.

At the age of sixteen Charlotte saw her mother mount the scaffold, a victim of the blackest calumny. Abandoned by her father, who fled from Paris, she obtained work from a poor woman. She longed to die ; and stationing herself at the entrance of the Girondist Club, she called Marat



*assassin* as he was entering. Very much astonished, he stopped to see who had apostrophized him. The scene with Marat is very touching. Charlotte affected his heart by recalling to him his own mother ; he could not restrain his tears. He pardoned her. She passed her last years in a small village of Lorraine, where she did all the good possible. She was called the mother of the poor.

The work is written with great simplicity, with beauty of style united to the purest moral. The alleged motive of the Spirit was to propagate Christian Spiritualism, the doctrines of which are said to be lucidly expressed. The work is adorned with a portrait of the spirit, obtained mediumistically by—so says the *Revue Spirite*—M. Joseph Tolosa, member of the Spanish Society of Spiritists.

#### ALMANAC OF SPIRITISM.

This work has had great success in Spain in spite of the attacks of the clergy in the Carlist and retrograde journals. It is a collection of articles from the most distinguished Spanish Spiritists, of poetry and communications from Spirits. A striking particularity in the *Almanac* is the Roman Calendar (*santoal*), a work dictated by the Spirits, who indicate the medianimic qualities of a part of the saints of the Romish Church. The idea of this publication was inspired by Spirits—the guides of M. Joseph Palet y Villava, a Spanish writer of some renown ; also Spanish Consul in England.

The *Almanac* is illustrated with an allegorical frontispiece and six fine portraits, wood engravings, representing Allan Kardec, Daniel Dunglass Home, M. M. Fernandez, President of the Society of Barcelona ; General Bassols, Ex-minister of War and honorary President of the Society of Madrid ; and Ausó, President of the Society of Alicante, with fac-simile autographs of the persons. The *Review* remarks that this work is destined to give a new impetus to the diffusion of Spiritism.

UNIVERSITY HONORS.—A proposition has been presented to the Constituent Assembly of the Spanish Republic, to establish a chair for Spiritism in the Spanish Universities. This proposition, due to deputy Don José Navarrete, is signed by the Deputies Garcia Lopez (D. Anastasio), Corchado, Benitez de Lugo (Marquis de Floride), and Redondo Franco. M. Navarrete will be charged to sustain it in the approaching session (January). As an orator he is a celebrity in Spain. E. A. W.

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# BRITTAN'S JOURNAL

## SPIRITUAL SCIENCE

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Faculties and Functions of Mind; Philosophy  
of the Spiritual Life and World, and the  
Principles of Universal Progress.

THE TRUMPETS OF THE ANGELS ARE THE VOICES OF THE REFORMERS.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

S. B. BRITTAN, M. D., EDITOR.

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1874.

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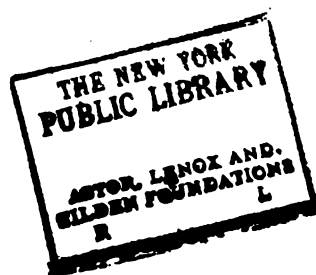
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# BRITTAN'S QUARTERLY JOURNAL

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*J. M. Peebles*

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JAMES M. PEEBLES.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

**I**T is always interesting to study the history of families that have produced distinguished persons, and to trace the influences that have resulted in the centralization of organic peculiarities, moral powers and intellectual attainments. The elements that enter into the composition of remarkable characters are often discernible in their remote ancestors; or they may be traced to the combination of physical forces, mental faculties, and temperamental conditions, resulting from the intermingling of the blood of different families in the marriage relation. But it must be conceded that, as a rule, when such combinations are fortunately expressed in the production of an individual nature that is generously endowed, it is rather the result of *accident* than of either a recognition of physical and psychological laws, or of any accurate knowledge of a profound and intricate subject. Hitherto our presence has scarcely darkened the vestibule of that temple of mystery in which the subtile principles and essential elements of individual life are blend-

ed, the characters of nations fashioned, and the history of races determined.

In the Lowlands of Scotland, on the north bank of the Tweed, is the royal old borough of PEEBLES. The situation is elevated and picturesque, and the historic associations of the place interesting. In Scotland the progress of commerce and the prospective advantages of trade, are the usual considerations that determine the creation of royal boroughs. But it appears from authentic history that it was rather the generous sacrifices of the inhabitants of the district—and the fact that the kings and royal families of Scotland made Peebles a summer resort—that the place, in 1341, secured this eminence.\* The name of the Peebles family became distinguished. With the blood of the old Romans and the warlike Scots in their veins—peoples whose history illustrates the extremes of barbarism and civilization—they, naturally enough, exhibited some strong characteristics; and John Peebles, a Scottish Earl, is described, by Sir Walter Scott, as a person whose daring nature and irresistible impulses found expression in rash purposes and impetuous action.

The Tweed at Peebles is not a deep river, but a babbling stream, that chants its liquid melodies over rocky bars, in sunshine and shadow, and goes singing away among green valleys and wooded hills.

“There’s music in the air,”

and the spirit of poesy dwells by hillside, and lake, and

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\* Edward Baliol having dismembered his kingdom in the interest of the English, his subjects became disloyal. David II., King of Scotland—who had found refuge in France during the reign of Edward, suddenly returned to reassert his claims to the throne. When near Durham, and after achieving a partial success in a contest with the enemy, he was taken prisoner, and Edward demanded great price for his liberty, and as a condition of the recognition of his sovereignty. It was on that occasion that the people of the district contributed so liberally this ransom that the old town of Peebles was erected into a royal borough with a representation in Parliament.

river. When Alexander Smith slept in the old Borough he

“— heard something more in the stream as it ran  
Than water breaking on stones.”

His muse came to him before he was up in the morning,  
and made him sing thus of “The Tweed at Peebles:”

“I lay in my bedroom at Peebles,  
With the window-curtains drawn,  
While there stole over hills of pasture and pine  
The unresplendent dawn.

“And in the deep silence I listened,  
With a pleased, half-waking heed,  
To the sound that ran through the ancient town,  
The shallow, brawling Tweed.

The branch of the Peebles family from which our subject descended moved into the north of Ireland in the latter part of the seventeenth century, where their devotion to Protestant principles subjected them to persecution. In 1718 they came to this country and made a temporary home in eastern Massachusetts. Subsequently with others they settled the town of Pelham. But the restless spirit of the early Scots was in the blood of the family, and some time after they “pulled up stakes” and removed to Whitingham, Vermont. Here—“under the shadow of an ancient elm”—surrounded by natural objects and the pure influences of life among the hills, Capt. James Peebles courted Miss Nancy Brown, the Deacon's daughter. She was the school-teacher of the neighborhood, and is represented—by those who recall the period of her youth—as a tall young lady, with hazel eyes and a dreamy expression, refined manners, and with intellectual tastes and aspirations. The Captain was an earnest man with benevolent instincts and strong convictions. He followed Thomas Jefferson in his political principles and John Calvin in his theology. His democracy



did not restrain the nobler impulses of his nature, but we may naturally suppose that there was a silent controversy between his heart and his creed.

From this duality came a conjugal unity, the fruits of which were five sons and two daughters. JAMES MARTIN, the subject of this sketch, and the first-born of his parents, first saw the light on the 23d of March, 1822. The critical period that fashioned the form, developed the life, and determined the character, had been appropriately spent by his mother in the diversified exercises of labor and prayer, music and meditation. Rev. J. O. Barrett, author of "The Spiritual Pilgrim"—who seems to have ascertained the relative positions and specific aspects of the heavenly bodies—assures us that the benign influence of Jupiter ruled the hour of his birth. The writer has not examined the horoscope of his subject, but is disposed to look into his own smiling countenance and genial disposition rather than to his early experiences for a revelation of the beneficent powers of the world. Jupiter did not always minister to James. Many of the latter's necessities and desires were cruelly neglected. In kites and sleds he discovered suggestions to high aims and rapid progress; but the things he so much desired to possess were not among his personal effects. He had neither kite nor sled. When one day he surreptitiously obtained his mother's bread-trough as a substitute for the latter, and was accidentally wrecked on a rock—splitting his vehicle from end to end—his father gave him a striking illustration of the wisdom of Solomon, who, it will be remembered, advised a liberal "course of sprouts" for all mischievous boys.

James was not more than six years old when he went to school to his uncle, Dr. Peebles. The preceptor was a firm believer in Solomon's philosophy and practiced his principles with a fearful conscientiousness. Under the Doctor's treatment there was never any danger of congestion of the internal organs of his pupils, for the reason that he rarely

failed to bring the circulation to the surface. Under this *régime* James had his jacket dusted about every day, and all because his well directed efforts to promote healthful amusements in school hours were not duly appreciated. It was no fault of his that he had inherited a very active temperament. True, he may have manifested a restless disposition; and who has not a right to cultivate his inheritance? The truth is, he was so constituted that he required some constant and agreeable occupation; nevertheless his personal friend and biographer says "he hated grind-stones, axes, churns and hoes."

But James appears to have been, in the main, a well disposed boy, faithful to his friends, governed by generous impulses, and even willing to be sacrificed, when necessary, either in the interest of his young companions, for the glory of Solomon, or in his efforts to shield the mute creation from the causes of suffering. His humane disposition was manifested at an early age, and the lineaments of the Reformer were revealed in the child. In the Spring, before the snow had disappeared from the shaded valleys and the northern slopes of the hills, he was wont to go out, early in the morning, to look after the young lambs of his father's flock, to see that they were not chilled. His tender solicitude for the innocent creatures prompted him to care for them at his own cost, for it was not always that his father provided him with shoes, and in spite of the revelations of the horoscope, Jupiter had never so much as once warmed the little bare feet that were quick to run over the frosty ground on such errands of mercy.

Beneath a vein of mirth and mischief James had an undercurrent of deep feeling and serious thought. His imagination was excited by the death of his Aunt Sally and the disposition made of her remains. He thought it a mistake to shut her up in a coffin, as it might be difficult for her to get out at the proper time. At that early period he was disposed to take a very natural view of the resurrection.

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He thought his aunt, having been properly planted, would in due time sprout and come up like the vegetables in the garden. His practical views of religious subjects were often ludicrously expressed. On the occasion of witnessing the baptism of a pious lady his first impression was, that the minister might—intentionally or otherwise—drown her. His mother succeeded in removing his childish apprehensions; but he could discover no important difference between the sacred rite and “going in swimming.” When his mother informed him that a solemn Angel kept a complete debt and credit account of his transactions, he readily inferred that he alone might be able to keep “the recording Angel” out of mischief by giving him constant employment. Whether the balance of that account would be in favor or against him was a serious problem; and his young mind struggled with it, in secret, until the merry voice was hushed and a shadow came over the sunny face of the child.

In his childhood our subject had a serious impediment in his speech, but by the aid of Professor Hurlbut he succeeded in conquering the difficulty. He was but thirteen years old when the mystery of first love was revealed to him, moving the power of generation through the faculties of the mind. He felt the subtle fire kindling in his brain and running along every nerve of sense. It found an object in a little damsel who was soon to be removed from the village. She was going to sea, and would only leave him the sweet vision that haunted his dreams and would still live in his memory. The period of pubescence is usually accompanied by a kind of poetic inspiration. The procreative faculty is awakened and demands expression. While in the presence of the modest girl the youth yielded to the spell, and from his first attempt at poetry we extract the closing stanza :

“I’ll think of *thee* when evening’s ray  
Is gleaming o’er the sea;  
When gentle twilight’s shadows play  
On mountain, vale, and tree.”

At the age of seventeen he taught school in Chenango county, New York. He boarded with a Baptist deacon who—on account of the original sin which his son had inherited—found it necessary, one morning, to abruptly suspend prayer that he might chastise the boy, after which he resumed at the point of interruption and wound up in regular form. This sandwich of incongruous elements—corporal punishment and fervent prayer—somewhat diminished the young teacher's respect for religious ceremonies. But about that time one of those religio-magnetic fevers, otherwise described as "a revival of religion," was raging in Smithville. A great pressure was brought to bear on the young schoolmaster. He was earnestly prayed for and warned in the most emphatic language. All the while the spirit of Sinai thundered from the pulpit; and hollow voices rehearsed the terrors of the law with frightful emphasis. He was besieged by the young converts of both sexes, who exhorted him in passionate language to close in with the offers of mercy. Suiting the action to the words of supplication, his neck was encircled by delicate arms. In the ecstasy of faith, and hope, and love, they held his hands and wept, and prayed for the conversion of his soul. Skepticism could hold out no longer. How could an ordinary sinner resist such overtures? Could he refute the preacher and close his ears to the awful thunders of Sinai? No. And how could he coldly shrink away from the loving presence of gentler ministers? Of human nature—even since the fall—we may not expect so much. The young pedagogue was forced to surrender without terms. *He said he believed.* Then the preacher declared there was "joy in heaven;" and the assembly shouted, *Gloria in Excelsis!*

When the meeting terminated the magnetic spell was broken. A little exercise in the open air and the holy fervor subsided. James subjected his experience to a more searching analysis. True, there were pleasant associations connected with his religious awakening, but he began to

doubt the genuineness of his conversion. He was not sure that the clergy were sincere. And when, not long after, the pious Elder—under whose preaching he supposed he was born again—abandoned his wife and children and eloped with the maid of all work, his faith suddenly fell to the zero of the scale. He read infidel authors and drifted into the open sea of popular skepticism. He was disposed to regard all worship as a solemn farce and the priesthood as inventors of pious legends,

“Who fill the world with follies and impostures.”

Subsequently Mr. Peebles became interested in Universalism, and under the ministry of Rev. N. Doolittle was led to entertain more rational views of the divine nature and the destiny of man. By degrees his frigid skepticism—never consonant to his better judgment and the warm impulses of his heart—gave way, and he again found anchorage for his religious convictions. For several years while at Oxford Academy, New York, he was a student of the higher English branches and the Latin and Greek classics. At length he resolved to adopt the ministry as a profession, and thereupon commenced a course of theological studies. In September, 1844, the Cayuga Association of Universalists convened at McLean, and in the course of the session our friend received his Letter of Fellowship as a minister of that denomination. He soon after assumed the pastoral charge of the Society in McLean, and remained in that relation for five consecutive years.

At length, at the solicitation of Hon. Vincent Kenyon, he visited a medium at Auburn, and there witnessed evidences of the presence of an invisible intelligence. Some time after he listened to a masterly discourse from an uneducated boy who spoke in a trance on a profound subject which the inquirer had himself selected. The intelligence that inspired the boy, not only exhibited a vast range of thought and a surprising command of language, but he

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seemed to see clearly in the dim twilight of the earliest historic periods. These discoveries enlarged and spiritualized the views of Mr. Peebles and greatly modified his style of preaching. He was warned that the theology of Universalism was not sufficiently elastic to admit of such expansion. True, the clergy were ostensibly very liberal, and always ready to open their pulpits to any orthodox divine over whom they might expect to obtain an advantage in controversy. But in respect to any views more enlightened and progressive than their own, the accredited leaders of the denomination were as intolerant as the Calvinists.

Mr. Peebles had been settled in Elmira, but dissolved his pastoral connection in the spring of 1855. In January, 1856, he assumed a similar relation to the Universalist Society in Baltimore. He, however, remained there but nine months, owing to his impaired health. The Society adopted a series of highly complimentary Resolutions on the occasion of his resignation. During the same year he relinquished his ministerial fellowship, but some time after settled at Battle Creek, Mich., as an independent religious teacher, where he remained some six years. All the while the spiritual idea continued to grow in his mind until it proved to be, in his case—as it has been to multitudes of honest inquirers—the rock that ground the dry bones of his old theology to powder.

We have not the space for any details of his spiritual experience which has been prolific of incident and varied by all the forms of illustration and evidence. In his investigation he proceeded with due deliberation, while many rush to an instantaneous conclusion. When the conviction was fairly established in his mind he became a fearless and tireless advocate of the truth. He never fellowshipped the little dark-lantern Spiritualists who go about masquerading, and whose chief concern is to conceal the light. On the contrary, we must acknowledge that he has made a very good locomotive reflector. Extensive travels have procured for

him the *sobriquet* of "Spiritual Pilgrim." The period of his long journeys may be said to date from the early part of 1861, when he went to California in the hope of recovering his lost health. Since then he has visited many distant lands. He has been absent so much that some have imagined he might be deficient in the domestic affections, and that the attractions of home have but a feeble influence over the Pilgrim. This is not warranted by any facts in our possession; and though we are not familiar with the details of his domestic life, this conclusion is obviously unjust. His own children, three in number, were premature; and then the parents adopted one—their little LOUIS, whom they tenderly loved. About a year after his arrival in California Mr. Peebles received the intelligence that this remaining object of their mutual affection had been transplanted to the Elysian Fields of the Spirit World. How he received the news, and with what intense feeling his spirit went out after the little child, and back to his distant home and his dear companion, may be inferred from a brief extract, condensed from a letter to a friend at Battle Creek. It is dated at Sacramento, Cal., March, 1861.

"Frances, I am sad and tearful to-night! None, however, see my tears. There may be something of pride in this; but I long ago resolved that no shadow upon my face should ever filch the sunshine from others. Last week's mail brought the tidings of the departure to the better land of our darling Louis—a precious bud, transplanted to bloom in the garden of God. Oh, how I pity my poor wife! Lonely must she be without the echoes of his dancing feet, and the lyric cadence of his voice. He was a promising, beautiful child, and the very idol of our hearts."\*

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\* Mrs. Mary M. Peebles, the worthy companion of the Pilgrim, was formerly a teacher in the Clinton Liberal Institute. She is said to be a woman of enlightened mind and refined manners, with a strong feeling and a fine taste for Art. But above all outward graces and intellectual endowments, the mild luster of a gentle spirit illuminates the record of a true life.

"This deep affliction will weigh heavily upon my wife. I shall hasten home on her account. Home! how many sweet associations cluster around the endearing word! Yet, dearly as I love books, family and home, a divine voice is ever saying to me, "Go forth!—go among all nations with this ministry, preaching the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy." (Spiritual Pilgrim, page 79.)

In the winter of 1863–4 our subject had a brief experience of life in the camp. He served the government as a clerk in the Quartermaster's Department, and humanity by assisting the poor sick and wounded soldiers. Although the scenes that were constantly presented to him were especially revolting to such a nature, he did not shrink from the responsibilities of the place he had accepted. But the terrible friction of such a life was too much for a sensitive mind and organization. His sympathies were too constantly and keenly excited, and at the expiration of three months' service he was obliged to return home.\*

Among the Evangelists of the new gospel of Spiritualism, the gentleman whose career is now under review has achieved an acknowledged preëminence as a traveler. The journeys of the ancient Apostles were comparatively limited. In their travels they depended chiefly on their muscles, if on land, and when at sea, on the possible coincidence of favoring winds and tides. But we have discovered a more powerful agent, over which we have a more absolute control. With our superior advantages the St. James of the "Arabula"—in his missionary career—has outrun the great Gospel war-horse of Tarsus, who, without extra weight, did "run with patience the race set before him." The James of

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\* The officer under whose command he served bore this strong testimony to his courage, integrity and fidelity:—"Though often placed in the most trying circumstances, he never lost his equanimity, nor evinced a disposition of retaliation toward those who had wronged him. On the contrary, he everywhere manifested, by word and deed, a gentle, forgiving and loving spirit, coupled with that sterling integrity which never sanctions wrong. The example of such a man is always good; but in the rough experiences of army life it is invaluable."



Modern Spiritualism has delivered his message in every State of the American Union, except Florida and Texas. Also, in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, Austria, and on the great highway of nations. He has scattered the literature of Spiritualism along all his lines of travel in Turkey, India, Egypt, China, Arabia, Palestine and other Eastern countries;—in the homes of the common people wherever the English tongue is spoken; among the nobility of European States, and in the presence of Oriental princes. In all the countries he visited he met with frequent proofs of the presence of the Spirits. They came to him by day and night, on land and sea, in crowded cities and desert solitudes. While in Jerusalem he held a *séance* on Mount Zion, where he conversed with Spirits who claimed to have personally known Jesus of Nazareth while he was on earth. And on the top of the great Egyptian Pyramid his traveling companion was deeply entranced and gave the Pilgrim an impressive lecture on the early history of Egypt and its Monumental Art.

It was in 1869, when Mr. Peebles was contemplating a journey into Oriental countries, that his friends solicited in his behalf the Consulate of Trebisonde, a place of some commercial importance in Asiatic Turkey. This request was readily granted by the Administration and the Senate confirmed his appointment. On his arrival at Constantinople he received his *exequatur* at the hands of the Sultan's Prime Minister. This occurred about the time of the opening of the Suez Canal. Many distinguished persons were in the city, including Francis Joseph of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia and Amadeus, the modest ex-King of Spain, with whom he formed a personal acquaintance.

While in Constantinople the Pilgrim, one day, wandered out to Scutari, the Mohammedan city of the dead, where he witnessed a touching incident that is thus described :

“This cemetery—three miles in length, and somewhat irregular

in shape—is tastefully surrounded and beautifully shaded by tall cypresses. It was a calm October day. The scenery was so strange, so half entrancing, that time passed unheeded. The sun was low in the west when I left the speaking monuments of mortality around me. Hastening to the shores of the Bosphorus, to take the steamer for Constantinople, I saw a venerable Turk—tall and turbaned,—distributing coins and fruits to a group of ragged children by the wayside. The beneficence was as suggestive as patriarchal.—When through with the deed of mercy, several of the children, stepping forward, bowed and kissed the giver's withered hand. Smiling, he asked Allah to bless them, and then passed quietly on his way. The scene—purely Oriental—so touched my heart that my eyes were immediately suffused with tears. . . . My soul was so warmed into love and sympathy for humanity, that I, too, in spirit, kissed the old man's hand.”\*

Under the inspiration of the occasion—the enchanting scenery and associations of the country, and this deed of Islamitic charity—the muse came to our traveler and found expression in a little Idyl from which we select the opening stanza. We accept the author's apology for any artistic defects the critics may discover. The sentiment of the closing lines is honorable to human nature.

“ The Orient sheds its shimmering haze  
O'er field and garden, sea and isle ;  
And Asia's arch is red with rays,  
That turn to gold each Islam pile.  
My heart is filled with warmth again :  
I feel for Moslems in their thrall ;  
I only hate the hate of men ;  
I love the heart that loveth all.”

While in Europe Mr. Peebles was elected an Honorary Fellow of “The Universal Peace Society of England.” The “London Anthropological Society” presented him a diploma,” and made him Local Secretary for Trebisonde,

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\* See J. O. Barrett's “Spiritual Pilgrim,” pp. 223-4.

Turkey in Asia. The Paris Society for Spiritual Studies, founded by Allan Kardec, and the *Societa Florantina di Spiritismo*, conferred similar honors. He was also made a Corresponding Member of the "Royal Asiatic Society" of India. In December, 1869, he was awarded a medal for his speech before the Italian Congress of Free-thinkers. While in Rome he was the guest of Prince George de Solms, who devoted two days to showing him through the Imperial City, and whom he describes as a noble specimen of manhood. He spent several evenings with Count Riccardo; and was cordially received by the more liberal portion of the literati of the Old World.\*

We cannot follow the Pilgrim through the long line of his latest travels. Nor is this necessary since his observations and experiences are described in his recent letters to the *Banner of Light*, and are still fresh in the memory of our readers. This leads us to briefly consider his claims as an author. He tells the story of his pilgrimage round the world in a free and popular manner. His descriptions are easy and natural. He does not anatomize the objects and scenes that pass before him. In a mind of uncommon activity the succession of images may be too rapid to admit of such treatment. If the pictures are rarely perfect in drawing, they always exhibit a warm human feeling, while at times the coloring is both agreeable and effective. His narrative contains many eloquent passages—few that give evidence of severe analysis and long digestion. The perceptive powers appear to exert a supreme influence over the other faculties of the mind. He is wide awake and nothing

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\* From the Howitts, Wilkinsons, Thomas Shorter, Gerald Massey, Mr. Tenyson Dr. Ashburner, Robert Chambers, Mrs. De Morgan, Mrs. William Gregory, Anna Blackwell, Mr. C. F. Varley, Mrs. Max Müller, M. Martin Tupper, Rev. S. E. Bengough, M. A. of Christ's College, Cambridge, Rev. M. D. Conway, Baron de Guldenstubbé, Baron Vincenzo Caprara, Hon. George Thompson, Lord and Lady Otho Fitz-Gerald and others—Mr. Peebles received complimentary attentions.

escapes his observation. This extreme activity of the powers of perception occasionally seems to break the logical order and consecutive statement of his ideas. His concentration is overmastered by this acute susceptibility of outward impressions. A trifling incident occurring in his presence, or a careless word spoken in his hearing, may interrupt the flow of thought and result in the interpolation of some incongruous image or irrelevant suggestion. If his mind is enabled to grasp the profound principles and intricate laws that underlie all physical and mental phenomena, it is rather by intuition than by the ordinary power of intellectual comprehension. In his writings we discover but slight traces of the recognition of delicate analogies and metaphysical distinctions. We by no means assume that this subtle power of cognition is wanting in the structure and development of his mind. We refer to the characteristics of his style, in which we may very possibly find adequate compensation for the absence of the elements we fail to discover. It must be conceded that he is understood by a much larger class than is likely to wait on the ministry of the profoundest metaphysician of the time. He speaks and writes in intelligible language, directly to the minds and hearts of the people. No doubt

“The age needs plainness and simplicity ;  
To mystify the people is the trick  
Of painted harlequins of Church and State.”

He aims to be understood, and he succeeds. In this capacity to adapt his teachings to the average standard of intelligence ; in the simple strength of his moral convictions ; in the unwavering purpose of his life, and in the generous enthusiasm of a loving spirit—warm and genial as summer sunshine—we may discover the secret of his popularity.\*

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\* In addition to his large Foreign Correspondence our author's contributions to Spiritual Literature chiefly consist of “The Practical in Spiritualism”—a small

We have not the space for extended criticism. In their general character the author's works are didactic. They exhibit his various learning and an acquaintance with ancient, modern and contemporaneous literature. He discusses his several themes in an earnest spirit—in the light of history and his own varied experience—but with little reference either to physiological and psychological laws, or to the records of scientific discovery. His storehouse is large, and furnishes copious materials; but in his use of them the severe critic may discover a want of strict analysis, careful classification, and constructive method.

The application of the psychometric test reveals a man of genuine moral courage, with a rational skepticism and strong religious convictions; *stavior in modo, fortiter in re*. He will not abandon his cause; but by mild means work out his own strong determination. With a singularly impressible temperament he is remarkably self-possessed. His nerves recoil, but his soul is fixed. The barque that once drifted in darkness and storm has come to anchor where the sea is calm and the light is clear.

This man can never obtain rest in indolence; but in various activities finds repose. The angels have touched his tongue with a live coal. He is fluent in speech and a ready debater; skilful in parrying the assaults of an antagonist, and ingenious in diverting attention from the weak points in his defenses. His acute discernment, ready command of facts and ideas, a graceful manner and facile power of expression—rather than the depth of his philosophy and the

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volume, published some ten years ago, and out of print; "Seers of the Ages," an octavo of 376 pages, published in London and New York, 1870; "Jesus: Myth, Man or God?" a small octavo, published in London, 1870; "Witch-Poison and the Antidote;" a somewhat elaborate Review of Rev. Dr. Baldwin's Discourse on the "Witch of Endor and Spiritism;" "Signs of the Times" (out of print); "Spiritualism Defined and Defended," together with his contributions to "The Spiritual Harp" and the "Year Book of Spiritualism." Some of these books have run through several editions and have been widely circulated. Colby and Rich have just published the sixth edition of the "Seers of the Ages."

invincible logic of his argument—make him a successful controversialist. When about to strike his hardest blows, he smiles most serenely; and when the conflict is over, in the benevolence of his nature, he contrives to apply a balm to the wounds he has made.

In breaking away from the shackles that fettered his powers in early life, Mr. Peebles has not run to the extremes that involve the wreck of character and usefulness. In the development of his individuality he has never lost sight of his relations to the race. He does not propose to entertain the devil in his most seductive shape of unlimited individual freedom and personal irresponsibility to society. The reign of law is preferred—even if it be sometimes oppressive—to anarchy, which is a terrible form of absolute despotism. In disputing the authority of the Church our friend neither finds it necessary to rend his garments, beat the air like a lunatic, nor feed on dirt. He is still willing to profit by the lessons of its history, and even to appropriate whatever may yet remain of vital truth in that institution. He seems really to love the Lord while he mildly lampoons the saints. His rationalism neither requires him to blaspheme in hot blood, nor leaves him out in the cold region of unfeeling speculation. On the contrary, it cools his brain, while it warms his heart and tempers his judgment. It has not diminished his love and reverence for whatever is intrinsically good and true. If he thinks well of himself, he also thinks well and speaks kindly of others. Surely this man recognizes the divinity in all. He never had an attack of that supreme egoism which swallows up God and blots out the Universe. *Cogito, ergo sum*, is not interpreted to imply either the absence or the worthlessness of all other individualities.

Rational Spiritualism is a grand eclectic system that comprehends all good and truth from whatever source its elements may be derived. Its philosophy embraces the laws and relations of all material and spiritual existences. It

accepts the results of enlightened reason and scientific discovery. Its living Gospel is the good news of the world's advancement. In sympathy with all truth ; aspiring to nobility of nature and righteousness of life ; radiant as the morning with Divine Light, and wedded to universal progress, it comes forth—"like a bride adorned for her husband." This is the invisible church of "the general assembly of the first-born," whose numberless believers "worship in spirit and in truth." Its membership includes all noble men and women who unselfishly labor for mankind. Its divine ministry embraces every teacher who has the courage and humanity to speak the truth in love. Its acceptable prayer is one tireless effort to fill the world with blessing, and its most impressive sermon is a blameless life. To this ministry we are called ; to this work every true Reformer is ordained. When the mortal pilgrim is weary of wandering in the arid deserts of a sensuous world, this is the true home of the soul—by the still waters of Life—that opens to receive him. This is the Church of the FUTURE.—Its altar is the conscious spirit. The true sanctuary is not the consecrated pile that human hands have upreared ; nor is it the gay crowd in its courts. It is not revealed in ancient records, and does not consist in gilded shrines and imposing ceremonials. It is not external ; it is inward and spiritual. Its mystical aisles never echo to the tread of infidel feet. *The true church is in Man.* The risen Shelley thus describes it, through Harris in the "Golden Age :"

'The church of God in man below  
Methinks should like the Minister grow ;  
All truths His three-fold voice inspires  
Should build its buttresses and spires ;  
Each holy deed that memory sings,  
Should gleam with cherub face and wings  
O'er the high altar's mystic shrine,  
And Love make all the place divine."

## CREEDS AND CONDUCT.

BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

**H**ERBERT SPENCER, in the "Reconciliation of his First Principles," ably, but somewhat incompletely, expatiates on that principle of *adaptation*, by which a creed or a form of government, corresponds, more or less, to the average condition and culture of the nations in which such prevail. Hence the necessity that persons who have outgrown the need of either or both should "qualify their disagreement with as much as may be of sympathy." "The resistance to a charge of theological opinion" he regards "as in great measure salutary;" as barbarous races need a harsh celestial as well as terrestrial rule; but that we have been rendered in some degree "organically moral" in the course of generations, "disastrous results would ensue from the removal of those strong and distinct motives which the current belief [in endless punishment, etc.] supplies."

This chapter might profitably be read by extreme radicals—religious and sociological. It would need but little qualification and addition but for two things which he leaves out of the account. The first is, that the age is outgrowing its political and theological shell, and is striving to be freer; but these religious and political forms are forced upon it by the organizations of earlier generations. In other words, church and state, having been dominant in the past, have intrenched themselves in the fastnesses of wealth and power, from which unorganized and unprotected multitudes have not yet succeeded in dislodging them. Universities and colleges, founded by the wealth of past generations, bend the



thought of the present. Even in the United States, nominally with no State-church, orthodox religionists not only secure exemption from taxation (at the expense of others) for *their* instrumentalities of propagation, but dip into state and national treasuries for means to sustain them. The Howard University, in Washington, is purely (though not nominally) sectarian in its character ; its methods of teaching and text books are a century or so behind the age ; and a late Professor, who advocated the now universally received doctrine of the "correlation of forces," reports that within three years his views were denounced by some of the other Professors as "infidel," though he himself is a Presbyterian. Yet this "University" was mainly founded upon grants from the United States of over half a million of dollars—many times more than private individuals contributed. Most, if not all, its Professors, are reported to be members of Congregational Churches. In his capacity of head of the Freedmen's Bureau, Gen. Howard succeeded, as shown by the investigation before Congress, in getting about half a million more for other sectarian educational institutions.

Now, with facts like these, and hundreds, even thousands more, that can be obtained in this country ; and a knowledge of the fact that the oppression is ten times worse in Europe, it is a gross omission on the part of Mr. Spencer to reason as if the religious institutions of to-day were the result of the spontaneous expression of the religious sentiment of the age. instead of being "old men of the mountain," pertinaciously bestriding the back of modern civilization, *nolens volens*.

Secondly, as to the consequences, in human conduct, following the "removal of those strong and distinct motives. which the current belief supplies." So far as statistics and common observation can reach, it does not appear that this removal—so far as it has yet gone, and unaccompanied by any substitute—has produced any very disastrous results. The statistics of pauperism, insanity and crime, as connected with religious belief, are rather scanty, it is true. Those hav-

ing control of such matters being usually of orthodox affinities, are evidently not solicitous to disseminate information on the subject. Yet, it is reasonably certain, as to crimes "of the baser sort," that the devotees of Romanism supply a larger percentage than their numbers justify; while the more gentlemanly thieves seem to be largely, if not principally, recruited from Protestant organizations. On Oct. 23, 1873, Assistant District Attorney Purdy, in the U. S. Circuit Court, at New York city, speaking on behalf of the prosecution on the trial of Edward Lange, for appropriating mail bags, said that (I quote from the *N. Y. Herald*):

"The records of the District Attorney's office would show, that gentlemen, who, no doubt, could bring forward witnesses to prove they are persons of high moral, virtuous and Christian character, were charged with fraud and perjury. But their high character, their Christian conduct and standing, did not prevent them from robbing the Government; and then, dreading exposure, quietly stepping into the office of the Secretary of the Treasury and paying back the money they had swindled the Government out of; so that the matter might be hushed up forever. The jury would be astonished if they heard the names of these men. \* \* \* \* \* There were now in court, listening to him, men like Tainter and Graham, charged with embezzling large sums of money, who, no doubt, could produce testimony that they bore a good character, and that they were in high standing in the church and in society."

In the Bureau in which I am employed, a clerk was recently discharged for swindling an official, whose accounts he had been settling, of about \$800. Facts are known to me which leave but little room for doubt, that, in the same case, he swindled the Government out of a like sum. Yet his piety was of the most unctious and obvious description. He is perfectly insensible of shame, and is using his utmost efforts to secure reinstatement. Besides the above, he obtained, on false pretences, a grant of \$1,000 from Congress. He is a small offender, to be sure, in comparison with the imperial

thieves of New York city and the District of Columbia ; but the case is none the less exemplary. A photograph was recently taken of the "Evangelical Alliance" visitors, as they stood on the Capitol steps ; and among the most conspicuous figures in the foreground is the aforesaid Psalm-singing ex-official !\*

It does not appear from these and numerous similar cases ; it does not appear from common experience, and it would not appear from statistics, did such exist, that "the strong and distinct motives which the current belief supplies," have a definite existence in the United States, if they have anywhere. The semi-retrogressive condition, as to religion, etc., of France and other parts of Europe, the mischievous influence of the church, and the poverty and ignorance prevalent in those countries, are believed to be largely due to the influence of the belief, among Free-Thinkers there, that orthodoxy supplies these "strong and distinct motives," and is therefore "good for women and children." The mass of intelligent men in Europe have long outgrown Catholicism *for themselves*, but support it for their families ; hence Carlism in Spain ; hence civil war in France ; hence the war between France and Prussia ; hence immense standing armies all over continental Europe—and all because Free-thinkers there have allowed the Catholic Church to exist, in order, as many of them suppose, to prevent the "disastrous results (that) would ensue from the removal of those strong and distinct motives which the current belief supplies." It would seem that the results of the MAINTENANCE of that belief are far more disastrous than any which could possibly ensue from its extinction.

But even granting, that much temporary injury might be sustained—by taking away these unfounded, faiths without replacing them by something more truthful—what if a more

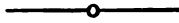
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\* We are unacquainted with the facts the writer has in view, and the responsibility of these personal references rests entirely with A. C.—EDITOR.

thanadequate substitute can be produced—indeed, is already in existence? I have, *a posteriori*, stated reasons which indicate that no such restraining power as Mr. Spencer states is exercised by orthodox religious views. It would be still easier, deductively, to prove that the belief in endless punishment, vicarious atonement, etc., not only *is*, but *must be*, "omnipotent for evil—powerless for good." But granting that, *pro tempore*, and adaptively these doctrines have, in some cases, a restraining influence for good—*a la* straight jacket—granting, with Mr. Spencer, that "to see clearly how a right or wrong act generates consequences—internal and external—that go on branching out more widely as years progress; requires a rare power of analysis;" and that, "even as it is, those who relinquish the faith in which they have been brought up, for the more abstract faith in which science and religion unite, may not uncommonly fail to act up to their convictions." Let this apply, if it will, to the shadowy abstractions of a materialistic philosophy and the half truths of a materialistic science. Yet "he who runs may read," in the facts and doctrines of Modern Spiritualism, that there is—there *can be no escape from the consequences of sin, either of omission or commission*. Here we have far stronger and far more distinct motives than the "current belief supplies." A belief which regulates future happiness by human opinions must certainly furnish less influential, and much less powerful motives for good behavior, than a belief—nay, a *knowledge*—that future happiness is a consequence—an invariable and absolute consequence of individual conduct.

This, it is true, is a low view of the subject; but Spiritualism can be understood not only by the philosopher, but the savage; it has in it the elements of universality; it is based not alone on far-reaching speculations and *a priori* reasoning, but on experiences not confined to nations or classes. Its gospel can be "preached to every creature." For all knowledge it has a place, for all science a welcome, for all philosophy an appreciation; yet it can reach the hum-

blest as well as the highest. It asks not credentials of name or fame, for its facts are independent of either, and its teachings can pass the ordeal of that ancient medium, who said :  
" Why judge ye not of yourselves the thing that is right ?"



### THE ANGEL IN THE DREAM.

**I**N the subjoined paragraph, we have another illustration of the prophetic impulse inspired in dreams and visions of the night, no doubt by the direct action of a Spirit's volition on the susceptible soul of the sleeper.

"The Portland, Me., *Advertiser*, is responsible for the story that a lady in that city dreamed that her infant died, and that friends came in and viewed the remains, making consolatory remarks. The babe was then in perfect health. A few days after the child was taken seriously ill, and suddenly died. At the funeral, which was held at the house, the same persons who were seen in the dream came to view the remains, and in the same order."

When Joseph was warned in a dream to take the infant Jesus and go to Egypt, because the child's life was in danger, it was presumed that it was the Lord's work. But when a respectable lady in Maine has a similar dream, and it is verified in the most positive and substantial manner, it is never suspected that the Lord had anything to do about it. His work, in this particular direction, is presumed to be all for Joseph. The modern facts are only remarkable coincidences. The Lord has nothing to do with these in particular, and so they are conveniently attributed to the blundering but very serviceable god of accident or chance. Thus the faith of those pious souls chiefly embraces the god of Jewish history. This is the popular form of practical Atheism.

S. R. B.

## SONGS OF THE WINDS.

BY JENNIE LEE.

These Poems are intended to represent the Court of Æolus, god of the Winds. He is receiving his ministers from abroad, who rehearse their adventures. The North Winds symbolize massive Physical Force; the South Winds, ethereal softness and delicacy, or the overwhelming Power of Passion. The East Winds represent the Old and what is passing away; the West Winds the New and the Coming.

### SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

**F**ROM the land of THOR and the home of HUN,  
Where the valiant Frost-King defies the Sun,  
Till he, like a coward, slinks away  
With the spectral glare of his meager day—  
And throned in beauty, peerless Night,  
In her robe of snow, and her crown of light,  
Sits, queen-like, on her icy throne,  
With frost-flowers in her pearly zone—  
And the fair Aurora floating free,  
Round her form of matchless symmetry—  
An irised mantle of roseate hue,  
With the gold and hyacinth melting through ;  
And from her forehead, beaming far,  
Looks forth her own true Polar star.  
From the land we love—our native home—  
On a mission of wrath, we come—we come !  
Away, away ! over earth and sea !  
Unchained—and chainless—we are free !

As we fly our strong wings gather force,  
To rush on our overwhelming course—  
We have swept the mountain, and walked the main—

And now, in our strength, we are here again—  
To beguile the stay of this wintry hour,  
We are chanting our anthem of pride and power ;  
And the listening Earth turns deadly pale—  
Like a sheeted corse, the silent vale  
Looks forth in its robe of ghastly white,  
As now we rehearse our deeds of might.  
The strongest of God's sons are we—  
Unchained—and chainless—ever free !

We have looked on Hecla's burning brow,  
And seen the pines of Norland bow  
In cadence to our deafening roar ;  
On the craggy steep of the Arctic shore  
We have waltzed with the Maelstrom's whirling flood,  
And curdled the current of human blood  
As nearer—nearer—nearer—drew  
The struggling bark to the boiling blue—  
Till, resistless, urged to the cold death-clasp  
It writhes in the hideous monster's grasp—  
A moment—and, then, the fragments go,  
Down—down—to the fearful depths below.  
But away, away ! over land and sea—  
Unchained—and chainless—we are free !

We have startled the poisoning avalanche,  
And seen the cheek of the mountain blanch,  
As down the giant Ruin came,  
With a step of wrath, and an eye of flame—  
Hurling destruction, death, and wo,  
On all around, and all below ;  
Till the piling rocks, and the prostrate wood,  
Conceal the spot where the village stood ;  
And the choking waters vainly try,  
From their strong prison-hold to fly !  
We haste away, for our breath is rife  
With the groans of expiring human life !  
Of that hour of horror we, only, may tell—

As we chant the dirge, and we ring the knell,  
Away, away ! over land and sea—  
Unchained—and chainless—we are free !

Full often we catch, as we hurry along,  
The clear ringing notes of the Laplander's song,  
As, borne by his reindeer, he dashes away  
Through the night of the North, more refulgent than day !  
We have traversed the land where the dark Esquimaux,  
Looks out on the gloom from his cottage of snow—  
Where, in silence, sits brooding the large milk-white owl—  
And the sea-monsters roar—and the famished wolves howl—  
And the white Polar bear her grim paramour hails,  
As she hies to her tryste through those crystalline vales,  
Where the Ice-mountain stands, with his feet in the deep,  
That around him the petrified waters may sleep ;  
And light, in a flood of refulgence comes down,  
As the lunar beams glance from his shadowless crown.  
We have looked in the hut the Kamschatkan hath reared,  
And taken old Behring, himself, by the beard,  
Where he sits, like a giant, in gloomy unrest,  
Ever driving asunder the East and the West.  
But we hasten away, over mountain and sea,  
With a wing ever chainless—a thought ever free !

From the parent soil we have rent the Oak—  
His strong arms splintered—his scepter broke ;  
For centuries he has defied our power,  
But we plucked him forth, like a fragile flower ;  
And to the wondering Earth brought down,  
The haughty strength of his hoary crown !  
Away, away ! over land and sea—  
Unchained—and chainless—we are free !

We have roused the Storm from his pillow of air,  
And driven the Thunder-King forth from his lair ;  
We have torn the rock from the dizzying steep,  
And awakened the wilds from their ancient sleep ;



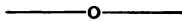
We have howled o'er Russia's desolate plains,  
Where death-cold silence ever reigns,  
Until we come, with our trumpet-breath,  
To chant our anthem of fear, and death !  
'The strongest of God's sons are we—  
Unchained—and chainless—ever free !

We have hurled the glacier from his rest  
Upon Chamouni's quivering breast ;  
And we scatter the product of human pride,  
As forth on the wing of the Storm we ride,  
'To visit with tokens of fearful power,  
'The lofty arch, and the beetling tower ;  
And we utter defiance, deep, and loud,  
To the taunting voice of the bursting cloud ;  
And we laugh with scorn at the ruin we see—  
Then away we hasten—for we are free !

Old Neptune we call from his ocean caves  
When for pastime we dance on the crested waves ;  
And we pile up the billows, mountain high,  
A wall of gloom against the sky ;  
Then we plunge in the yawning depths beneath  
And then on the heaving surges breathe,  
Till they toss the proud ship like a feather,  
And light, and hope, expire together ;  
And the bravest cheek turns deadly pale,  
At the cracking mast and the rending sail,  
As down with headlong fury borne,  
Of all her strength and honors shorn,  
The good ship, struggles to the last  
With the raging waters and howling blast.  
We hurry the waves to their final crash,  
And the foaming floods to frenzy lash !  
'Then we pour our requiem on the billow,  
As the dead go down to their ocean pillow—  
Down—far down—to the depths below,  
Where the pearls repose, and the sea-gems glow ;

Mid the coral groves, where the sea-fan waves  
 Its palmy wand o'er a thousand graves,  
 And the insect weaves her stony shroud,  
 Alike o'er the humble and the proud,  
 What can be mightier than we,  
 The strong—the chainless—ever free !

Now away to our home in the sparkling North,  
 For the Spring from her South-Land is looking forth ;  
 Away, away to our Arctic zone,  
 Where the Frost-King sits on his flashing throne,  
 With his icebergs piled up mountain high,  
 A wall of gems against the sky—  
 Where the stars look forth, like wells of light,  
 And the gleaming snow-crust sparkles bright !  
 We are fainting now for the breath of home ;  
 Our journey is finished—we come, we come !  
 Away, away ; over land and sea—  
 Unchained—and chainless—ever free !



## DANGER OF FIRE-ARMS.

"A Western man, having a presentiment that his house would be visited by burglars before morning, went to sleep with a loaded shot-gun by his bedside. During the night a neighbor tapped on the window to know if Mrs. Johnson would not come over and do something for a sick baby, and bang ! went the gun, and the neighbor had a narrow escape from being converted into a coal-sieve."—*Exchange*.

WE never converted our bed-room into an arsenal ; we never carry pistols, and would not think of sleeping with a single shot-gun. Many lives have been sacrificed under the influence of mistaken ideas and momentary impulses. More than one somnambulist has been shot dead by his own friends, under the erroneous apprehension that a burglar was in the house. Be sure that you carry nothing more formidable than a fruit-knife, and when you go to bed trust to God and his ministering angels to protect you.

SILENT VOICES :  
THE NATURAL ELEMENTS AS DIVINE MINISTERS.  
BY S. B. BRITTAN, M.D.

" So many kinds of Voices in the world, and none of them without signification."—*Paul*.

THE human mind may not number the worlds in space. How many exist and silently traverse the illimitable void, beyond the utmost reach of the telescope, we may not know. How far the possible divisibility of matter transcends the limits of microscopic inspection, we cannot determine; and by what intricate laws and immeasurable lines the superficial phases of existence, cognizable by the senses, are connected with the invisible sources of inward power and the presence of the central Life, the finite understanding may fail to comprehend. But however vast the empire of being, and numerous the worlds that revolve in space, the Universe, in its most comprehensive sense, is ONE. The gravitation of worlds; the specific forms of being on their surfaces; the relations of separate entities, and all the phases of vital manifestation represent and illustrate the principles of a sublime harmony, and thus reveal a common source and center in the Divine Unity. The creative energy, the animating soul—GOD, IS, and therefore all these exist. "*The Spirit giveth life*"; and so innumerable worlds come up out of chaos and revolve about many central suns. The earth waits for the daily baptism of light. Morning wakes the living, conscious world to activity, and the evening invites to repose. Day is replete with glory, and Night wears a jeweled crown. Space is full of the revelations of life; organic forms are pregnant with happiness, and every instant plenary of blessing.

Sounds of almost every description, but especially such as

are produced by the breath—whether articulate or inarticulate—are appropriately called VOICES. But the term is very properly used with far greater latitude. The voices of Nature are the sounds produced by the action or motion of the elements. She speaks in the atmospheric currents sweeping over objects that vibrate like the forest boughs, or moving in gentle undulations through hollow, sonorous bodies; in the low murmur of little brooks and the roar of great waters finding their level; in the volcanic fires and electric forces demanding freedom of expression, and seeking their equilibrium in the tread of the earthquake; from the invisible “powers of the air” in their cloudy pavilions; in the deep respiration of the whirlwind, and the awful utterance of fiery tongues speaking out of the midnight darkness.

There are many voices that never break the silence; yet these are expressed with uncommon emphasis in Nature, in Providence and in the drama of universal History. A Hebrew poet, in his figurative account of the creation, affirms that “the morning stars sang together”; and Shakspeare makes one of his heroes say,

“My voice is in my sword.”

*Vox populi* may represent the choice of a people in the selection of their rulers, whatever may be the method adopted in giving expression to the popular will. *Vox Dei* is defined to be the divine will and pleasure, however the same may be revealed to mankind. According to a Christian Apostle good men who long since left their mortal tabernacles yet speak to us in memory, by the force of noble examples and in the individual consciousness of their spiritual presence. Even in the inanimate portion of the natural world,—in the field and the forest, on the mountain and in the grottos, by the wayside and along the shore, the smallest things come to us with great lessons. With what sweet, cheerful and solemn modulations does Nature speak to us in the morning and the evening, in the fresh life of Spring and the riper glories of inspiring Autumn! The grandeur of thrones, palaces, and

star-chambers ; and the gloss and glare of the world's great masquerade—*all* pale in the light that floods the Orient. No Eastern prince was ever arrayed like “the lilies of the field” ; and even the purple robes that clothe the mountain oak are more resplendent than the rent mantle of imperial Cæsar. Great men speak to us in their deeds ; angels in their loving ministry, and God in all things.

The great forces of the world, developed in and through the agency of imponderable substances, have mystical tongues, and we are left to interpret their noiseless speech in the beautiful phenomena of Nature. The grosser elements of matter are chemically or otherwise acted upon by subtile principles, invisible save in their effects. The grandest revelations of secret forces are not found to consist in the more external and noisy exhibitions of power—not alone in the majestic sweep of winds and tides ; the upheaval of islands in the midst of the sea, and the “shadow-dance” of clouds and storms on the ruffled bosom of the deep. These are truly imposing, and may chiefly arrest sensuous observers ; but the still voices and unspoken languages of the world may after all be most worthy of attention. The whole chemistry of the organic creation, whereby the very elements of decay are made alive and beautiful ; the growth of vegetation ; the blending of prismatic colors in the flowers ; the mysterious powers of reproduction, and the vital and voluntary functions of all animated Nature, no less than the solemn gravitation of worlds, are the imperishable records of that silent speech.

The voices do not all come from the unorganized elements. They are not heard alone in the hum of insect tribes, the notes of feathered songsters, and the lowing of peaceful herds in the valleys and on the hills. Everything in the physical world that awakens emotion and inspires thought,—whatever offers a suggestion to the human intellect,—becomes vocal to the quickened senses of the soul. The humblest not less than the grandest objects speak of the Divine wisdom and majesty. Nature is the sublime polyglot wherein “the in-

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visible things of God " are clearly revealed. Every great event in history has a solemn voice, and every human character its individual expression. The exaltation of the humble and the downfall of the proud are facts that address us all in the impressive language of encouragement and of warning. In all ages men have made their strongest appeals to the world in their *deeds*. Every man speaks with greater or less emphasis in his work, whether it be good or ill—fraught with blessing or armed with the power to destroy. The farmer speaks from his fields of golden grain ; the mechanic in his invention ; the politician from the arena of his party, while the statesman is heard in the profound designs of the cabinet. The painter speaks in the forms that come out of the glowing canvas, and the sculptor from the beautiful creations that appear to breathe beneath the magic of his touch ; the author's voice is in his pen, while the philanthropist speaks from many hearts, touched by the noblest generosity and the deepest LOVE.

All Art is but the imitation of Nature ; and the man who translates the silent language of her most important principles into practical use is the greatest inventor. The earliest developments among all nations have been the rude dwellings of the people and the implements of their husbandry. These are improved by degrees, and as civilization advances Art exhibits new forms and mechanical combinations adapted to supply the necessities of man. But nations are in the infancy of the useful arts so long as their industry is left to chiefly depend on nerves and muscles. The idea of adapting the subtle forces of the world to practical purposes is among the grandest conceptions of the mind. The man who applied Steam to navigation was greater than Moses whose rod divided the waters. The former summoned from the great deep the strongest shade whose coming has yet realized the prayer of man. And this fiery spirit, rising out of the sea, moves everything at our bidding. The body of this pale ghost is thin vapor, yielding and impalpable, through which

we pass our hand as through the air. Yet his fearful grasp is more terrible than the strength of the fabled Titans. The elements are powerless in his presence, and the heaviest burdens are transported on his burning breath across continents and over the sea.

And so the great spirit of the waters has become the chief motive power on earth, giving emphatic expression to the many-voiced industry of all nations. Were its agency suspended the mechanic arts would be paralyzed. Millions of wheels, spindles, shuttles and hammers would be silenced in a moment. The application of this subtile agent to the industrial pursuits of life is among the chief conquests of human genius. The old instrumentalities of labor are laid aside, and "water privileges" are now too cheap to be dammed! Even blood-horses are at a discount, save among sporting characters, since we have the omnipresent ghost of the greatest modern traveler to bear our burdens and draw our vehicles. In the vast commerce, manufactures and transportation of the world, the introduction of Steam marks a great era in history. Indeed, it opens the outer door of an invisible world of dynamic agents and forces. We accept the invitation to enter and explore this realm of mystery.

Among the natural forces that speak with world-awakening voices Electricity has been the medium of many surprising developments. In the grand economy of Nature it is an agent of immeasurable capacity. Its presence is revealed in mysterious attractions and repulsions. Moving in currents, electricity also puts the grosser elements in motion. It determines the polarities of the ultimate atoms; its action is revealed in the laws of molecular attraction; in the natural affinity of heterogeneous particles; it is brilliantly illustrated in the process of crystallization, and most beautifully displayed in the subtile chemistry of vegetable and animal life. The passage of its currents through the aerial regions, in any particular direction, occasions a corresponding movement of the atmosphere, and hence may determine the courses of the

winds. The floods are moved by electric impulses. The aqueous vapors, floating in the air, are condensed by the passage of its currents and made to descend to the earth in torrents of rain. It often plays behind the hot Summer clouds, and equalizes itself by a silent process of conduction. It streams up from the great magnet at the Pole, and covers the boreal heavens with auroral splendors. But its voices are not all silent. When suddenly discharged in a thunderbolt from the atmospheric batteries, it often smites the rocky pinnacles with the force of ten thousand hammers, or shivers the mountain oak in an instant. Then, indeed, it speaks audibly. The voice is inarticulate, but deep, sonorous and terrible. Careless men pause and the reverent are filled with speechless awe.

In its application to the Arts the illustrations of its amazing power are scarcely less remarkable. It holds the precious mineral substances in solution and through the alkaline salts precipitates them, distributing the silver particles and golden molecules over the surface of baser metals—covering them with attenuated films that give to cheap wares the appearance of great intrinsic value. The invisible power draws a light gossamer veil over every rude form it touches, thus making base things beautiful.

In the adaptation of electricity to photography we shall yet witness important results. Not only are earthly objects instantly painted by invisible hands holding the long pencils of the light, but we put the heavens in the camera, and, by means of lenses of great magnifying power, picture the celestial scenery as it appears through the telescope. But in the allusion to prospective developments, we have special reference to the employment of this agent under circumstances which preclude the use of the solar rays. It is possible, moreover, that before the close of the present century, electricity may be used to warm our dwellings and light our streets. We are persuaded that the era of its triumph as a motor—applicable to all mechanical purposes—is at hand.



Our children may live to see the power of steam superseded by a safer and more economical agent. Such, at least, is our inference from the silent voices of present developments which we may not pause here to either explain or enumerate.

The relations of electricity to life, sensation and thought can only be briefly noticed in this connection. The subject is intricate, and its treatment upon philosophical principle would demand, on the part of the writer, the exercise of very critical powers of analysis, and, in the reader, the ability to recognize the nicest distinctions. As this agent is homogeneous with the aura that pervades the nerves of motion and sensation, it is but natural that its artificial application should augment the nervous forces when, from any cause they have been unduly exhausted; nor is it less effectual in restoring the equilibration of those forces whenever derangement occurs in the organic action. Its power to put the fluids in motion is variously exhibited in its influence on the arterial circulation and the general distribution of the fluids of animal and human bodies. Electricity possesses the *arterializing* power, as can be scientifically demonstrated by the simple experiment of passing an electrical current through a quantity of venous blood. It gives contractile power to the muscles, and hence is the immediate source of organic activity and physical strength. The application of artificially generated currents may impart new and surprising energy to the vital forces and functions. For these and other sufficient reasons it is a most important auxiliary in the healing art, though there are few practitioners who really comprehend its relations and the proper methods of its application. Through this agent the faculties and passions of the mind electrotypes the images of many objects on the faces and forms of unborn infants; and, by the same mysterious agency, the essential spirit and character of the mother's surroundings are quite likely to be photographed on the mental and moral constitution of her offspring.

As a direct instrumentality of the mind Electricity assumes

the most important place and office among the imponderable elements of the natural world. It differs from all others in its complete subordination—under proper conditions—to the power of the human will. The Pegasus of fabulous history was a clumsy animal compared with this agent of the world's instantaneous express. If it does not outstrip the mythological Mercury—the messenger and interpreter of the gods—it is far more serviceable to men. It is an omnipresent minister of light and knowledge having innumerable tongues. To the press it is a polygraphic instrument whereby its voices are mysteriously multiplied and echoed throughout the earth.

We indulge in a species of hyperbolism when we talk of the end of the world and of time, since the world may not end, in the sense of being annihilated, and time—as signifying duration, or a succession of Eons—shall never cease. We speak of time with special reference to some small part of the duration that knows no limit; but the term might as well be applied to any other part or period in the endless cycles of Eternity. We are accustomed to say that *space and time are annihilated* when, by any means, the current of circumstances and events is so accelerated that results, ordinarily produced or occurring at considerable intervals, are made to follow each other in instant succession. This is realized in our present telegraphic communication with all parts of the world. The deep watery spaces divide the continents, but they are scarcely appreciable since our fleet courier bears away—over the land and under the sea—the most important despatches to every capitol in Europe, with such celerity as to justify the use of the figure when we affirm that *modern science and art have annihilated time*. The electric telegraph is the great sympathetic nerve that centers in the cardiac plexus of nations. Through this messenger of light we feel the pulses of great peoples beyond the sea, and we are brought into instant sympathy with the whole world. We can not estimate the silent but powerful influence of this grand agent of modern civilization. In this subtle presence the faculties of men are

quicken, for behold the angel of the New Earth stands in their midst !

Literally speaking, an angel is a *messenger*—one that communicates information or may be otherwise commissioned to execute the purposes of a superior. Our angels are neither all divine, diabolical, nor even human. Whatever active principle, irresistible force, natural law, or intelligent being may be employed under the Divine administration to execute his will ; to accomplish any great change in the conditions of our cosmical existence ; any revolution in our moral and political affairs, or to aid the introduction and establishment of a new Religion, may be thus fitly represented. Yet strange to say our poets and artists presume that nearly all angels involve and illustrate a singular compromise between the nature of woman and the feathered tribes ! Until the advent of Modern Spiritualism they were chiefly painted in the forms of young women (there are no old angels) quite too palpable to be spiritual, and supplied with wings which suggest nothing so clearly as the idea of their ponderosity. But the truth is he, she, or *it* may be an angel ; and a very large proportion of such subordinate powers are not in the form of man, except as they are so clothed upon by the human imagination. *The Elements are God's Angels* to work out his designs in the natural world. They are all servants of him "who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire."

It was near the close of the first century that Domitian banished a great Christian Seer to the solitudes of the Island of Patmos, where he saw in vision what we behold in reality to-day—a strong Angel with radiant countenance, nerves of burnished lightning and arteries of liquid fire. Electricity is that angel—that all-communicating spirit—coming at once up out of the deep and leaping down from the clouds while many "thunders utter their voices." In this sublime presence *space and time are as nothing*. The grandeur of his appearing and the sublimity of his mission are thus revealed in fact and in the Apocalypse :

"And I saw a mighty Angel come down from heaven clothed with a cloud; and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire; and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth; and when he had cried seven *thunders* uttered their voices. And the Angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by him that liveth forever and ever, THERE SHALL BE TIME NO LONGER!"

With what amazing power do silent voices speak to us in the Light! From the center of our solar system emanates the subtle principle which is essential to all being. But for this our planet had been a barren waste, bound in icy chains and shut up in Cimmerian darkness forever. Desolate, indeed, would have been the earth with no green thing upon its surface; no forms of animal life with powers of voluntary motion; not even the now extinct species of Saurian monsters could have lived and moved in its frozen waters. Light is an indispensable agent in the whole economy of the physical world. It is the all-revealing minister that daily stoops to uncover the earth and nightly speaks to us from the stars. It is greatest of all the silent teachers of men in the natural creation, since it addresses the universal mind through the common channel of sensation. Clad in purple and golden robes this great revelator moves with noiseless footsteps over the earth, unfolding the flowers, inspiring the morning songs of birds, and calling the human world from blissful repose to noble activity. "Beautiful upon the mountains" are the foot-prints of the minister that comes to baptize the waiting earth, and every creature that is under heaven, with the natural glory of the Divine effulgence! And, silently, at the close of the day, this fair messenger—whose very sandals scintillate with golden fires—calls the world to vespers as she retires beyond the evening star.

But Light is not only indispensable to the revelation of all earthly forms; the existence of colors; the curious processes of organic chemistry, and the development and preservation

of all life on earth ; but it brings us surprising revelations of other spheres that enable us to unravel the mazes of the sky. The Moon is our nearest astronomical neighbor, its mean distance from the earth varying little from 238,550 miles, or about sixty of the earth's equatorial semi-diameters. And what revelations have we respecting the Moon ? Light alone enables us to perceive its existence ; its place in the heavens ; its relations to the earth ; its distance from our point of observation ; its form, magnitude and movements. But by the aid of suitable instruments we are able to make other important discoveries. The telescope presents for our inspection an uneven and ragged surface, the lunar mountains rising to the height of five miles, and casting their images behind them in deep shadows. We look in vain for any appearance of water on its surface, though there are Plutonic rocks and abundant evidences of the action of fire. It manifestly has no atmosphere of sufficient density to refract the rays of light. Whatever ethereal medium may be supposed to envelop the Moon, it is certainly free from clouds. Our queen of night wears no veil herself, however dense the vapors that hover in our own atmosphere. The conical summits in the Moon are very numerous, and in the southern lunar hemisphere we are presented with a single crater some fifty miles in diameter, and over three miles deep. Others have expended their inward forces ; the external fires have gone out, leaving great scars on the surface and proofs of volcanic stratification. There is nothing to indicate that the proper conditions of either animal or vegetable life exist in the Moon. If inhabited at all, it must be by creatures whose constitutions are fundamentally different from those that people the earth. Thus, in the light of astronomy, we interpret the silent voices from that still-born sphere. Such are the revelations light gives of the Moon, and they appear to justify the conclusion that our fair satellite, to which night and distance lend such enchantment, offers no fit abode for sentient beings. Fanned by no cool breezes ; with no refreshing waters to irrigate its surface ; scorched by the solar

beams during the long lunar days ; broken by internal convulsions and blasted by volcanic fires, it presents for our contemplation a wild scene of silence and desolation.

Light reveals all that we know of the several primary and secondary planets in our solar system ; their distances from the Earth, from the Sun and from each other ; the actual dimensions of each, their relative positions and respective movements. The most ambitious intellect may scarcely comprehend these revelations, but the attempt to grasp the subject may enlarge our mental horizon. Were we to travel toward the center of our solar system, we should find Mercury at not much over one-third of our distance from the Sun. There, on a summer's day, the temperature would probably be over  $600^{\circ}$ , measured by our thermometrical scale ; and this would suffice to cook the flesh and consume the bones of all living creatures that inhabit the earth. Should we take the opposite direction and travel toward the vast circumference of our planetary system—after a journey that would require us to put on immortality—we should cross the track of Neptune, at a distance from the Earth of some 2,640,000,000 of miles ! There the ice trade might prosper if prices would only warrant the prosecution of the business, since the temperature is presumed from scientific data to be about  $50,000^{\circ}$  below the zero of our scale ! Having reached the orbit of Neptune, it would require 164 of our years to make a single revolution round the Sun. That is the length of Neptune's year ; according to which it is only about thirty-five years since Adam commenced his courtship. And yet all this is within the compass of our own solar system, which, to the observation of the dwellers in other systems, altogether appears like a dim nebula in the midst of a measureless expanse.

But what do we see in the great fields of space beyond ? There are foreign missionaries of light—the pale pilgrims of the sky—whose flaming hair sweeps backward through the ether a distance of more than 100,000,000 of miles, whose faces we shall never behold save with our spiritual vision.

They penetrate the outer darkness hundreds of millions of miles beyond our solar frontier. Astronomers tell us that one of these celestial travelers has made but a single circuit since the great baptism known as the flood. It will surely return again, but who shall witness the coming? When that mysterious apparition is again visible from the earth's orbit, all the existing empires will perhaps have passed away. Our own young and vigorous Republic may only exist in crumbling mausoleums and imperfect history, or linger like the pale ghost that to-day bends above the pyramids and speaks from Memnon.

The author of an ancient dramatic poem—known as the Book of Job, probably written by some wise man of Chaldæa who studied the mysteries of the heavens—makes several astronomical references that are deeply suggestive of the scientific knowledge possessed at that very early period. In these poetic references an absolute negative is thus implied by an interrogative—"Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades?" It may be a fair question whether this is to be regarded as a delicate compliment to woman—the Pleiades being originally the seven daughters of Atlas—or a poetic allusion to the fact that their rising is identified with the vernal equinox when the Earth is visited by the sweet inspiring influences of Spring, and all Nature is pregnant with new life. In either case the author's learning is as apparent as his poetic inspiration. Indeed, it is quite probable that the inquiry may have a still deeper significance. Astronomers have at length arrived at a knowledge of the fact that Alcyone, the most beautiful star of the Pleiades—which illuminates the heavenly spaces with the light of 12,000 suns—is the center of motion around which our Sun (a mere rushlight in comparison) revolves with all its attendant planets—in an orbit so vast that 20,000,000 of years are required to complete a single revolution! So great is the distance of that grand metropolis of the stars from the earth, that if the Pleiades were this moment annihilated they would still be visible in the

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neck of Taurus for ages. To an earthly observer Alcyone would shine with undiminished splendor until near the close of the twenty-fifth century of the Christian Era, 700 years being required for light to traverse the intervening distance. If the first of those seven daughters—the brightest star in that celestial group—is the grand center that holds our whole solar system by the power of a measureless gravitation while it pursues the line of an orbit 50,000,000 times greater than the one the Earth describes in its annual circuit—then, indeed, there is a profound significance in the words of the ancient poet. God speaks to us in the silent but irresistible force of natural gravitation, and hence, verily, no power on earth can “bind the sweet influence of Pleiades.”

Euripides, the great tragic poet of Salamis, and the last of the three principal representatives of the Greek drama, was distinguished for his hostility to woman. Andromeda was selected as the title of one of the fifty-six lost tragedies by that author, perhaps from a feeling that woman is only fit to be a slave. Andromeda is a pale nebula, just visible to the naked eye in the northern heavens, representing a female figure in chains. The reflectors of the most powerful telescopes do not resolve the nebula of Andromeda, and in this fact we find the evidence that it is so remote that light, which travels at the amazing rate of 192,000 miles in a second, would require 1,000,000 years or more to send its rays through the darkness that broods over the naked realms of space to this distant world. Such are the silent teachings of the stars! These are the mystical voices without which we could know nothing about the innumerable worlds and systems in space. If, however, we were aware of the existence of so many worlds, compared with which our own is a mere speck on the map of the Universe, and yet could not perceive their relative positions and the harmony of their movements, we should be filled with constant apprehension, for how could we be sure that the Earth itself might not perish,

“Like a worm upon destruction's path?”



But light—the Apocalyptic angel standing in the Sun—reveals all ; and how do the fables of heathen philosophers and Jewish poets, concerning the creation of the world and the period of its existence, dwindle into insignificance before the revelations of Science ! So profoundly is the human spirit moved to reverence and worship by such sublime contemplations, that we may well conclude, “ the undevout astronomer is mad.”

“ Mighty One !

Whom none can comprehend, and none explore ;  
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone ;  
Embracing all ; supporting, ruling o'er ;  
Being whom we call God—and know no more ! ”

“ A million torches, lighted by thy hand,  
Wander unwearied through yon blue abyss,  
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,  
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light ?  
A glorious canopy of silver streams ?  
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright ?—  
Suns, lighting systems with their joyous beams,  
Yet Thou to these art as the noon to night.”

It is not so much in the noisy agitation of the elements as in the Silent Voices of the Universe that God speaks to man. Nature is vocal, and the delicate modulations of her audible voices charm the sense and inspire the imagination. The winds and waves ; the reeds and shells ; the pine trees' soft refrain ; and the liquid solos of the brooks,—all have their speech, and it is full of music ; but it is in the silence of meditation that we receive the lore of the Heavens. We find an impressive illustration of our idea in the sublime description of the Prophet's experience in Mount Horeb. The strong Wind swept over the summit and through the deep defiles of the mountain, and the rocks moved beneath the invisible chariot wheels. And then came the Earthquake with its gigantic tread, shaking the old foundations of the

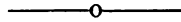
mountain, breaking the rocks in pieces, and toppling down the pinnacles. When the Earthquake had retired, then came the Conflagration with its appalling terrors and its awful glory ! The hissing voices of its forked tongues filled all the air ; and fierce flames, like burning shields, covered the mountain-sides. But not especially in the Wind ; not in the Earthquake ; not in the Fire—not, indeed, in all the imposing exhibitions of conflicting earthly elements, did the Prophet look for a spiritual communication. But when the elements had expended their forces—when, at last, there was silence in Horeb, the Prophet veiled his face in his mantle, and the divine word came to his waiting spirit in “ a still small voice.”

All physical forms and visible phenomena proceed from invisible causes, and the Universe itself is one grand Spiritual Manifestation. It is the original, comprehensive, and authentic revelation of God. It is the WORD that was in the beginning—the manifold Voice of the Creator, speaking everywhere to the senses and the souls of men.

“The radiant zones of space and time  
Unroll from out that speech sublime ;  
Creation is the picture-word,  
The hieroglyph of Wisdom's Lord ;  
Edens on blissful Edens rise  
To shape the Epic of the skies ;  
Heaven is the grand full-spoken thought  
Of him by whom the worlds were wrought ;  
He, throned within the Word above,  
Inspires that Heaven, that thought, with love.”

In the order of Nature mind governs the realm of material existence. Subtile forces, that elude the faculties of ordinary observation, produce stupendous changes in the superficial aspects of the world. Super-terrestrial beings have power to modify the fundamental laws and the essential conditions of human existence. Thus the mysterious agents move in our midst, silently—but with irresistible energy. They never

cease to operate, but they are chiefly visible in the results of their action on matter and mind. Intervening objects offer little resistance, and they are neither limited by time nor space. Who can suppress "the powers of the air"? Who can extinguish the light of the Spirit? Even "the land of shadows" becomes luminous, and in its presence "death is swallowed up in victory." The power of the Spirit kindles the very elements, and earth and sky flame with ethereal mysteries. It breathes in the souls of unborn men, and they are inspired from the womb. It rouses the dormant energies of slumbering nations, and they are raised from the dead. The invisible powers touch the throne, and it crumbles away. Crown and scepter ignite, and the chains of the slave are fused in the divine combustion. The earth quakes and swallows up old dynasties. New political and religious systems are inaugurated, and unseen hands open wide the gates of the Liberating Eras.



#### TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE town is but a place of business. Its spirit is wearying, and withering to all the generous instincts and emotions of the heart and soul. We are carried away and lost in its rushing currents. Our cradle rocks to a discordant jar; youth is jostled and despoiled of its bloom; manhood is too often corrupted, overborne, and palsied; and if, at last, man finds a grave there, careless feet perpetually tread upon his ashes. The country, alone, has the spirit to preserve and culture whatever is most beautiful in human nature. Man, in the country, occupied with honest, peaceful pursuits and quiet meditations, is happy. This is the true life. He lives all his days in the very presence of his Maker, surrounded by the elements of beauty, and means of enjoyment that no human art can equal.

## THE WINGS OF SCIENCE.

"THE SOUL OF THINGS."

THE first flight of the young bird is feeble and fluttering. Perhaps it may fall upon the meadow; but ere long it will be lost in the clouds.

Science, which has but feebly chirped before its wings have grown, has been in that callow age in which its voice has only a squeaking tone, though destined in the future to thrill us with its melody, heard from invisible heights.

But already the long feathers of its wings are visible—there are some brilliant tints upon its neck, and there are clear notes of wild melody in its young voice, that give infinite promise of rich harmony.

The psychic powers that sweep through the empyrean have been surveyed in their shadowy native home, and their future flight predicted.

It is even thirty-two years since the adventurous scientist found in the sacred grove all unknown, the nestling place and source of melodies which seem most truly in their place when they descend from the cloud and the mist, or mingle with the auroral beauties of the morning dawn.

It was shown by Dr. Buchanan, in 1842, that the wide-sweeping and soaring intuitive powers of man have their lodgment in an interior region of the brain, which had escaped the researches of his predecessors.

It was a pregnant discovery indeed, when he pointed out the fact that those who are finely organized can use their intuitive powers to detect in the apparently dead materials of manuscript a latent spiritual energy before unknown, and

by coming into contact with this new psychic element, float out into a realm of investigation and discovery which, if we are not greatly mistaken, will prove to be that vast ocean, on the borders of which Newton wandered as a child and sighed for the ability to cross its trackless depths.

To maintain the figurative illustration, we may say that the first discoverer and sailor on this ocean of limitless truth, found something richer than the islands first reached by Columbus.

The continent of ANTHROPOLOGY was the goal marked by Buchanan, and its richest treasure the grand *mathematical laws* which govern the Universe, constitute a wealth which almost satiated his desires for the opulence of wisdom. At least we have heard of nothing from Dr. Buchanan since these discoveries, of any similar importance and novelty, though some of his friends believe that he is penetrating still further into the arcana beyond.

And now comes a new explorer starting forth in the same ship, sailing over the same oceans, and bringing back another still more wild and wondrous tale of realms beyond the telescopic reach of science.

DENTON, recognizing in the new region to which Buchanan invited the hardy explorer, an ample range to his own daring spirit, has not feared to go forth with a spirit as free and wild as the unbounded winds, and an eye keen to discover the glimmering headlands of the most remote horizon.

Dropping these figures of speech into which we have been tempted by the poetic splendor and richness of our theme, let us say in simpler prose that we have been delighted with the perusal of Denton's deeply interesting volumes, entitled the "SOUL OF THINGS; or, Psychometric Researches and Discoveries, by WILLIAM DENTON," of which the second and third volumes have just been issued.

Standing in the high sphere between purely material and purely spiritual science—resting on geologic facts as solidly as a Lyell or a Hugh Miller, and yet reaching out into the

higher spheres of spiritual philosophy, we cannot but regard these volumes of Mr. Denton as the most remarkable contribution to the world's stores of valuable thought and useful knowledge, which has been seen for many years; indeed we are strongly tempted to quote page after page of the singular revelations which Mr. D. has presented us in these volumes, with a frankness, grace and perspicuity of style which add greatly to their value.

Every reader will be struck with the entire freedom of spirit, the love of truth, the fearlessness of speech and the transparent depth of thought in these remarkable volumes. One feels in reading them as if he were seated in a circle of choice spirits listening to the romantic experience of a traveled friend whose memory carries us into the strange lands of a distant continent, and whose perfect sincerity, even when he tells of the incredible doings of Hindoo magicians, can not for an instant be doubted.

It is, perhaps, better that we should not quote much of these wonderful explorations of geological history and planetary life, for it would hardly be doing justice to the author to give a passing glimpse of his marvelous revelations without showing more fully than our space allows the systematic method of his investigations, their complete consistency, and their numerous corroborations.

It is proper, however, that we should call attention to the fundamental philosophical principles, of which Mr. Denton's discoveries are the natural outgrowth, and which cannot but result in many other rich and startling contributions to human knowledge, when other scientists shall imitate the bold and philosophic labors of Denton. If the principle and method are correct it is not a fundamental question whether the revelations of Denton are all demonstrably accurate, or whether, like Agassiz, Carpenter and other scientists, he will have to claim indulgence for occasional error from which no mortal is entirely free.

The briefest statement of the basis of investigation which

we find in these volumes is contained in the chapter on "the Soul and the Soul-realm," page 23, which is at the same time a cordial tribute to the merits of the discoverer of Psychometry, as follows :

"So profoundly did Dr. Buchanan become impressed with the results of his numerous experiments that he says : 'If then, man in every art leaves the impression or daguerreotype of his mental being upon the scenes of his life and subjects of his action, we are by this law furnished with a new clew to the history of our race ; and I think it highly probable that, by the application of this principle, the chasms of history may be supplied, and a glimpse may be obtained of unconnected ages and nations whose early history is lost in darkness. The ancient manuscripts, paintings and other works of art which still exist, the crucifixes, garments, armor and other ancient relics still preserved, are doubtless still instinct with the spirit that produced them, and capable of revealing to psychometric explorations the living realities with which they were once connected. At present these relics are barren of significance. Their hidden meaning lies waiting the future explorer as the hieroglyphics of Egypt awaited the arrival of Champollion to interpret their significance. \* \* \*'"

"*The past is entombed in the present.* The world is its own enduring monument ; and that which is true of its physical is likewise true of its mental career." Then with deep prophetic insight he adds : "The discoveries of psychometry will enable us to explore the history of man as those of geology enable us to explore the history of the earth ; and I believe that hereafter the psychologist and the geologist will go hand-in-hand—the one portraying the earth, its animals and its vegetation ; while the other portrays the human beings who have roamed over in the shadows and darkness of primeval barbarism. Aye, the mental telescope is now discovered which may pierce the depths of the past, and linger in full view of all the grand and tragic

passages of ancient history." This was published in April, 1849.

"I was not aware when the first volume of the 'Soul of Things' was written, that many of the discoveries related in that volume had thus been so fully anticipated by Dr. Buchanan, or I should have been glad to recognize it.\* The more advanced a thought is, the slower its general acceptance. Its time must, however, come; and when psychometry is accepted, justice will be done to one of the most vigorous thinkers, boldest writers, and greatest discoverers of this or of any age."

Upon these basic principles Mr. Denton has erected a magnificent superstructure of cosmic science. He has applied the psychometric telescope to the long range of unrecorded centuries in the history of humanity and the far ulterior periods when the mammoth walked on the younger continents, and when the mighty mass of rank forest vegetation, covering continental areas and lakes, drank up the aërial ocean of carbonic acid and piled up the coal strata for a future race. All this is evolved by psychometric power, on the principle that "*the past is entombed in the present*," or as Denton expresses it, "*the past lives in the present*."

It is with a feeling akin to the dizziness that comes on the margin of the mighty precipices of California that we look over this vast flight of human genius, from the known to the unknown, from the present to the mighty past which all philosophy has heretofore deemed a rayless abyss of darkness, in which the Divine mind alone could possibly comprehend or reveal the history forever lost, effaced and gone.

But IT HAS BEEN DONE by a daring scientist. The telescope has been constructed, the observatory has been established, and ages will not exhaust the novelty of its revelations. While Proctor is adding star after star to his map of

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\* In his first volume Mr. Denton narrated Dr. Buchanan's discovery which led him to make his own psychometric investigations, and apply the discovery to geology with so much success.



celestial scenery, and governments with rich treasures at their command support their numerous observatories and astronomic corps, how startling an exhibition is it to find a single, unaided scientist, strong only in his own genius and courage, surpassing by his own unaided and unthanked investigations, all that the world's wealth has heretofore accomplished !

Verily the name of DENTON will fill a large and lustrous area in the history of the latter half of the 19th century. We have no hesitation in doing honor to this brave and gifted explorer of science. We do not wait for the loud acclaim of the mob, or for the plaudits of the universities, (that condemned Newton and Harvey) before we recognize a true philosopher whom our descendants will honor.

We do not need to entertain, at present, the question whether all the geological discoveries and all the planetary revelations of these wonderful volumes are entirely true and accurate. We do not feel competent to give a verdict on such questions. We only know that much of what has been revealed by Mr. Denton, bears on its face the impress of truth and rationality. We know that he is a most faithful, able and candid searcher for truth, and that it is not in the laws of nature that such should fail in their researches. As certainly as the honest toil of the diligent husbandmen is rewarded by grass and grain, fruits and flowers, so certainly is the laborious lover and seeker of truth rewarded with his rich and beautiful harvest of soul-enriching science and wisdom.

We heartily commend these volumes to our readers and hope that those too who read mainly for the sake of pleasure in an idle hour, will find in these "researches" something as fascinating as the novel and vastly more profitable—something that will give them higher ideas of the range of the human mind and the mastery of knowledge that is yet in store for man—something, in short, that will teach them what to expect when the "wings of science" are fully expanded in empyrean flight.

## MATTER, ETHER, SPIRIT—CHARACTER.

BY JUDGE ISRAEL DILLE.

**M**ANIFOLD as the indications of a combination of ether with matter may be in the vegetal kingdom, they are vastly increased as we pass up through the long procession of zoölogical characters and forms. At every step we take, we find that something more than mere matter individualizes and characterizes the object before us. In the very lowest condition of animality, the moneras, the rhizopods, the whole class of protozoans, the zoöphites, the foraminifera, we perceive life in a higher condition than is found in anything in the vegetal world. Though the seas are tenanted with numberless specimens of those lower classes of animal forms, fixed as plants that grow in the soil, so firmly, that it was long a matter of doubt among naturalists to assign them to the vegetal or the animal kingdom. On further study of their characters, and the part they performed in the economy of Nature, it was found that they had powers and functions never accorded to plants and combinations, with ethereal elements that were peculiarly their own. Deep sea dredgings have opened to us a new and wonderful page in the great volume of creation, and have shaken the walls of many a theoretical structure that was supposed to be firmly established, and shown them to have had no foundation in fact. Living forms—treated as fossils of an age so long gone by, that millions of years have elapsed, as some compute, since the life that animated them was extinct—are now found in the bottoms of deep seas. Life, animal life, is not the only ethereal element

found in them, but light is a constituent of their structure, so that away down in the oozy beds of ocean, far beyond the reach of the solar beam, they are not in darkness, but each one lights his lamp at will to descry his necessary food, or to "do his business in great waters." Who has not admired the phosphorescent lights in the ocean in his voyage over the briny deep? Those lights are thrown out from numberless little animals of the lowest class, who sport and enjoy a life of brilliancy and sense. Sense? They may have but one, taste; but they are rich and happy in that, as they flit over the waves with a halo of light around them. But that sense of taste, if that be all they have—is that material—mere matter and no more? We can not conceive that. A sense, whether it be tasting, smelling, feeling, hearing or seeing, must spring from something more than matter; but without the sense of seeing their light would be useless. We only know the ethereal forces from their action on matter, or their connection with matter. The capacities of those zoöphytes of the seas we know but little of, as the moneras and rhizopods have no mouth, but take in their food wherever it touches the body, so they may have other senses without the ordinary organs that characterize animals higher in the scale of being.

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?  
For this plain reason, man is not a fly."

Here let me digress for a moment, and consider a matter not altogether foreign to our subject, for we are considering Biology, of which time is an essential element. Our savans, who are engaged in creating the world in a philosophical manner, out of their own materials, and in their own way, base all their hypotheses upon incalculable periods of time since the end of the azoic age. Some compute one hundred, and others up to five hundred millions of years. Will they allow me to suggest that we know, to an immaterial fraction, the measure, weight, and density of the earth and the com-

parative, or average, temperature at the surface of our globe. We may agree upon the depth of our atmosphere. Call that what you will. These are our elements. Now suppose the earth to be surrounded with a concave sphere of ice, of the temperature 30° Fah., at the distance of ten miles, how long would it require to cool the earth down to the temperature of the ice by the ordinary radiation of heat from the surface? The calculation need not be long or complicated to obtain the answer. Well, we have at half the distance of ten miles an encasement of far lower temperature than the supposed concave of ice, into which our savans tell us our terrestrial heat is constantly radiating—they tell us too that the moon is a dead planet, which was once highly heated, as her mountains, craters and scoria covered plains attest, but being smaller than the earth her original heat has all radiated into interplanetary space, the temperature of which is the very zero (0) of heat, by which all her fluids and all her gases have cooled and condensed into solid matter.

Now if the moon were ever a globe of fire could it have retained its heat, with such an environment of cold for 1,000,000 of years—or 100,000 years—or 10,000 years? Yes, but you say the solar heat has been replenishing the earth—so did it the moon—but the lunar heat is extinguished. The question of the retention of heat by so small a globe as ours, is one that sadly interferes with all those theories which are based upon such immeasurable periods of time. The secular refrigeration of the earth is a fact as well settled as any one of human science. Every volcanic eruption, every puff of a geyser, every great earthquake is attended with a loss of heat. During the Post Pliocene or quaternary Period, in what Agassiz calls the Glacial Period, there was so great a loss of heat that the ice-circle was extended, if any ice-circle previously existed, many degrees further south. Prior to that memorable event a sub-tropical vegetation flourished in Greenland, Siberia and northern Alaska, where now only

the hardiest and most stunted plants struggle for their life. Then the elephant, of several species, the rhinoceros and even, the hippopotamus sported in lands and water now exclusively occupied by the reindeer, the polar bear, and a few warmly clothed animals, whose furs make them an object of pursuit. Agassiz does not mend the matter by contending that his Glacial Period was one of extremely great length, and that it extended from pole to pole, and left its tracks throughout the tropics. As Dr. Newbery properly objected—if such was the case, every living thing upon the earth must have perished, and a new creation of the same animals and plants in genera and species must have occurred. So wild are human theories.\*

Deep sea dredgings have thrown a bridge across the broad chasms of geological periods, and proved that crustacea and molluscs, long extinct, as was thought, still live at the bottom of the ocean, bringing together the fauna of the Silurian, the secondary, the lias, the chalk, the eocene, the miocene and the pliocene with those of the present day. Evolution and development, with their interminable lapses of time, vanish from those parturient labors of the human mind, as mists vanish before the sun, by the expositions of life and living forms in deep seas.

All light at the surface of the earth is so attended with heat and combustion, that the idea of one is accompanied with the other. But in the depths of ocean there are innu-

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\* About 1000 years ago Iceland was discovered and settled by the Norwegians. It was then clothed with forests that furnished them materials for ships, in which they made long sea voyages for commerce and exploration. They traded with Ireland, then the most enlightened country in the western world; they discovered and colonized Greenland, to which they gave that name, on account of its rich vegetation, and soon came to this Continent. Iceland was densely settled with an intelligent and highly educated people, who were numbered by hundreds of thousands. Now its population is less than 60,000, who, it is said, are about to abandon the island, on account of its increasing cold; and the east of Greenland, where they once had towns and villages, has been so blocked with ice for 200 years, no ship has been able to reach it. The Norwegians have abandoned Greenland to the Esquimaux. Such is secular cooling during the Historic period.

merable animals without fire or heat, that can probably, at will, kindle their flambeau and illuminate the dark caverns around them. To give out light, they must have organs suited to the purpose, associated with the luminous and luminiferous ether. It must be a constituent of their structure. Many fishes have this faculty of striking their light. I have noticed it in the heads of the shad, the herring and other marine fish, after death. The electric power of fishes has already been noticed.

We are almost wholly wanting in any evidence of instinct in the lower orders of marine animals, or of any capacity to learn, beyond the simplest demands of existence, and may assume that nothing of the kind is conferred upon them. Yet they serve their purpose, in the scale of being by preparing matter for higher organizations. The wonderful beauty and complexity of life in its lowest forms, concealed for countless ages in the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean, attest the presence of the all Creative Power, working unseen in his grand laboratory, vivifying and quickening material elements by associating them with ethereal forms, for higher and more beautiful types of superior orders in the future. On the surface of the earth a certain temperature, far above the freezing point, is necessary for the reproduction of animal forms, but in deep seas the freezing point of fresh water does not obstruct the action of the Vital Force, which is able to bring forth and nurture large families of marine fauna at temperatures that would be fatal to the lower classes of terrestrial fauna. It would seem that the vital force only requires the elements of matter to be in a state of freedom, for it to control and associate them in living forms.

Freezing, which fixes the composing molecules of the lowest orders of animals, is inconsistent with generation, or reproduction, and is generally fatal to them, even when developed both on land and in water. Surface water, in cold and freezing weather, is almost entirely free from animal life

while it swarms with a multitude of genera and species when warm.

The consistence of the lower orders of marine animals is soft, and in many cases jelly-like, seeming to be but little removed from the colloid state, the first essay of the Vital Force upon matter. It is down in the deep seas, where the colloid condition of silica is developed into organic forms, as in the glass sponges, or on land in the coatings of gramineous plants and in the bark of many trees. Those zöophytes, the great varieties of the glass sponges, are among the admirable wonders of the deep. What gradations of life does the ocean furnish! There, doubtless, animal life began, and there it was only capable of existing until the dry land and the surrounding atmosphere was capable of sustaining air-breathing animals. If we are to take the testimony of the rocks, the vertebrata were not far behind the mollusca and crustacea as denizens of the waters, as the silurian fossils testify. And even among the earliest fossils the organs of vision were as complicated as in the latest mammals. And although some specimens of cambrian trilobites seem to have had no eyes, yet those fossils may be exceptional like the fishes in the Mammoth Cave, that are without any thing more than rudimentary eyes. Further discoveries may bring well developed eyes in those crustacea in the Cambrian and even in the Laurentian series.

Higher in the scale of marine life are the vertebrata of countless forms, varieties and capacities, from the minutest minnow to the ponderous whales. All these differentiate in form, in color, in instincts, and in such degrees of intelligence as their life requires. When I speak of intelligence I refer to their capacity to learn—to adopt expedients—to choose between alternatives—to distinguish between friends and foes, and to change their habitats for food, for comfort and for safety. Many fishes kept in tanks, or pools, learn to know their master, and will come at his call. The power, to recognize is an animal function, and a function of intelli-

gence, even though the recognition does not extend beyond the choice of food. To recognize the hand that feeds, and the voice of the feeder, indicates a higher degree of intelligence than any which a mollusc or a lower grade of life can exercise. The mode of reproduction varies as much, or more, among marine fauna. Some are hermaphrodite and reproduce, like some plants, by gemmation, some of the molluscs have the sexes reproduced by coition, rising to the vertebrata, a large portion are oviparous, while the catacea are viviparous and mammalian, sustaining their young by milk as land quadrupeds do. Agazzis reports finding a fish, in the Amazon waters, which carried their young in their mouths. Then the difference in form, in structure, in flesh, in habits, modes of life, and habitats of those countless varieties is to be accounted for. Can it be referred to any combination of the few elements that enter into organisms? Intelligence, be it ever so low, is a force, because it produces motion, or excites to action. It is imponderable, and is not a property of matter.

"See through this air, this ocean and this earth,  
All matter quick and bursting into birth."

That is not exactly true, for of the sixty-three primary elements of matter, only a little over a dozen are found to be constituents of organic forms. And yet how great, how manifold are the differentiations.

"Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,  
No glass can reach from infinite to thee."

The nervous system has been adopted by naturalists as the criterion of rank in the scale of being. The lowest are without a trace of nerves, and are classed as Acrita and Protozoan, next in order with a slight trace of nervous system, is the Nematoneura, and from that low beginning the differentiations rise, in the structure and variations of the systems of nerves, up to man. The complexity of nerves is not a



universal criterion of intelligence among animals. For some of the smallest insects evince as much intelligence, at least, as some of the mammalia. The bee, the ant, the spider, work by an intelligence, call it instinct, if you will, but it is shown in adopting a plan under new and untried conditions, of devising, of taking choice of alternation, that in many instances fully equals the best exertions of reason in man. Not that their range of intelligence is as wide, but within its sphere it is as certain and well chosen as man can do.

The birds are lower in the scale of beings than mammals, with a comparatively smaller volume of brain, and yet how much contrivance they evince, under circumstances in which we cannot credit to instinct, their performances. The devices that many resort to, to protect their young from danger, or to secure food for them, or their readiness to sacrifice their brood rather than leave them in captivity, are illustrative proofs. A few instances will suffice to elucidate my meaning. I have taken a nest of Baltimore orioles, while the young were unable to fly, put it into a cage, and hung the cage where the parents could come and feed their offspring. Twice out of three times the parents poisoned the brood to liberate them from bondage.

The *Ortyx Canadensis* (American quail) lays its eggs upon the ground, without the trouble of making a nest, often without a covering, and there hatches its brood. I have many a time surprised the nest, just as the young birds were leaving their shell. The mother would give a low cry and flutter around me, as though she had a broken leg and wing, and seek to allure me away from the nest. Not heeding her, I have sought the young quails, some of whom still had a portion of the shell adhering to them, and it was the rarest accident that ever disclosed one. Every chick had concealed itself under or by some object, so like its own color, a leaf, a piece of rotten wood, or a dry tuft, that it was undistinguishable. I would see them running, and they would disappear so suddenly and so securely that they were abso-

lutely safe. Now all this knowledge of the danger—how to decoy the intruder from the nest—how to warn the brood to disperse and hide, and for the young to select such safe covers was acquired. Had the brood been hatched in the Gallapagos Islands, no sense of danger would have been entertained and the stupid birds would have fallen an easy prey. But the sense of danger must have been inherited; the young were inspired with it as soon as they came to the light; the mother's cry was intelligible to them, and they instantly acted on the warning. What general of an army—what philosopher—could have planned and executed better to save those under his charge?

Canary birds are very teachable and will acquire a great many clever tricks. And I might make a long chapter showing the devices of birds, as spontaneous or taught.

Advancing a step higher we come to quadrupeds, and how wide and wonderful a field opens before us. What diversities in forms, in habits, in mental capacities, in cunning, in sagacity, in constructiveness and teachableness, from the mouse to the elephant, from the domestic to the feral, all have their peculiar endowments, each suited and adapted to its condition and plane. It would require a volume of no small dimensions just to touch upon the characteristics of the several species, and an encyclopedia would be necessary to detail the natural history of the world's mammalia. The intelligence of the horse, the dog, the elephant, of which we have so many well attested anecdotes, is almost human. I will give one or two instances that fell under my own observation of the genus *canidæ*, or dogs. In the last illness of my mother, who lived with me, which was prolonged by the debility of age, we had to have night watchers. I had a large house dog, a mastiff, which never left the premises, unless some female of the family went out at night, when he invariably, of his own will, accompanied her as an escort. My premises were large, cultivated as a flower and vegetable garden, with many fruit trees and flowering shrubs.

One evening at late twilight a neighbor woman, who lived beyond the garden, came to my house, and offered her services to take care of my mother for the night. The arrangement was made on my porch where the dog was lying. The lady went home, to return at 9 o'clock. When she left the dog arose and walked by her side to her house, where he laid down at the door till she came back, when he arose and accompanied her. No call or request was made to him to go or come; it was all voluntary on his part.

The other case was that of a prairie wolf, *canis latrans*. A lady of this city went to Kansas a few years since, and a mutual friend to her and myself said to her jocosely, "bring me a prairie dog." She obtained a young prairie wolf, whose eyes were not opened when she got him. On bringing him here, our friend having no suitable place to keep him, requested me to let him run in my back-yard. I took especial care to win his confidence by feeding, caressing and playing with him, which he seemed to enjoy for a while. But he gradually grew more shy and fearful of me, and of men in general, but gave his confidence entirely to the gentler sex. He would follow the women all through the house, up stairs, down stairs, in the kitchen and in the yard, would leap up into their laps and was playful as a kitten. But the moment he heard the footsteps of a man entering the house he was convulsed with fear, and, if there was no other way of exit, would leap out of a second story window and hasten to his hiding-place. After the end of the first six weeks I never got a sight of him except by stealth. He was taken from me to a house occupied by ladies exclusively, but his owner went one day to see him, which terrified him so that he broke out the following night, and was never heard of afterward.\*

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\* Although we have hundreds of instances of the sagacity and peculiarities of the lower animals, I prefer to notice only such as fall under my own observation, thereby adding new facts instead of citing cases already well known.

I can only account for this fear of men on the hypothesis of an inherited fear of the hunter acquired by his ancestors. Now, how was this timidity transmitted? Through the matter which he took in as food, upon which he grew from puppy to early maturity, or was there an imponderable force inherent in him that grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength? The latter is the only supposable solution of the matter. This little animal had no experience to teach him that man was his enemy, he had no memory to warn him that the human male was dangerous to him, or that the human female was his friend. Nor was it instinct but it was an apprehension acquired by his ancestors and transmitted by means of a force that was within him—*inherent—impelling*—which no kindness and no soothing art could dispel or dissipate. Perhaps Mr. Le Conte would call it a correlation of chemical force. To use a very common expression that doctrine of the Correlation of Forces is being "*run into the ground.*" Whatever is mysterious, dark, obscure and unintelligible is mere correlation of well known forces. This is certainly "darkening counsel by words without wisdom." What force is correlated to produce gravitation or cohesive attraction? If the chain is anywhere broken, no matter at what link, it ceases to serve its purpose. All the passions are forces in the animal being—fear, love, hope, sexual desire, hate, aversion and the like—all tend to move, to excite to exertion. Will any of these spring from the lower forces of nature, in what are called their protean modifications? See the different animals engaged in their sports among themselves, enjoying their curvettings—the chasing, carressing separating, romping—are these mere chemical manifestations? Mind is a force, whether displayed by the indolent mollusc opening his valves to catch the food that floats by; a Milton in his grand conceptions of *Paradise Lost*; a Watt in seeking to utilize steam as a motive power—a Fulton in applying it to navigation, or a Daniel Webster in one of his masterly efforts in debate. They are

all connected with vitality, which Carpenter and Le Conte would persuade us was merely chemical force correlated in some mysterious way. "The interpretation is the harder to understand of the two." To apply Herbert Spencer's argument, these men do not believe it, they labor to convince themselves—to persuade themselves they believe it—but conclude in as much doubt and obscurity as when they began.

There is a source from which mind—the passions—the affections are derived, and that source is not in matter, but something conjoined with matter, operating as a force, developing quality, character, individuality, that none of the lower forces can generate. That source is as universal as matter, generating organisms whenever conditions will permit, and generating them in their differentiations according to the conditions. It is said there are three species of elephants: the Asiatic, the African and the Ceylonese, all with specific differences. Why the difference? Because the conditions differ. The material conditions so varied that the ethereal complications were combinations, which gave specific character, in mind, in form, in structure. Herbert Spencer, in his work on domestic animals and plants, shows the difference between domestic animals of the same families or genera in different countries—differences that would seem to be specific, and yet they interbreed, and their progeny is fertile. The modifications in form, in osteology, in size, in structure and general appearance has resulted from difference in conditions under which their remote ancestry lived, but their crosses being fertile show their differences to be apparent and not specific. It is evident that such differentiations resulted from a force that operated as a cause, a force that cannot be found in matter or credited to matter—nor to the action of chemical energy upon matter, which merely produces crystals or crystalloids, but to a force essentially different, which compels indifferent and reluctant elements to combine in the colloid state—taking new and

different elements, for special purposes and organs, which differentiates materials into all the diversified forms, qualities and characters of organic beings. The fauna and flora of the eocene period greatly differed from the mioam, and the latter from the pliocene and the pliocene from that which exists now. Why ? Because the conditions which prepared matter for the reception of ethereal forces were greatly different. The fauna and flora of Asia, Africa, America and Australia essentially differ from each other for the same reason. The Australian islands are separated from the Asiatic by a strait less than twenty miles wide, and yet that narrow arm of the sea has ever been an impassable gulf between the fauna and flora of those two great divisions of the world. Lyell, I conceive, assigns the true reason when he says, it is evident that Australia has but recently emerged from the sea, and he might have gone on to say, that the matter composing Australia had not been prepared for the reception of those ethereal elements that are necessary to produce the higher organisms in a state of nature. The marsupial animals, the ornithorhynchus, those strange birds, those peculiar trees, shrubs and plants, and even man, were all of a lower class of life in the organic world. Civilized man opened a way for different and higher ethereal forces to enter, and their reception has developed higher types of life into that part of the world. Doubtless the Australian group of islands emerged from the waters as early as the pliocene, or not later than the beginning of the Quarternary Period, which some of our wise men count by millions of years ago, and yet a narrow strait not wider than that which separates Calais from Dover has been an impassable barrier for the animals and plants of those two great divisions of the earth. It cannot be that geological reasons are sufficient to account for all this ; physical causes have no doubt been more potent.

All our modern biologists refer to the undistinguishable forms of all embryos of organisms at a certain stage. Her-

bert Spencer expresses this idea more clearly and fully than any other, thus: "The germ of which a human being is evolved differs in no visible respect from the germ out of which any other animal or plant is evolved. The first conspicuous structural change undergone by this human germ is one characterising the germs of animals only—differentiates them from the germs of plants. The next distinction established is a distinction exhibited by all vertebrata, but never exhibited by annulosa, mollusca or cellenterata. Instead of continuing to resemble, as it now does, the rudiments of all fishes, reptiles and birds, this rudiment of a man assumes a structure that is seen only in the rudiments of mammals. Later the embryo undergoes changes that exclude it from the group of the implacental mammals, and it is proved to belong to the group of placental mammals. Later it grows unlike the embryos of those placental mammals distinguished as ungulate or hoofed, and continues to resemble the unguiculate or clawed. By-and-by it ceases to be like any foetuses but those of the quadrumana, and eventually the foetuses of only the higher quadrumana are simulated. Lastly, at birth, the infant belonging to whichever human race, is structurally very much like the infants of all other races, and only afterward acquires those various minor peculiarities of form that distinguish the variety of man to which it belongs." (Biology Vol. I. p. 141.)

This statement of facts is a two-edged sword, more dangerous to the hand that wields it than to the adversary. No known law of chemistry, or of all the recognized forces can account for or explain it. But upon the hypothesis here presented it is very simple. The early embryo is colloidal in its origin and constituents, a product of the vital force. It is formless, giving by its shape no indication of its ultimate form and structure. As before said, the vital force is common to all organisms, but of itself differentiates into none. The formative force, which is potential in the incipient germ, never mistakes, unites with the vital force and

soon commences the work of differentiation. No appliance of man can distinguish one germ from another, but there is a force connected with every germ that is sure, certain and unerring. That force must be distinct from the vital force which gives the first impulse to motion, but does not of itself direct the course of the movement. Another directive force comes in, when the motion is begun, to lead it to its ultimate differentiation. Like a skillful engineer who directs the movements of his locomotive, he starts out on a track that is common to many roads; he switches to the right, to the left, again to the right, turns a curve, switches again, and finally reaches the particular road leading to his destination; so this formative force guides and shapes the embryo from its earliest existence to its maturity. It may be said that this is a pleasant fancy, but not susceptible of any proof. Is it not as provable as any of the theories of Darwin, of Spencer, of Carpenter, and all that class of speculators in biology? They adduce no cases and raise no queries that are not more explicable on this theory than on the one they propose. Mr. Wallace forcibly observed: "There is no more convincing proof of the truth of a comprehensive theory than its power of absorbing new facts and its capability of interpreting phenomena which had been previously looked upon as unaccountable anomalies," or, I may add, unexplainable on any other theory. I conceive the Formative Force as general as the vital force, and it must be conjoined with special differentiating forces to produce all the varieties of organisms. Then follows, necessarily, the qualifying forces, the characterising forces, the intellectual forces, the moral forces, and, finally, the spiritual forces. Is it necessarily so? We know that life, form, quality, character, intellect, moral and spiritual forces are existing things. They all manifest themselves as forces, causing motion—action and results. They have an origin—not from matter, but from a higher source. We have seen that the lower forces are all imponderable—that they



are all ethereal—and there can be no violence in the presumption that the higher and more refined forces are also ethereal. The power that moulds, that gives form, is a step in advance of that which merely gives vitality ; that which imparts quality, as to plants, is another step ; that which differentiates character, is a step further ; that which gives devising, planning, judging and determining intellect again an advance ; and, finally, the moral and conscientious a still higher step ; and the last and highest, the consciousness of a living soul within us, which is immortal and indissoluble. These are all regular gradations in the organic world, and the substance which produces this succession of forces, is as necessary as the matter which composes the organism.

Ether is not vacuity, but is really more substantial than matter. Matter is passive, plastic and subject to the control, the direction and the formative character and action of the forces. In our material state we only perceive the forces by means of matter, but as pure intellects, with the power to see and to feel, we should be ignorant of the existence of matter, without the action of the Forces.

All material things are unstable, dissolving and temporal ; the forces are enduring, untiring, ever acting, but always in accordance with law. Matter does not waste or perish, but the forces are changing the relations of its particles to each other. We have seen that all the recognised forces are ethereal, and we have seen manifold results in the organic world that we cannot, by any straining of logic, attribute to any one, or any simple combination or correlation of the recognised forces. A higher, a more refined, a more definite and determined series of forces are necessary to produce all those varied results. Where shall we find all these forces ? Evidently not in matter. We find in ether the great storehouse of forces. It never can be exhausted—it is inexhaustible—and we may presume that there lies a great store of

forces, that have never yet combined with, or acted on terrestrial matter.

Every effect was produced by a cause—every product resulted from a force. The cause was efficient, the force was adapted and adequate. Fortuity did not generate the world and furnish it with its myriads of organisms. If it did it was a greater miracle than any the lowest superstition has asked credence for.

Let us restate the positions which we contend for :

1. That all force being imponderable, must be ethereal.
2. Matter being composed of some 63 distinct elements, we may from analogy claim that ether is complex with many elements, all of which are forces with distinct functions and effects.
3. That ethereal elements unite with material elements, and such combinations qualify the inorganic molecule, and confer distinctive qualities upon plants, and differentiating characters upon animals.
4. That such combinations of ether result from conditions which qualify matter for the receptive influence of ether.
5. The higher the grade of the organism, the more refined the ethereal combination.

Some further consideration of the fourth proposition may not be out of place here. The fifth will be more fully discussed hereafter.

The fossil remains of the several geological periods teach that certain plants and animals appeared upon the earth at a particular age or formation, lived and flourished for a time, and then became extinct. Others became leading features of their age, attaining immense proportions under the conditions that favored enormous developments, some of whose congeners still exist as insignificant plants, or a low order of animals. For instance, during the carboniferous age, what are now called club mosses, ferns and sand rushes, were large forest trees. Now in all time no other conditions

existed for such massive developments of those cryptogamous plants. The material conditions were probably a high temperature, an atmosphere charged with a large amount of carbonic acid, and an unstable condition of the crust of the globe at that early period. This instability is manifest in the coal-fields, where several strata of coal overlies each other with sand, clay and lime rocks intervening, showing several upheavals above the water level, and several depressions below it, during the coal formation. Near Mons, in Belgium, there are 114 separate coal strata, with intermediate layers of sedimentary rocks with more or less marine fossils, attesting as many changes of surface-level,—above and below the water,—during that period alone. These conditions, with others, were favorable for the action of ethereal forces to develop such monstrous growths of tiny plants, and lay up such stores of force and fuel for a remote future and for a race long after to appear upon the earth—was design manifested here, or was it fortuity?

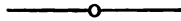
The great saurian family, which infested the seas or browsed upon the land, from the Lias up to the Chalk, differed essentially on the two continents, as their congeners now differ, were developed under conditions that never existed previously or since. They were products of an age, and of forces peculiar to the age, that the world has seen but once. The conditions on the eastern continent differed from those of the western, and hence the difference in the animals. The genera was the same, but the species were very unlike.

So different countries within the same parallels of latitude have generated plants and animals of distinct genera and species as distinct as if produced upon different planets. How great the difference in the fauna and flora of Asia, Africa and America. Australia, too, exhibits an entirely new system of organic nature. To conditions alone, and the action of forces upon those conditions, can we ascribe these differences. Descent from a common ancestry is out

of the question. I have no squeamishness about being evolved from a monkey. Prove the fact, and I am willing that the worm be my mother or the toad my sister. But without the proof of a single instance of the transmutation of species in all the observations of man, in all time, I can only express my surprise at the number of disciples which that hypothesis has enlisted. C. Wyville Thompson, a profound naturalist and wide observer, well says: "The origin of species by descent with modification is as yet only a hypothesis. During the whole period of recorded human observation not one single instance of the change of one species into another has been detected; and, singular to say, in successive geological formations, although new species are constantly appearing and there is abundant evidence of progressive change, no single case has yet been observed of one species passing through a series of inappreciable modifications into another." Herbert Spencer, philosopher as he is, adopts this hypothesis, says: "No one ever saw a special creation." And this has been echoed and reëchoed as answerable. But even Darwin claims an original from which all his species came, and if one, why not a thousand or ten thousand? On their own hypothesis, the species came long after the special creation of the parent stock, and we can answer—no one ever saw a species originate. The wonder is that a theory so baseless, without the support of one fact, should find so many earnest and ardent supporters.

But we have seen special creations. Bastian produced them, and has given two large volumes detailing his processes. Every country housewife who makes yeast or vinegar produces them, by providing the conditions which will admit the action of the vital force. Man's processes are all on a minute scale, whether he be chemist, baker or vinegar brewer, and what he does or can do in a small way, Nature, with the abundant forces supplied by its author, does on the largest scale. Mountains of chalk are built up by

the minute foraminifera, and the largest animals are developed by forces so delicate and yet so efficient that man, his wisdom, has never suspected their existence. The huge bulky animals originated in a sperm cell too minute to be seen by the unaided eye, and yet there was a force then constructed upon that cell the ponderous frame of the whale or the elephant. That force was ethereal.



### THE GATES OF THE MORN.

BY BELLE BUSH.

THERE'S an Angel that stands at the gates of the Morn  
 With roses and robes of the Orient born,—  
 An Angel that sings while the Sky, dropping dew  
 Is clothed in the light of all radiant hues.  
 This Angel stooped down to my Spirit one day,  
 When afar from Love's fountains I wandered away,  
 And over my heart, on a bleak moor astray,  
 She poured the sweet balm of a beautiful lay.  
 Ah! this is the BREATH of that wonderful lay  
 She sang to my heart on a cold dreary day :

Thou art weary and fainting, oh! child of the earth,  
 Would'st thou know where the fountains of joy have their  
 birth—  
 Where sing the sweet fountains of music and mirth?

List the Angel that stands at the gates of the Morn  
 And hear how she sings to the spirits that mourn,  
 To hearts that are grieving earth-weary and worn!

Ho! all who would enter the gates of the Morn,  
 Let love in your hearts like a jewel be worn—  
 In the depths of your hearts let the Christ-love be borne.

Let it live in your spirits and glow on each brow,  
 And your hearts will no longer in sorrow bend low,  
 But you'll sing by the streams where the "still waters flow."

With Love cometh solace, oh, child of the earth !  
She will lead thee where fountains of joy have their birth—  
Where sing the sweet fountains of music and mirth

Through love, and love only, is duty made sweet,  
Or the steps that pursue it made steady and fleet,—  
'Tis love, and love only, gives wings to the feet.

Love drops her words gently as rose-leaves let fall,  
Perfuming earth's bosom, or dew-drops that call  
For flowers to come forth from their darkness and thrall.

Make Love thy companion and try the sweet arts,  
And the blessed enchantment her presence imparts,  
For a balm she can give to the saddest of hearts.

Oh ! give her glad welcome and try the high art  
She employs in her empire whence discords depart,  
'Tis Love, and Love only, gives peace to the heart.

Let Love, then, Love only all matters decide,  
And teach thee the faults of thy neighbors to hide,  
Or viewing them tenderly, tenderly chide.

Oh ! spurn not the erring, laugh not at the weak,  
Give only Love's kiss to Humanity's cheek,  
And never the "bruised reed" burden or break.

Through the black slime of hatred crawl adders that hiss,  
But Love giveth ever a passport to bliss,  
And her rod of correction is Love's holy kiss.

Where bitterness rankles, where envy is rife,  
There meet the dark spirits of anger and strife,  
And the poison they carry embitters their life.

If met by revilings, revile not again,  
Let the thorn that would wound thee 'neath roses remain,  
'Tis the beautiful soul that gives pleasure for pain.

Let the good in thy brother be dear to thy heart,  
With his vices and follies the truth has no part,—  
It will live,—and will triumph the most through Love's :

Men cannot defile it, though sunk in the mire,  
'Tis the jewel of heaven that mortals shall tire  
Of striving to tarnish or burn in the fire.

They may try it as dross in the furnace of pain,  
But pure as when given the truth will remain,  
And show never to angels one scar or one stain.

Oh ! learn then the lesson Love bears to the earth,—  
All truths that exalt thee are jewels of worth,  
And none the less holy, though lowly their birth.

But, remember, Love never works ruin or ruth  
To any who toil in the kingdoms of truth,—  
For behold ! Love herself is the holiest truth,

And when born in the spirit, then sink to repose  
All the passions that add to humanity's woes,  
For Love hides the secrets that hate would disclose.

Every heart knows its weakness, its burdens of sin,  
What need to reveal them? Love says, "Look within,"  
For God and each soul there's a witness between.

He shall judge thee and others, fear not, for the scale  
Of justice and mercy He holds shall prevail—  
In the triumph of truth, though its teachers be frail.

Oh ! sing then in gladness the songs of the heart,  
And the joys that they give thee to others impart,  
'Tis Love, and Love only, gives food to the heart.

Oh ! weary, half-famished, and pining for Love,  
Is this world that might list to the angels above,—  
And learn how they live, how they labor and love.

Ever calm, ever patient, and tender of speech,  
Their thoughts flow in music, as waves to the beach,  
And pure are the lessons they joyfully teach.

They pity earth's children, heart-starved from their birth,  
For the love that would brighten their homes and their hearth,  
For the love that would make them bright jewels of worth,—

They tenderly pity the offspring of shame,  
But their hearts never censure, their lips never blame,  
But in love for the lowly they hallow God's name.

So pity and love them, oh, child of the earth !  
And thy heart shall have gladness, thy soul shall have mirth,  
And thou'lt know where the fountains of joy have their birth.

Some minds are like streams flowing on to the sea,  
Through fields where the sunshine lies placid and free,—  
Where the clover, wind-wafted, coquets with the bee.

Some are like mountain rills, dashing along  
Over rocks and through valleys with laughter and song,  
But checked, they plunge on down abysses of wrong.

But some, like great rivers, too closely confined,  
Fret the rocks that oppose them, and silently find,—  
Or make in their progress grand cañons of mind,—

Deep, dark and mysterious, wild gorges of gloom  
They may seem, and yet in them sweet wild-flowers may  
bloom,  
And gems and pure gold in their caverns find room.

No depths of man's nature are barren of good,—  
Over desolate rocks swept the winds and the floods,  
And the forests arose that for ages have stood.

Over all their fair tresses the Summer had care,  
Her soft breezes fanned them, and birds of the air  
Made nests in their branches and warbled love's prayer.



So over men's hearts let the sweet waters flow,  
 And the rocks shall be melted now hardening below,  
 And the vine and the roses will cling there and grow.

With love cometh knowledge, oh ! child of the earth,  
 She guards the sweet fountains of music and mirth,  
 She will lead thee where fountains of joy have their birth.

Oh ! seek her then ever thro' labor and song,  
 And end the rude conflicts that hate would prolong,  
 'Tis love, and love only, can triumph o'er wrong.  
 Oh ! the world knows not yet *half* the duty of love,—  
 It scarcely hath tasted the sweetness of love,  
 It dreams not, it feels not, how holy is love !  
 Love is life—"God is love," and the infinite source  
 Of all forms and expressions of beauty and force,  
 What mortals may hope then to trammel its course ?

Love lays the foundation of worlds, and her hand  
 Forms the billows of ocean to cradle the land,  
 And she buildeth the hills out of atoms of sand.

Love weaves the fair curtains looped up by the stars,  
 She maketh the swift winds and lightning her cars,  
 And the blossoming clouds of the morning are hers.

Love nothing despiseth, nor counteth as vain,  
 What is, she improves, in her hand loss is gain,  
 E'en the smoke of a battle she turneth to rain.

Love lives in all things and animates all,  
 And 'tis only when blinded to this, that men fall—  
 They reënter love's Eden who follow love's call.

Her companion is Wisdom, and pure, undefiled  
 Are the pleasures she seeks, and yet gentle and mild,  
 Her heaven's the heart of an innocent child

Love "thinketh no evil," she "seeks not her own"  
 From the peasant who reaps to the king on the throne,  
 She exacts not her tythe till the harvest is grown,

Through ages unnumbered she reaps and she sows,  
Then patiently waits till the blossoming rose  
And the lilies of love all their beauties disclose.

The soil planted first in each bosom is self,  
And its flowers are man's pleasures, its fruits are his pelf,  
While justice and truth 'live in books on the shelf.

But, ah ! 'twill be shown in the growth of each soul  
That the highest self-love seeks the good of the whole,  
And this beautiful truth every act will control.

*All* hearts then obeying her holy decree,  
Will sing in Love's temples the songs of the free,—  
'Tis Love, and Love only, can make the heart free.

Then greet the world lovingly, never with scorn,  
And know, in thy heart, when the Christ-love is born ;  
Ah ! then mayest thou enter the gates of the Morn.

Like a pearl-light of life, from the infinite sea  
Where the soul finds its Summer, and hearts are as free  
As the perfume of flowers when it sweetens the air,  
And floats on the breeze, like a hymn or a prayer  
That lifts from a grief-burdened spirit its care ;—  
Like a messenger bird from the radiant shore  
Where Morning has dawned and the "Night is no more,"—  
Like the light of all beautiful visions combined,—  
Like the essence distilled from all pleasures refined,—  
Like our joy in the loveliest things that we find,—  
Like these was the birth of that song to my mind.

Oh ! pearl-light of life from the infinite sea,  
Oh ! breath of the Summer-land wafted to me,  
I thank thee that ere in my heart thou wast born  
As I labor and sing by the gates of the Morn,  
Ah ! high the tuition and holy the art  
That waked the deep fountains of peace in my heart

And taught me this beautiful lesson of life,—  
“That a power comes with love that can triumph o’er strife”  
And soothe the dark Spirits that wander o’er earth  
By wild passions driven, sin-stained from their birth,  
Since then with a patience and trust growing strong,  
Through the blessings upspringing from sorrow and wrong,  
I have toiled with the courage that cheerfully waits,  
Oft hearing the angel that sings by Love’s gates,  
Ever saying to mortals, “Behold ye the law,”  
In the life that God giveth is never a flaw ;  
Then cherish and shelter, but never deem low  
One child that his wisdom alone can bestow,  
But oh ! give it time, give it room here to grow.  
In the sunshine of love let it ripen below ;  
Then its fruits will be blessings, and curses no more  
Will sweep o’er the world with their pestilent lore :  
Every hand then will plant in Love’s garden the seeds  
That will show in her harvest increase of good deeds,—  
And the blessings of life will then equal men’s needs.

Then the jibe and the jeer and the passionate leer  
Will give place to a smile and to words of good cheer,  
And sorrow will meet here with sympathy’s tear.

Then prisons and chains, then the gallows and knife  
Will mar not the growth of this beautiful life  
Or wake the dark fountains of hatred and strife.

But men taught of angels will cultivate flowers  
To bloom in life’s gardens as well as her bowers—  
And Love, and Love only, give wing to the hours.

Know this, then, oh, mortals ! woe-wasted and worn,  
In the depths of each heart when the Christ-love is born,  
Ah ! *then* will ye enter the gates of the Morn.

Belvidere Seminary, N. J.

## ADAM, THE FATHER OF MEN.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

PROEM—PREPARATION OF EDEN.

THE soil had been enriched, and the reproductive energies stimulated, rather than checked, by the late catastrophe. Soon the fields were again clothed with greenness, which, in the clearer air, now began to assume a still finer hue, the dark blue-green often giving way to brighter shades. The Grasses appeared in still finer and more beautiful types, the cereals ever tending toward a fuller and finer kernel. Herbs sprang up here and there, opening to the clearer light the varied apparatus for extracting color. Buds of more complicated structure now pierced the black mold, stage by stage, unfolding leaves and branches, and year by year putting forth flowers and fruit. They expanded into shrubs. They rose into the form of stately trees.

And when at length the atmosphere was thus prepared, birds, the most highly vitalized of all animal forms, were produced ; and in the elegance of their proportions, the splendor of their plumage and the sweetness of their songs, they made the waste places glad by the presence of a more exulting life and a finer beauty.

At length the heavens and the earth became clearly defined ; and the boundaries of day and night were determined. The sun, shining out boldly, sank behind the western hills. Clouds tinged with purple gathered around him, at his departure. Glistening lines of saffron shot through the paling sky ; a bright crescent broke the blue, and near

by, a softer light opened in the western sky. As the gorgeous coloring of the sunset faded, they appeared more distinctly—the Evening Star and the young Moon coming out for the first time clearly, to welcome and to smile on the fair-robed Earth.

The laden bee went, humming, home to deposit the honey in his waxen cells. The bird flew to her nestlings. Insects chirped in the trees, and frogs in the marshes. The owl hooted in the dismal forests, as he opened his large eyes in wonder at the light that came streaming through its somber aisles. Every beast either sought its lair or came forth for sport or prey. The hare gamboled in the meadows and the chamois bounded over the rocks.

Dews stole softly among the bending Grasses; and the sighing wind whispered lovingly to the dreaming of flowers; and when, at length, every other voice was hushed, out from the silence came the nightingale; and in the freshness and fulness of life sang her first holy hymn of love and rapture, charming the serene soul of Nature with music rare and sweet. Then the great heave and swell of the booming ocean, with its deep and far-off cadence, was heard rolling upward, as if responding to the Stars that sang the solemn anthem of Eternity. But at length the shadows deepened, and the Midnight stood alone, clothed in darkness, and inspired with the more harmonious music of a deeply breathing silence.

In due time the dusky drapery of Night was drawn aside, and the Morning rose. How beautiful! The horizon, for the first time, opened itself in a complete circle; and the firmament lifted up its magnificent arch, undisguised by a shadow. Bright colors adorned the East. In graceful wreaths the white mists furled gaily from the laughing Rivers. Golden sunbeams shot over the mountain tops, falling in rich floods along the valleys. Dewdrops flashed over the bending blades, and sparkled like diamonds among the grass flowers.

The air was cool and clear with life and sweetness. The Rose and Lily blossomed side by side, not rivals, but Sister Queens of grace and beauty; and innumerable flowers of every form, scent and hue, opened their dewy eyes to bless the morning that had called them forth.

The lark soared, singing, upward. The eagle sat on the tall, sunny cliff; and the hawk was perched among the gloomy pines. The humming birds sipped honey from the laden tube rose, or sought the daintiest blooms of mignonne or myrtle. The great Ostrich spread her wings, and ran along the desert. The Condor dropped down among the white Alpine cliffs, and the wild goose led forth her brood beside untroubled seas. The Crocodile came up and sunned himself in the great Eastern rivers; the Alligator in the Western.

The light, feathery foliage of the Palms waved gayly in the wind; and the massive Oak—a sentinel of ages—stood still and solemn, watching on the hill-side. The Pine woods, dark and musical, clothed the mountains, and yellow-flowered Acacias streamed, like floods of sunshine, over the hidden rocks.

The Elephant trode majestically through the giant reeds and canes, and the Jaguar roamed restless through his flowery woods. The Antelope bounded over the Eastern deserts; the wild Deer cropped the dewy herbage of the Western forests. The wild Ox stood, musing, as he came to drink from the clear fountains. The young calves gamboled beside their mothers, and lambs cropped the flowery turf on the hill-sides. Chattering Monkeys played merry antics among the trees, and the serious Ape came out and looked at the morning, as if there were something in it with a special message for him. The Cat gravely checked her playful young as she lay luxuriously in a bright and sunny nest of furse; and the Dog came out of his burrow and sat down, almost gloomily, ever and anon pricking up his ears with a wistful look, as if listening for his Master. Yes, he and all

wings, and had risen out of the heaviness and the loneliness of life into a more blissful sphere.

Then a radiant being stood before him, in form like unto himself, but so beautiful, that when the eyes beamed on him his own fell, blinded with the brightness. But with an air of benignity, which seemed to veil his splendors, the angel, for such he was, approached. With a smile that seemed to open more of his interior being, he drew near the youth, and laid his hands, one on the heart, the other on the head.

Every pulse, every nerve, every fibre, thrilled at the touch. And then something within himself seemed to expand. It burst asunder, and the interior sight flowed forth. It mingled with that of the Angel. It was the same. The true Spiritual Essence, long wandering in many strange and uncouth forms—long imprisoned with its slowly unfolding consciousness—is now set free—born—created—with the perfect lineaments of a Living Soul.

He looked within, and began to comprehend himself. He looked without, beyond, around, and beheld others like himself, spiritual forms, then first visible, all created in the likeness of that wondrous Being, whose power and presence overshadowed and penetrated him.

Then he heard a great voice, which seemed to take possession of all other sounds ; and thus it spoke :

“Adam, Father of Men ! This day have I created thee in mine own image, and after mine own likeness, with the form and power of a Human Soul. Live, and advance forever.”

Then the greater power, which he felt but saw not, seemed to withdraw himself ; and the Angel and Adam stood alone, face to face ; and Adam was not afraid, for his interior powers were opened to see and know himself.

Then the Angel said : “Behold, thou art a man ! Go to thy work. This beautiful valley, filled with herbs and trees, whose seed is in themselves, is now committed to thy hand. Dress and keep it.”

When Adam awoke, the quiet moonlight cast the varied shadow of the vine leaves on the smooth ground before him ; and he began to ask himself *why it did so*. Then, as he recalled his dream, he became too unquiet for rest. Many he had before, but surely none like this.

He arose and looked forth ; and beheld he saw everything, as it were, with new eyes. The clear waters that went singing into the deeper night ; the dew that sparkled on the drooping herbage ; the wind that lifted with its delicate fingers the long wands of the willow, and winnowed fragrance from the locust trees ; the woven light of moon and stars ; the great arch of the blue sky ; but, most of all, the shadows, that flitted and came again with the stirring of the wind, were all filled with the unopened mysteries of life. He wearied himself with questioning them, until at length he fell asleep.

When he went forth in the morning he knew not that he was opening the first day on Earth of really Human Life and Labor. All the generations of men—all his own future—lay beyond the horizon, deeply hidden ; and yet he comprehended something of his own power and destiny.

The Drama of Human Life was ready for action on the stage of a New World. God had said, "Let there be light, and there was light." Slowly and gracefully the great mist-curtain unfurled itself, and the Second Morning stood forth revealed. All fairest shapes of beauty ; all highest forms of grandeur and sublimity, were grouped together with such harmonious effect as only the Divine Idea could have conceived. Beautiful to the eye, and pleasant to the ear were the sights and sounds that saluted the senses and penetrated the soul of that one sentient being, who walked abroad with the upturned brow of Man, exulting in the new and wonderful life which united in him all the freshness of youth with the strength and vigor of mature age. He was leaning against the stem of a tall chestnut tree when suddenly



he began to feel that well-known irritability of the system which demands muscular exercise.

Adam went to work ; and, for a time, in the exercise of those faculties whose large activity demanded scope, he was comparatively happy. The mechanical and philosophical spirit of the Man was beginning to stir ; and he was early led to multiply and strengthen the powers of his own hands by the help of certain instruments and missiles which were found ready made ; and then again to improve on these by some simple art which began to call forth inventive faculties. These instruments, if they might be called so, were very simple, but they served as aids in the processes of life.

At length his solitary life became almost insupportable, and when the rainy season came on, and he sat in the pleasant bower which, by help of the great glossy palm leaves, he had wrought into a comfortable shelter, the silence sometimes smote upon his heart so bitterly that he was fain to go out, and work even in the heavy rains rather than endure the solitude which had become a torture. But when at night he was driven back for shelter, and he heard the young birds chirping so pleasantly in the green roof, he sighed to think, that while he had given a home to them, he had made none for himself. It was, at best, only a shelter.

Wherever he went, every living creature had a companion of his own kind. The Lion, marching over the hot sands of the desert ; the Eagle, building his eyrie among the lofty summits ; the Elephant, tramping through the giant canebrakes ; the Tiger, leaping from his jungle ; the Horse, snuffing the perfumed breath of Araby ; the Crocodile, floating on the sluggish waters ; the Mole, delving in the earth ; the Lark, soaring up to heaven—every one had a mate,—finer and tenderer than himself, and fitted to answer all *he* could know of sympathy and affection. Why, then, was there none for him ?

This harrowing thought at length oppressed him continually. It arrested his hand amid the labors of the day. It

came to him with the shadows of evening. It looked on him with the eyes of morning. It protruded itself into his midnight dreams. It hung upon him with the paralyzing heaviness of a continual nightmare.

This is a sense of the necessity of union—a predetermination toward the fulfilment of that original law of Attraction, which binds every being, and every particle of being, by a two-fold power, that ever seeks to sate itself with its opposite. And whether it be simple Adhesion, tending to put on Form in the mineral, or conscious Affection, leading up to Marriage in the Human Being, the law is ever the same—manifest in the polarized particle, as in the Perfected Ultimate.

And the higher we rise in the scale of being the more importunate does this law become. because the points in the more complex powers, being both multiplied and refined, the necessity of union increases, while the opportunity of answering it diminishes in the same ratio. With brute animals it appears to be a mere sensual instinct ; yet many of them rise, occasionally, to something of the sanctity of real affection. Birds, being more highly vitalized and ethereal in their constitution and habits than other animals, furnish some remarkable instances of a true conjugal relationship. Many species select companions for life, and individuals sometimes die of grief for their loss.

With even the lowest of men, something of taste and fancy must always mingle with passion—something that beholds in its own completed Selfhood, a foreshadowing of that perfect unity of life toward which every human soul unconsciously stretches its wings ; for any true love, however trivial, makes the heart more noble, by dividing its interests with another.

But between the Ideal of the rudimental human being, and that of the most highly endowed mind, there is always a wide difference. The first can find companionship of some sort, almost anywhere ; but the last who are the appointed

Leaders in the great progressive march of Society will find but few equals, and consequently few who could ever respond to them ; and even these, by the many accidents of life, will be often turned aside. Yet this is not to discourage the great and lonely ones who have risen to high places ; for they keep the gates of Exodus, only through which can the Human Race be led out into truer conditions.

Then let them work on in faith, giving their light to shine before men, ever sustaining a True Marriage, as the very corner-stone of all virtue ; or daring celibacy rather than ill union. With good words, and lives of great and holy power, they shall yet triumph over all misdirection, and at length gradually lift up the human spirit into that high atmosphere, where it can behold the Image in which it was made, and comprehend something of its own sanctity.

As these higher minds are related to ordinary men, so was Adam to the inferior races of the primeval world. But he found his companion ; and if they may not do this—if the worst come, and they are denied for a time that sympathy which their higher nature craves—and craves all the more, because it *is* high, let them still keep the gem unsullied ; for that angel of the truer life, who can best appreciate and love, it shall yet claim, and be enriched by its immortal power and beauty. With these incidental remarks, which may have a word of comfort and assurance for some lofty and lonely Soul, let us now return to the History.

It happened, just at the close of the rainy season, that Adam, having retired to rest more lonely and depressed than his wont, fell into an unusual train of impressions. A pair of turtle doves had built their little love-nest close by his own solitary bed ; and between the intervals of dashing rain, he heard them, in low, loving whispers, talking to each other. He had been listening for some time, with that sense of irritation, which the near approach, or semblance of a blessing, that we greatly desire, but cannot have, often causes.

He knew not that he dreamed ; but at length he saw the female bird leave the nest. She came and sat on a bough that hung over his couch. Had she, the mated, the happy, come to taunt him with his poverty—to make his misery more intolerable by contrasting it with her own happiness? The soft eye, so full of pity ; the low, loving tones, forbade such a thought. There was a mysterious power and expression, in the whole presence and action of his little visitor, which irresistibly awakened hope. Ashamed of his suspicion, he stretched out his hand, with an inviting gesture. Softly and timidly, the dove crept to his bosom. She folded her white wings, and nestled there, looking up in his eyes with a soft sweet note of rapture.

He was bound by a spell of fascination. He dared not stir, lest he should break the charm ; and with the blessed thought in his heart, that there *was* something to love him, he soothed himself away into unconsciousness.

A touch, as of a strong hand laid on his arm, aroused him. He looked up ; and the Angel, whom he had often seen, stood before him, saying ; “ Arise and go forth ; for this is reality.”

The simple toilet and morning meal were soon dissipated, when, staff in hand, he set forth resolving to trust himself to his impressions, which he had already begun to respect.

Thus he journeyed for many moons, finding such shelter as he could, by night or noonday, following the course of the great river Euphrates away to the north-east, until at length he drank of its fountains among the fall cliffs of Ararat. Thence continuing his course due north, he entered one of those charming vallies, that bloom like gardens among the mountain of Circassia.

It was evening ; but the traveler rested not, though many a way side cave invited him to shelter and repose. The setting sun dipped into the waters of the western sea, leaving only an arc of gold above the horizon. This also at length was gone ; and the purple and saffron faded away, leaving a

mellow luster, as of liquid amber, diffused in the air. The earth was bright with bloom, the air laden with the scent of flowers. The sound of running waters and the hum of insects mingled harmoniously. Birds lingered on the wing, as if the sense and spirit of beauty had wiled them from repose ; and small animals came out of their nestling places, and sported freely in the clear evening air.

As the traveler passed on through this scene of wondrous beauty, he saw various marks of intelligence, which led him to think he might be approaching some human habitation ; for such he conceived to exist, although he had not seen them. Bowers were scattered, here and there, as if designed for luxury and repose—for the pleasures of the mind, and the rest of the body. And there was a certain decorative order in the wild pomp of nature, which led him to exclaim, " Who has done all this ?

At length he approached a perfect cloister of embowering vines. Clambering roses wove their fragrant blossoms into the verdant canopy ; and the pale stary flowers of the aromatic myrtle peeped out of the greenness, with a perfume delicate as their own spotless petals. There was a profound shadow on all sides. It was only open to the sky, whose deepening blue now began to be studded with a few pale stars.

Adam lifted the silvery fringes of the Clematis vines, that closed the entrance, and looked in timidly, and yet confidently, as if expecting that there should his steps be stayed.

Was the form that stood there, draped in the full flood of that wondrous light, one of those angelic beings, that sometimes smiled upon his dreams, only to point with a keener sorrow the loneliness of waking ?

The serene blue eyes, the long fair hair, whose sunny waves, like the golden light itself, hovered round her ; the glowing hue of the polished skin ; the modest sweetness of the whole figure ; the grace and symmetry, which he felt must live in every motion, though as yet she stirred not,

bound him in a willing thrall, until his whole consciousness was merged in one intense and overwhelming sense of beauty.

He saw the timidly outreaching arms, the softly inclining head, and the radiant expression of joy, when he recognised in her his old friend and playmate, whose loss he had never ceased to mourn. And she, too, expected and recognised him, as he did her.

They were drawn toward each other by an irresistible attraction; but the Angel came between, and lifting Adam from the ground, where he was nearly sinking, he took him by the hand, and blessed him, as he did also the beautiful stranger. And he gave them to each other, to be husband and wife, Father and Mother of all human generations.:

Adam was no longer alone :

“For when she came in Nature’s blameless pride,  
Bone of his bone, his Heaven-anointed bride,  
All meaner objects faded from his sight,  
And sense turned giddy with the new delight.  
Those charmed the eye ; but this entranced the Soul—  
Another Self-queen-wonder of the whole !  
Rapt at the view, in ecstasy he stood ;  
And, like his Maker, saw that ALL WAS GOOD.”

When the Angel was gone, and they sat together side by side, a sense of holy joy filled their hearts ; for the deep pathos of their long loneliness had made them purer—worthier of each other, and of their present happiness.

Adam led his wife home to Eden ; and when they rested by the way-side, they told their stories to each other. In all respects they were the same, except that the spiritual unfolding of the woman had preceded that of the man by a few days. This had happened at a time when the bright and lovely young creature had fallen nearly into a state of despair for the loss of her mother. Thus, all inferior relationships had been opportunely remove ; and they alone were all in all to each other.

They dwelt together in that wholeness of heart, which is the normal condition of marriage. They knew that they were created for that beautiful union, to which God and Nature and the good Angels had so truly led them. And when the young wife brought forth her first-born, Adam named her Eve, because she was mother of all the Living.

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### THE PLATFORM.

BY CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR.\*

WITH the advent of the Spiritual Philosophy of this century, came the corroborative spiritual phenomena; and both were hailed with delight by a few waiting souls scattered over the hills and valleys of the Earth. Like all other recipients of great truths, they were unselfish and non-exclusive; but with love and good-will toward their fellows they would disclose the wondrous evidences of Immortality that had been vouchsafed to them, that all might participate in their joy. But *where* should the proclamation be made? From what proper place should their burning words of hope and fruition be pronounced?

Remarkably practical questions;—that thrust the sharp points of their interrogations into the very faces of the would-be Evangelists, and taunted them to reply!

The *Pulpit* was locked behind the Preacher, and it was, besides, the sole property of the church, whose very walls were built to *hold in* the old revelation, and *wall out* the new. From the dome of St. Peter's to the "little church round the corner" waved the flaming sword of the defending angel of the old faith, till from absolute necessity the new disciple

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\* An Address, delivered on occasion of the Twenty-sixth Anniversary Exercises, before the Assembly of Spiritualists, convened at Robinson Hall, New York city, March 31. 1874.

and self-elected preacher stepped upon the Platform, without at all realizing that the Dispensation of this New Faith fitly belonged there ; not a man of them saw the wonderful adaptation of things in this severe necessity ; but to me, it seems to have been directly appointed, that the broad, open *Platform* should supercede the *Pulpit* in the declaration of the Gospel of To-day, though the new gospel in nowise depreciates the real value of the old, but offers present *revolution*, which is more vital to living men than past *tradition*. Then my claim is, the *Platform* is ours ; and shall be so long as we hold it consecrate to the indications of spirit-life, and to teaching *how* the fact of unending individual existence and spirit communion may be a practical blessing to the life that now is.

If one should wander away into the rural districts, where railroads and telegraphs have not disturbed the movements of ancient manners, he will find for the sole instruction and guidance of the people a Pulpit, and not a Platform, a dim and dusty place where antique reverence still has an altar, and the shepherd of the village pastorate is so loftily enthroned, that the tallest deacon of his flock has literally to look up to him. "Fearfully and wonderfully made" was that old consecrated structure—a gigantic martin-box, reached by a winding stair, and shut up against intrusion by a snap-lock ! There, venerated for place, if not venerable in person, the good pastor was, in truth, confined to 'his notes, whether reading or exhorting ; and if he was a man of moderate stature, his three feet of lateral range was contracted to the top of a high stool, that he might see, over the parapet, his people that he fed below. Think of such men as Mr. Beecher on a tall cricket over the heads of his congregation ! and then admire and wonder how the painful preacher of the past could have caught the winged messengers of inspiration, while so cooped up in a narrow box, seeing only the bald tips of elderly heads, like cobble stones on a sea-



beach—or the isolated peaks of upturned noses, like a shoal of herrings on the surf!

But that perch has come down in lands this side of sunrise;—and departed forever from familiar sight. The Pulpit has come down to pew-level, and spread itself abroad into the Platform. The teacher and leader of the roused intellect of to-day must have something more than a step-ladder to give himself exaltation in the eyes of men—and so intimately is the stir of the blood and muscle allied to the flash of the intellect and the flow of the moral power, that when that is *cramped*, these are *obscured*.

In the regulating of the moral and intellectual world, whereby the masses are brought up, and the teacher brought down into more intimate relationship, there need be, and there should be, no loss of reverence and wise respect in the masses, and no vulgarizing of the tone of the teacher. But where every man and every woman may be hearer and teacher in close alternation, the deference of the one shall merge easily into the dignity of the other, and a kind of courtly equality displace ancient servility and arrogance. Herein should the leveling tendencies of the age have an expressive symbol; inasmuch as the old perch of authoritative dictation has come to pew-level—it has also broadened and taken in all worthy fellowships, and all noble sympathies. The snap-lock sentry-box of the old watchman on the "walls of Zion," with its dust and loneliness, has been replaced by the open field, accessible to all, while the large freedom of the body is a just type of the large freedom of the soul. The repose of the world is now but a midnight bivouac, an army sleeping on its arms. Progress is not entrenched, but on the march; there are no walls to the soul armed with the weapons of truth, and this democratic age makes a soldier to-day, and a citizen to-morrow; now a Governor, and now a man; at Washington a President, at home a private gentleman.

In exact keeping with this new order of the world, is the

ready transition from benches to rostrum, from teacher to taught—and henceforth all names of high and low shall but indicate some alternating office of the one individual sovereign, the equal peer of all. We fall back upon intrinsic values, when we carry unstamped metals to the market. The open Platform puts a man to a crucial test of his own grace and dignity. The battlemented height of the Pulpit threw a charitable cloak of deal and upholstery about the awkwardness of the clergy, and the high sanctity of place shielded their spiritual and mental left-handedness, which now have no suffrage from eyes level to the standing, not to say understanding of their teachers. Coming down to the people—open on all sides to the people—the Platform is the people's arena, the democratic Pulpit, and a significant landmark of a new departure, in which mere position ceases to be distinctive, because the place is open to all who have a well-ordered word of truth to utter, while the wide freedom of the body, kept in order by the laws of natural grace and decorum, fitly formulates the spiritual and intellectual liberty that must also have its laws of grace and decorum.

The *proprieties* of the Platform are easily described from its nature and purpose. As it belongs essentially to the people, to be used by the people, for themselves in their broad humanity, it is therefore, obviously, the duty of the temporary occupant to remember, that he is but for the moment off the benches, to serve, not his own ends, but the general welfare. If he has an aim selfish and apart from that, his place is not there, where all is broad and equitable. The spiritual fanatic may not presume, that his closer approach to the multitude is only to give him easier access to the pockets of men, as a compensation for the last terrors he could once display from a dim ærial perch. The demagogue, or social fanatic, should not be left to imagine that this great arena was constructed for his special convenience, and that when he would set a trap for the unwary he has only to take the platform, and allure them by his specious pretences ;—

well, he knows what planks will tilt in an unequal tread and on what bar he can support himself when the downfall comes to crush his dupes. His purpose being identical with himself, let his vantage-ground be no wider than his boots, and no firmer than his principles ; and let us leave him to build his own arena, and for the love of humanity never offer, nor allow him ours.

The Platform, in becoming the public Pulpit, fairly precludes its use for merely private purposes. In inviting all, it offers service to all, and exclusive convenience to none. A stand-point so high and inaccessible as the Pulpit, may seem fit for the solitary despot to whose empire it has sometimes served ; and it has always seemed aloof from common men, —it looked down upon them in dusty and purple pride—it, shut them off—it was dictatorial and authoritative—it was the pulpit of an order, and not of the *Race*.

In becoming broad and open, its sympathies are common ; and in stooping toward the level of mankind it invites them, —it fellowships them—it serves them, or is itself a fraud. Here Virtue is the only strength—Reason the only test—actual Knowledge the only authority, and Spiritual Power the only exaltation. But the Platform has withal its consecration as inviolate as that of the old pulpit. It is consecrated by integrity of mind and heart, and it is dedicated to Humanity, to Progress, and all truth which can be apprehended by by all earnest souls, and nothing is foreign to it which is not alien to human welfare ; and nothing is at home upon it, which is adverse to that welfare. Mere personalities are a degradation of its function, and to make it an engine of abuse—of vituperation, or personal condemnation, exculpation, or adulation, is to desecrate it more than ever pulpit was desecrated by the merest hireling, or the grossest usurpation by a polluted church. Their act was but narrowing a narrow aim—this is the desecration of the broad liberty of all ; a mere clique suffered there—Humanity suffers here, with every such abuse.

Less guilty, but not less vexatious, is the invasion of the Platform by the inspiration of vanity, and the great mission of hearing one's own voice. It is a mild sort of sin, perhaps, but a very severe affliction. Once there was no ground for protest, for the people were passive, and the master only could speak. Sad for us if he were a dullard, sadder if he were a rogue. Against the first, the honest crude hearer has now the protection of lungs and feet; against the last, the sharpened wits, the sarcastic pen, and the freedom of all decorous speech.

We as hearers can now make laws for ourselves as preachers, for offices so interchangeable have but one interest, and one code. From the preacher we have the right to demand every one's *best*, on peril of our displeasure and removal; and we have also the right at length upon fair trial, to decide, that his best is not good enough; though we can be patient with short-comings in our temporary teacher, for we too, may fail in adequate expression; but we shall, at least, aim at a high and worthy success, and not insult a needy and patient people with the crudities of laziness, or the shallowness of neglected, or even unprovided opportunities, even though we may claim to be efflated by Cicero, Edwards, Isaiah, Lorenzo Dow, Paul or Jupiter.

Eloquence as a distinctive aim is nearly obsolete, and well it may be, when matter is so subordinate to manner, that a speaker's page is marked at studied intervals, like the actor's play-book, with "*here weep*," "*here freely use the handkerchief*," and "*here wait for applause*;" which examples are not without illustrious practitioners. But an earnest purpose gives earnestness to manner, and a true thing said in the very fashion it inspires is always eloquent.

Did the crudest, or the most eloquent man, ever confound Everett's *art* of eloquence, in his most artistic tones, and rhetorical periods, with Sumner's *heart* of eloquence, when he plead with a husky voice for the quick passage of his Civil Rights Bill; or in that martyr-speech of his, in which

he urged the claim of millions of American black men to liberty? No, never! any more than a famished man confounds painted confectionery with the savory soup, that will send warmth and life to every nerve and organ of his perishing body. So sincerity is above all things in place upon the platform. It gives singleness of aim, with directness of speech, and precludes every low and selfish purpose. A soul may be sincere and narrow; but a soul can hardly be sincere and mean.

But we want there something more than earnestness and honesty; these keep up the right tone, but may be lacking in scope. Give us with all, ideas that have been caught from the breezy heights of progress; from reverent daring, and profound investigation; from actual experience, and with the individual motive laid bare to the innermost consciousness—before taking expression as fact or opinion in the public place. For the hungry will seize eagerly whatever is thrown in their way. We who have seen the advent of this new era of spiritual development have had sad and abundant proof of the eager hunger of humanity for something positive concerning the future, and are often taunted with the charge that our Platform has not given anything adequate to the needs of men, but has dealt from it only the flesh of goats, and the broth of abominable things, and we, in reply, say only this:

That the rapid influx of the whole kingdom of unrest to the vortex of this new opening, proves where the hollowness existed, and what the common want has been. If shallow souls have not escaped that want, and have enacted folly in their haste to be wise—and self-inflated souls have essayed to offer their own foolishness as wisdom, to the disgust of the wise, and the disgrace of the weak—charge it not on us, nor on our faith! Too *eager*, because too *needy*, they have grasped the dross with the gold, the husks with the bountiful wisdom, and counted both alike precious—all sacred which bore the mark of mystery on its forehead. Charge it

not on us, I say, but on the dry fountains that have given them no water—the old shepherds that have famished their souls with sapless husks; for, Mr. Chairman, we know that a well-fed flock will not hurry into poorer pasture, and that a starved flock will hardly be select in any.

Among all sects there are glib tongues, whose opinions have not a deep root in their souls; because they never question an experience, never analyze a thought, never chase home an emotion to the heart. At the announcement of any subject, they open their lips to instruct the wise—and their smooth words run like water from the mouths of those horrid Gargoyles, carved at the corners of old feudal castles, and the eager hearer strains every faculty to get a meaning from their words. They seem full as a fountain in Spring, but give out only what should be claimed by the waste-pipe.

There is also a class of brains that seem to act automatically, and if one could know what they had last heard upon a given subject, he could at once determine what they would next utter upon it. These children of volubility belong on the benches, and must let their thought take root, before any amount of inspiration will make them teachers of an intelligent public. And, friends of the Platform, have we not wrung this lesson from our twenty-six years of experience—that *our Platform* must nourish the brain and soul of intelligent people, or drop from beneath our feet? But while we keep steadily before us our first noble purpose—good-will to humanity, and a better hope for all—we shall escape many of the worst abuses of the popular platform, and have only to be patient with some earnest oddities, tolerant with some sincere platitudinarians, and the crudities of half-development—and of these we can well be tolerant—while the great *Platform* movement, as a unit, sets steadily on to the end that is *Highest*, and so, at last, must come by the way that is *Purest*!

## A LESSON OF LIFE.

J. ELFRETH WATKINS.

TEACH not the young to think of death with fear,  
With awful dread to contemplate the hour,  
When soul, no longer linked to mortal clay,  
Shall rise, triumphant, to the realms of love—  
Immortal as its great primeval Font ;  
The source of all that's just, and pure, and good—  
Amid the mystic music of the Spheres  
To dwell for aye ; 'mong all the sages wise,  
And warriors great, who've walked this mundane Sphere,  
E'er since from chaos it was first redeemed.  
The same great law, that rules in simple things  
Controls the lives of all. For all on Earth  
Must die—must *die to live* again. The rose,  
Chilled to its heart by Winter's blast, seems dead,  
But gentle Spring, with genial warmth, calls forth  
Its fragrant blossoms to new life. Renewed  
In strength it rises from its grave, to fill  
Its place in God's all-wise design. And so  
Shall we, the mightiest creatures of His hand,  
Rise from the dust—made pure and more refined—  
To bud and blossom on the flowery hills  
That mark the boundary of the Angel-land.  
E'en as a Rose, transplanted to good soil,  
And cared for with a gentle hand, each day  
Gives forth a sweeter perfume from its buds—  
So we—transplanted to the sunnier shores,  
Where Angel-gardeners nurse and cherish each  
Outgrowth of soul—will grow more pure and sweet,  
And bloom and shed our fragrance on the shore  
Where first in wildness we took root.

## SWEDENBORG.

BY GEORGE SEXTON, M.D., LL.D.

In deep trance-slumbers, when the world, asleep,  
Lay in the arms of Night, and wept or smiled,  
His liberated soul raised from its dust.  
We led him far beyond the veils, and floods,  
And labyrinths of sleep ; the clouds of death  
And all the shadowed dwellers in the world  
Were far beneath him. Through his consciousness,  
Streamed the celestial sunrise.  
Cities and temples of celestial space  
Were mirrored in his mind."

T. L. HARRIS.

SWEDENBORG ; or, The Mystic," so Emerson heads his essay on this extraordinary man. But what is a stic ? It may mean a person who suffers from an aberration of intellect, and who, under the influence of a species insanity, writes that which no rational being can understand, and which, in truth, is meaningless, to him from whose brain it springs. On the other hand, the term may be used to describe one who has a deeper insight into nature than his fellows, and whose powers so far transcend those of ordinary mortals that his whole soul lives in a region only familiar to a favored few, and whose language is not comprehended by the mass of mankind, simply because the ideas that he endeavors to express are such as they can neither apprehend nor appreciate. Swedenborg belonged essentially to this latter class. He rides down the ages like a mighty Colossus, in the presence of whom even great men look like pigmies. Seldom indeed, in the history of the world, has such a man appeared ; and perhaps it is better for humanity that it should be so, since the light of more than



one sun in the firmament at the same time would dazzle to excess, and perhaps injure thereby. He stood alone in his generation, and no one since has in any way approached him in point of greatness.

He was an isolated specimen of humanity. One foot of his he planted in this world and the other he rested firmly in the celestial region. Half his time he was a practical student of Nature in her most material domain, though always discovering a spirituality in her laws which other men failed to see ; and the remaining half he dwelt in spirit-land, holding converse with beings, real or imaginary, which it was not given to other eyes to perceive. His notion of the two worlds was that they were curiously intermingled the one with the other, and that, consequently, it was possible to live, to some extent, in both—a doctrine which modern Spiritualism has done much to make popular since that time. He was not only a great thinker, but a most practical man and a voluminous writer. When one looks at the numerous books that sprang from his mighty brain and ever-active pen, to say that astonishment must be the result is to use too mild a term. And when it is remembered that these are upon the most varied topics, such as Decimal Coinage, Tides, the Construction of Docks, Sluices, Algebra, Physiology, Natural Philosophy and Mineralogy, on the one hand ; and "Heaven and Hell," "The Wisdom and Love of God," "Angelic Wisdom," "The New Jerusalem and its Heavenly Doctrine" on the other, it will be seen at once that few—very few—human beings could have been competent to the task of their production. In all his books he displayed not merely the inspiration of a genius, but the insight of a seer. He looked through the external coatings of Nature and saw the secret springs by which she was moved. "We enjoy in Nature," says Jean Paul Richter, "not barely what we see (for were it so the woodsman and the poet would feel only the same pleasure), but we enjoy that which we impute to what we see, and our feeling for

Nature is in reality only what we imagine with regard to it." Swedenborg brought to Nature the mighty powers of his gigantic mind, and hence the vast knowledge of her forces which he obtained. To him there was "a soul in all things" and he held it to be his especial business not only to discover this, but to learn something of its mode of action.

Within the last few years the works of Swedenborg have acquired a wider circulation than could have been expected considering their mystic character. This is probably due largely to the spread of Spiritualism, some of the doctrines of which are nearly akin to his own. The increased and increasing study of German philosophy and the large circulation of the works of what are called the Mystic Poets, have also doubtless tended to the same end. The religious followers of Swedenborg are insignificant when compared with many other sects, and exercise but little influence upon the age, but the name of their master becomes, every day, a greater power than before. The Swedenborgians are a good enough sort of people in their way, but as a rule they are as narrow-minded and dogmatic as the Methodists, and care more for respectability than truth. Indeed, in founding a sect at all, they have completely departed from the teachings of Him whose name they bear. He declared that all the churches were dead, but never dreamed of forming another. All sects, he maintained, were without any living, active principle; but still he did not think to mend the matter by adding another to a number that was already too large. He laid claim to supernatural revelations, professed intimate acquaintance with the denizens of the other world, and advocated doctrines directly opposed to those taught in the old creeds, but never hinted at becoming the founder of a church. In truth, on the whole he had a considerable contempt for forms of worship, treating chapel-going as a very good thing in its way, but very liable to be abused if carried to excess. His ideas were those of Goëthe—

"Grau, theurer freund is alle theorie,  
Und grün des lebens goldner baum."

Virtuous deeds were with him the all-in-all, and religious ceremonies things which, though they might be useful for a certain time, were of themselves perfectly valueless. Faith, the leading principle in other creeds, in his was very largely ignored, and its place supplied by love. The doctrine of the Trinity as held by the orthodox, and the popular theory of the Atonement, he looked upon—the former as an absurdity, and the latter as mischievous in the extreme. Jesus Christ, he taught was the only God in heaven and earth, and the terms Father, Son and Spirit, simply used to describe Him under different manifestations, a doctrine which looks as irrational as most of the others on the same subject. He explained the Bible by a mystical rule, and those books that did not square with his theory when the test was applied were at once discarded as uninspired. By this means he considerably reduced the number of books in the Scriptures, and he did not hesitate to declare that many Bible heroes, looked upon as saints by other denominations, were in hell. This is a summary of his religious views; but all these dogmas he considered very unimportant when compared with the practice of virtue and the manifestation of love. His was a religion more of the heart than of the intellect.

The most important element in the teachings of Swedenborg was his doctrine regarding the future life. Man is man, he argued, to all eternity—nothing more, nothing less. Death, he held was simply a change of place, and did not and could not involve a change of character. The notion that the world of spirits is inhabited by beings of such a nature that, possessing none of these attributes of matter, it is impossible to form any conception respecting them, and that these ethereal existences occupy their time in sitting on clouds and singing the wretched doggerel called hymns, to still more wretched music, he treated as childish non-

sense. In the next world man must be man or nothing ; and this must appear tolerably clear to any thinking mind.

If after death I find myself shorn of some of my most prominent passions, and possessed of feelings and dispositions totally different from those that go to make up my character here, it is clear that my identity is gone, and that I have become another individual. To Swedenborg the next state was a kind of perpetuation of this. Man is the principal object of study, because the highest of Nature's works in this world or any other, and because humanity has been made sacred by its having been dwelt in by the Lord. Swedenborg recognizes no devils that had been once denizens of the celestial courts but had fallen through sin, and were cast into hell through disobedience ; nor any angels created as such for the purpose of flapping their wings and shouting through eternity the monotonous cry of Holy, holy, holy. His angels and devils are all human, men and women—but with the natural body thrown off—who have once lived upon earth like ourselves, and whose humanity has not been extinguished by death. His heavens and hells are all peopled by human beings whose virtues and vices are very much the same as ours are to-day. In the future world as in this they eat and drink, love and hate, labor and rest, engage in courtship and marriage. In the hells there is unbridled lust—in the heavens, the purest conjugal love ; both, however, are purely human. Indeed, so much does the other world resemble this, that many after death are there some time before they become convinced that they have departed from earth ; and in this point in particular do Swedenborg's doctrines resemble modern Spiritualism. This is all rational enough so far ; but there is one point in connection with it, of a most objectionable character. The good are eternally becoming better, and the bad worse. To say nothing of the absurdity of dividing men into good and bad—the former destined to improve and the latter to degenerate, since the worst have some virtues, and the best some

vices—it is a horrible thought that evil is to be eternal. This is the one great blot in Swedenborg's system. "Evil," says Emerson, "according to old philosophers, is good in the making. That pure malignity can exist is the extreme proposition of unbelief. . . . To what a painful perversion had Gothic theology arrived, that Swedenborg admitted no conversion for evil spirits! But the Divine effort is never relaxed; the carrion in the sun will convert itself to grass and flowers; and man, though in brothels or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true." Burns, with the wild humor of his apostrophe to "poor old Nickie Ben"—

"Oh! wad ye tak' a thocht and mend,"—

has the advantage of the vindictive theologian. Everything is superficial and perishes, but love and truth only. How infinitely superior is the doctrine that in the end, however far distant, all shall be good and pure, to the monstrous dogma that throughout eternity some shall revel in crime, or endure the torments of being roasted on infernal grid-irons, tortured by malignant fiends and writhing under unbroken despair.

As a philosopher, however, Swedenborg will always be held in high estimation. He is peculiarly the property of thinkers, not shallow-brained readers of sensational trash under the guise of works of fiction, or the theological rubbish yclept sermons and religious tracts. His scientific discoveries—and they were not few—may fade into insignificance beside other and greater ones that future ages may bring to light, but his philosophy must always be interesting to the student of Nature. Emerson truly says of him; "A colossal soul, he lies abroad on his times, uncomprehended by them, and requires a long focal distance to be seen; suggests as Aristotle, Bacon, Selden, Humboldt, that a certain vastness of learning a *quasi* omnipresence of the human soul in nature is possible. His superb speculation, as from a tower over Nature and arts, without ever losing sight of the

texture and sequence of things, almost realises his own picture in the "Principia" of the original integrity of man. Over and above the merit of his particular discourse is the capital merit of his self-equality. A drop of water has the properties of the sea, but cannot exhibit a storm. There is beauty of a concert as well as of a flute; strength of a host as well as of a hero; and in Swedenborg those who are best acquainted with modern books will most admire the merit of mass. One of the missouriums and mastodons of literature, he is not to be measured by whole colleges of ordinary scholars. His stalwart presence would flutter the gowns of a university. The reason for this is that he studied Nature, as a whole, and not in fragmentary or disjointed portions. Every part bore a definite relation to every other part, and especially to man. Even his supernatural revelations, his communings with spirits, taught him the perfection of humanity. God is only known through His Divine humanity. His whole philosophy might be summed up in Pope's famous line:

"The proper study of mankind is man."

The universe with its ten thousand phenomena and the multiplicity of its forces, had to Swedenborg a deep, hidden meaning, resulting from the unity that pervaded it and connected all its parts with each other. It was what was said of the French Republic—"one and indivisible." No portion could be studied separately in piecemeal; it must be looked at as a whole. But what a mighty mind it required to accomplish this! Yet this man was equal to the occasion. All the tendency of modern science is in the direction in which Swedenborg's philosophy pointed, and every new discovery made to-day tends to show more clearly how gigantic a mind he had.

It is still the fashion amongst orthodox religionists to declare that Swedenborg was a kind of lunatic. He had some genius, they admit, but was a little crazed in his religious notions. He was a very good man in his way, but

wandered in the regions of mysticism until he lost himself and never could find his way back to common sense. Yet there never was a more practical mind than his. He devoted himself to the various branches of science with a result seldom equaled. Physiology, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Mechanics, Astronomy and Mathematics were as familiar to him as "household words." He could speak a dozen languages, and, seemingly, no topic lay outside the domain of his knowledge. There is scarcely a trade or an art that he did not know as well as its professors, and his erudition was something almost superhuman. Simple in his habits, unpretentious in his character, he was a perfect model of a gentleman. He would delight in playing with a child or listening to its innocent prattle, and half an hour afterwards he would be found sounding the depths of immensity. Those who call him madman know little of his works or less of his character. Their stock of knowledge would be greatly improved had they but a hundredth part of that possessed by him on any one given subject. Whatever may have been the source of his intellectual power, it was indubitably of a most extraordinary character.

17 Trafalgar Road, London, England.

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### BARBARISM OF CIVILIZATION.

**A**T best we are only partially civilized. Even the religious classes are more in love with pomp than purity. As a people, we respect political power, military chieftains, and gunpowder, rather than intellectual achievements and moral heroes. Even enlightened America has so much of the old spirit of barbarism remaining, that we read and write histories of rulers rather than of the people. Fame still won on battle-fields, while the ministers of Peace must look for their record in heaven. We build proud monuments to successful generals; but thistles often grow above the heads of philosophers and only the daisies bloom on the poet's grave.

S. B. B.

## The Editor at Home.

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JUDGE ISRAEL DILLE.

*Justum et tenacem propositum virum ;*

**A** RIPE scholar and wise teacher ; an eminent scientist and profound philosopher ; an original thinker and a strong writer ; and, withal, a man of great moral and spiritual power—having filled up the measure of his years in honorable service of his country and mankind, suddenly, but calmly, retires from the scene of his labors. JUDGE DILLE devoted the last hours of his noble life to this JOURNAL ;\* and we should dishonor our own manhood did we not pause here, to pay this tribute to the memory of one of the purest and ablest men of his time.

At the beginning of the present century the father of our subject lived in Jefferson county, in the North West Territory. The family appears to have been influential among the early settlers in that region, and the particular locality came so be known as Dille's Bottom. It is situated about sixteen miles below Wheeling, on the river, in Belmont county, Ohio. Here Judge DILLE was born, in August, 1802. He was still an infant when the family removed and settled near Cleveland. This journey through an unsettled country—without roads, and covered with the primitive forests—

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\* In completing the series of papers on "Matter, Ether and Spirit," one of which appears in this number. These, and JUDGE DILLE's other contributions to the Quarterly, all illustrate the clearness of his conceptions, the independence of his thought, and the affluence that at once commands the treasury of knowledge, and fitly clothes the creations of the mind.



was performed on horseback, the Mother carrying Israel in her arms.

Cleveland was then near the western outpost of civilization, and not beyond the occasional incursions of wild beasts and hostile Indians. The rude scenes of border-life and the rugged labors of the pioneer—familiar to Israel in his childhood and early youth—doubtless had something to do in forming the strong mind and noble character of the man. He was neither enfeebled by indolence, nor corrupted by base indulgences—fostered by our corrupt civilization. Fortunately, he received his early education, and his character was formed, before the era of our fashionable weakness and political degeneracy. During the first fourteen years of his life his educational advantages were extremely limited. He was without teachers, save such as he recognized in the great kingdoms of Nature; and his knowledge of books was restricted to the few volumes in his father's possession. Among these was a work on astronomical science, which he studied carefully, and with increasing interest. This aided the development of his faculties, and determined his subsequent preference for scientific pursuits.

He was fifteen when he entered school at Washington, Pennsylvania, where he remained several years. His father, being a man of limited means, it became necessary for the son to teach school, a portion of the time, to enable him to pursue his studies. After completing his collegiate course, he continued his vocation as teacher at Somerset, Perry county, Ohio, at the same time pursuing the study of the law, under the direction of the late Hocking Hunter of Lancaster, in that State. After being admitted to the bar, he settled, in 1826, at Newark, Ohio, where his character as a man, not less than his legal acquirements, attracted public attention—secured many friends, and success in his profession. He was recognized by Thomas Ewing, William and Henry Stanberry, and other eminent men, as a young lawyer of great promise. He was their peer, and in many im-

Portant cases demonstrated his ability to cope with the most distinguished lawyers in his native State.

After an honorable career of some fourteen years in the legal profession, he found his health seriously impaired. In 1840 he retired from the practice of the law, and traveled with a view to the recovery of his health, and the acquisition of knowledge. He examined the whole country from Lake Superior to the Gulf. His remarkable power of observation and retentive memory not only enabled him to acquire a vast amount of topographical information, but he carefully studied the geology of that whole region, and became familiar with the natural products and mineral deposits along the entire lines of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

But it was not alone as a scientist that he surveyed the country. He readily perceived the vast possibilities of that region, and anticipated the great natural improvements and business enterprises that would inevitably accompany the development of its immeasurable resources. He saw the necessity for new outlets for the products of the great valleys and the broad prairies; for other channels of communication, and the facilities for rapid transportation between the storehouses of the West and the seaboard. At length he became enlisted in one of those grand enterprises, devoting much time, great energy, and rare intelligence to the prosecution of the work. But his experience was substantially that of many other men, to whom we are chiefly indebted for the accomplishment of objects of great public utility. He lost the fortune he had previously acquired. He was sacrificed, but the work was ultimately successful. He was emphatically the pioneer of the railroad and mining interests of Ohio. The very men who, many years ago, regarded him as an enthusiast, have realized large fortunes in the success of the schemes he projected, and the public interest has been vastly promoted by his remarkable foresight and broad interpretation of the necessities of his time.

Many years since, when Newark, Ohio, was comparatively

a small town, Judge DILLE was elected Mayor, and in that capacity did much to promote the interests of the place. Under his municipal administration the public Park, known as Court House Square, was graded and ornamented. The little elms, planted by his hands, have become stately trees, and this public ground is now one of the chief attractions of the place. His various and important services are not forgotten by the people; but a generation, that has risen since he administered the city government, yet holds his name in respect, and his services in grateful remembrance. On the occasion of his last visit to his old home, a deputation of prominent citizens met and welcomed him to the place which, long ago, his intelligence and public spirit had contributed to improve and beautify. It was a grateful recognition of his public services. This tribute of respect, from the authorities and people of Newark, was all the more appropriate and significant, since it was paid to one whose superior attainments and exalted character had already rendered him her most distinguished citizen.

Not only was the practice of the law, in some respects, unsuited to Judge DILLE's tastes, but he instinctively recoiled from the rude conflicts of the political arena. The constitution and habit of his mind determined him to seek the more peaceful walks of life, and his chastened ambition chiefly aimed at mental and moral achievements. These he recognized as the principal levers that lift the human race up to higher conditions. But his love of retirement, and his strong preference for intellectual pursuits, were accompanied by no visible trace of weakness or irresolution when great principles were to be defended, and the institutions of a nation were required to pass through the fire of revolution. His idea of the uses of adversity is clearly expressed in a little poem, written when the rising cloud of the late Rebellion was beginning to overshadow the Republic. We extract the following stanzas from his

## BENEFITS OF ADVERSITY.

These days of trial and of gloom  
Arouse a nation's brain and heart ;  
Awake new powers, and give them room  
For work, that peace could not impart.

The gold must in the fire be purged ;  
The trenchant blade is formed in fire ;  
So hearts and intellects are urged  
To mighty deeds by trials dire.

How few of all earth's noblest sons  
Had left a name, had not distress  
Wrung their high souls, to deeds or tones  
Which coming ages love to bless?

A Homer, or a Milton blind,  
A banished Dante wake the lyre  
To strains most thrilling and sublime,  
By words like blows, and thoughts like fire.

Judge DILLE was—during the greater part of his life—a constant and careful student of the physical sciences. He was an expert in many departments. His familiarity with the record of modern discoveries, and the application of scientific principles to art and industry, was something remarkable. In Geology, Botany and Meteorology, he was an acknowledged authority, and a most instructive guide. His information was general and particular, embracing principles and details ; and, in respect to his favorite studies, his knowledge was both intimate and profound. His pursuits were eminently unselfish. If he approached the sources of political influence, it was in the interest of civilization. If he asked a favor at the hands of the law-making power, it was never for himself alone, but for Humanity.

When the geological survey of Ohio was in progress—about thirty years ago—the Judge spent some time at the

State Capitol, with a view of promoting the legislation demanded to insure the successful prosecution of the work. While the survey was under discussion, he frequently met with Gen. Garfield, who was then a member of one branch of the Legislature. For many years after the completion of the work, nothing occurred to bring them together, and they did not meet again until after the war. In the meantime the Judge—reduced in fortune, but enriched by his long and varied experience—had accepted a situation in the Internal Revenue Office at Washington. After the Rebellion Gen. Garfield was elected a member of Congress. Soon after he came to Washington, Judge DILLE, in company with a friend, called at his residence. The General did not at once recognize his old friend and coworker; but he subsequently remarked, that at the instant the Judge came in, "he had an impression that *that* man meant geology."

At the ripe age of seventy-one years, our friend was extremely active and vigorous. He found no difficulty in walking several miles into the country, over the hills, and along the banks of the Potomac. He always carried his hammer, and every visible object in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms was sure to arrest his attention. In these journeys he frequently had some companion, attracted by a similar love of knowledge, and, especially, by the interest of his conversation, in which the principles of science were freely illustrated by incidents in his experience, and anecdotes of distinguished scientists. These excursions were continued almost to the close of a life full of beautiful uses. His hopes were firmly anchored, and not a cloud obscured his vision. To the last hour of life on earth, the mind was clear and strong, and his sun went down with more than meridian glory.

His last day in time was spent at his desk, in the faithful discharge of his clerical duties. In the evening, accompanied by Mrs. Dille, he called on a friend. When they returned home, he remarked that he would go to his study, and look over his last article for BRITTAN'S JOURNAL. He

was thus occupied one hour, when, leaving his work, he informed his wife that he was very ill, and would retire at once. We extract her brief description of what followed :

"I called Dr. Hood, who lives next door. He found him suffering from an aggravation of the trouble of his heart. In twenty minutes his life went out, without the least appearance of dying. It has ever been his desire to go in the vigor of his physical and mental powers, and his prayer was answered. He was never brighter nor happier than on the day he passed 'Over the River.'"

Dr. Hood, who well understood his case, ascribes his sudden departure to *Cardiac Apoplexy*. Thus in his earthly maturity—in the fullness of manly strength, and the free exercise of every noble faculty—he quietly laid aside his mortal habiliments, and serenely walked forth, clothed in the white robes of the Spirit. *Sic itur ad astra*.

The translation of the Judge was signalized by a special meeting of the officers of the Internal Revenue Department, over which Commissioner J. W. Douglass was called to preside. Among other resolutions, expressive of the sense of the meeting, the following was unanimously adopted :

"Be it Resolved, That in simplicity of character, honesty of purpose and extensive and varied information, Judge DILLE has left behind him, in this Bureau, but few equals, and no superiors; and that while we mourn our own and the community's loss, we will cherish the memory of his many virtues, and keep alive the remembrance of that Christian charity and kindliness of temper which illustrated and adorned his character, sweetened personal intercourse with, and lent a charm to, his official and every-day life."

In his brief tribute to Judge DILLE, the Commissioner observed, in substance, that, not long after he made his acquaintance, he discovered that he was a man of excellent judgment, great sagacity, and possessed of unusual stores of knowledge. His rare attainments in the several branches

of science were combined with an amiable and childlike disposition and gentle manners.

From a letter addressed to J. T. Vinson, of the Internal Revenue Bureau, by A. Wellington Hart—formerly associated with the Judge in his official capacity—we extract the following:

"I fully appreciate the character of one who, from every standpoint, could not fail to rivet the admiration and respect of all who were fortunate enough to know him. A man of scholastic attainments, with a mind which was a treasury of knowledge, capable of discussing the most abstruse subjects; his learning not confined to *belles lettres*, but a close student of all that promoted the arts and sciences, he was at once willing and desirous of imparting the result of his studies for the benefit of his fellow-men; and I always looked forward to the few leisure hours left to us after business to communicate with him and enjoy his delightful society."

On seconding the motion for the adoption of the Resolutions, Judge Clark said:

"Mr. President, Judge DILLE, whose sudden death we are called to deplore, was an uncommon man, and his equal is not often met. God, in his beneficence and wisdom, vouchsafes to the world only occasionally one of this pattern, to demonstrate, perhaps, the highest possibilities of human nature.

"I became acquainted with him about six years ago, and I immediately became impressed with the excellent qualities of his character, and our intimate acquaintance which followed strengthened my impressions till they grew to an unbounded admiration for the extent and accuracy of his learning, the ripeness of his judgment, his absolute equity, and the irreproachable purity of his motives and life."

We have only space for a few words from Mr. Arnold's feeling tribute to the memory of our friend.

"In looking over the history of my intercourse with Judge DILLE, for the last sixteen years, . . . I can not point to a single time when

he was morose or sour, or when he was out of sorts with the world, or was angry or dissatisfied. He always seemed to be cheerful and happy, and delighted to see his friends, . . . among whom he did not need the official dignity of title to give him consideration. The guinea stamp could not add anything to the pure gold of his truly royal character.

"He had a son, an only son, who, like so many others, went down in the war for liberty and Union; and those of us who suffered similar losses know how severe an experience that is. But he shed his tears in private, and neither this loss, nor the others which had preceded it, disturbed at all the even serenity of his life, which continued to flow on, like a full river towards the great ocean where all his hopes and interests were centered."

Mr. Poesche read a paper on the life, character, services and sacrifices of Judge DILLE, from which we select brief passages.

"The history of mankind was his favorite study, and a well-read scholar he proved to be. Whether the migrations of our own race from Asia to the western confines of this continent, or the mounds of the American aborigines had to be investigated, he was always the same painstaking, conscientious, untiring student of human history. His name will forever remain connected with the investigations concerning the American mound-builders. . . . In his youth his heart yearned to make the liberty, so dear to him, universal. In his manhood came the struggle. Not for a moment did he hesitate on which side to place himself; his head was too clear, his heart beat too warmly to admit of hesitation. He became a staunch supporter of human liberty through all the varied trials that cause had to undergo until its final triumph. His only son fell on the battle-field for liberty. Who ever heard a complaint from him? The great cause consoled the mourning father."

Henry Ames Blood read an original poem, written for the occasion. The inspiration of his muse is so full of genuine feeling, that we must give place to the following lines:



"One heart is truly desolate !  
 And many hearts are sad, and many an eye sheds tears ;  
 For he, the loved and honored, has gone down—  
 Leaving us here, and leaving his dear mate.  
 Whose happiness to his was flower and crown—  
 Into the vale of years.

For greater loss than ours  
 Men's tears are seldom shed ;  
 Nor ever did a maiden scatter flowers  
 Over the graves of many worthier dead ;  
 Nor ever did the wondrous life which warms  
 Here on the earth, or burns in any sun,  
 Glow brighter or show happier, in one  
 Of all its myriad forms.

Nowhere within the universal whole  
 Around us, or below us, or above,  
 But his sublime, all-comprehending soul  
 Found something to desire or love.

So he loved Nature ; and he sought  
 His treasure-trove in every secret nook ;  
 And found it there, where others deemed it not ;  
 For unto his fond eyes  
 A daisy-leaf was richer than a book ;  
 And all was harmony and sweet surprise.

But he has gone, and borne away with him  
 These riches into other realms than ours ;  
 And so it is with tears all eyes are dim ;  
 But who that knew shall not remember him,  
 Whenever and wherever we may stray,  
 Upon a summer's day,  
 Roaming the fields, in love with trees and flowers !"

Mr. DILLE had served the people of Newark, Old  
 long and faithfully, and he was identified with the place  
 of the place in so many ways, that he clung to it with  
 affection. There he had spent the greater part of an  
 and useful life ; and there, too, he proposed to rest  
 away from the bitter strifes of the world, and the  
 that often robs the dead of their small possessions.

ago he secured a plot in its cemetery, where, on a Summer's day, in 1863—while reposing for an hour in silence and shadow—his heart's prayer found expression in the following :

O bury me here in this deep, deep shade,  
Where the evergreen boughs will over me wave,  
By the constant murmuring breezes swayed,  
In a solemn requiem over my grave.

And raise no stone o'er my mouldering dust  
To tell the thoughtless who slumbers here ;  
The grave will be faithful to its trust,  
And love will its cherished memory bear.

For this body, wearied with toil and strife,  
Needs the repose of this quiet place,  
That my spirit may burst into higher life,  
To find no limit to time or space.

Then bury me here in this deep, deep shade,  
Where the evergreen boughs will over me wave ;  
An emblem of glories that never shall fade,  
And of life undying beyond the grave."

The prayer of the good man was answered, and his mortal remains now repose in the cemetery at Newark. One of his old neighbors read this prayer at the burial, and they made his grave

"Where the evergreen boughs will over him wave."

The intellectual and moral development of Judge DILLE was characterized by unusual harmony and completeness. His devotion to the physical sciences did not render him less reverent in a rational sense, nor otherwise materialize his mind and life. His view of the Universe was so broad, and his aspirations were so pure and high, that he found a Spirit World necessary at once to complete the vast realm of Universal Being, and to realize the soul's prophecy of its

own infinite possibilities. He looked at the whole spiritual movement, and all its seemingly incongruous developments, with the eye and the understanding of a true philosopher. In his private correspondence with the writer he often expressed his convictions on this subject. His faith in the sublime realities of Spiritualism, and its certain triumph over human ignorance and prejudice, is expressed in a letter of recent date, from which we copy a passage in *fac simile*.

*It will not always be fashionable among scientific and religious men to deny the facts of Spiritualism. We are yet in the early twilight of <sup>the</sup> Spiritual dawn. A higher revelation is impending, of more consistency, more substantial teaching leading to more profound philosophy & more sober morality. Light will work its way. But it will be by means, and if only lucubrations will be among the means I shall not be unaided. I hope to conclude what I wish to say in two more numbers, tho I have materials collected for several volumes.*

*Truly Yours  
J. Dilley*

### SOCRATES AND EVIL SPIRITS.

AS we have reason to apprehend that Dr. Gray may not be the only friend who has misapprehended our meaning in the use of the word *evil*, as applied to Spirits and mortals, we need offer no apology for publishing the Doctor's letter, and our reply, which follow in this connection.

New York, Feb. 8, 1874.

DEAR BRITTAN:

I can not recall any testimony, from my readings about Socrates, that he ever believed in the Asiatic notion of Satans, devils, and evil Spirits.

You say (No. 1, Vol. II., p. 9) that he believed in good and *evil* Spirits; and I know you will not be offended if I ask you for proof that he believed in evil Spirits. I know that he believed that man—on leaving the body—would advance more slowly toward the true and the good if he had here devoted himself to animal appetites, than if he had lived for the soul; but he also taught that all men would at last attain true life. I think, also, that Pythagoras said nothing of evil Spirits.

Yours truly,

JOHN F. GRAY.

S. B. Brittan, M. D.

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Newark, Feb. 13, 1874.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

Your note of the date of the 8th instant is before me. It may be my fault that I am misunderstood. I use the term *evil*, legitimately, I think, to represent those qualities which tend to *injury*, or to produce mischievous results. Whether applied to Spirits or mortals, I use it in no absolute sense. I am accustomed to say of some men,

who disturb the harmony of society by their chaotic passions and abandoned lives, that they are evil, as compared with others whose lives approximate the standard of Divine order, and who consequently never interrupt the social harmony.

Now, when I say that Socrates believed in good and evil demons, I would be understood to affirm no more than appears to be virtually conceded in your letter, namely, that some human beings who have departed this life are still disorderly, or evil, as compared with those who on earth lived out the conviction that virtue is the only nobility. In other words, those who in this world "devoted themselves to the animal appetites," inevitably carry with them the moral consequences of their unbridled lusts; and all this is strictly compatible with our ideas of the divinity within, and the endless progress of the Spirit.

I accept all you say respecting the views of the great Athenian Philosopher. I do not for a moment entertain the idea that he believed in the perverted Christian notions of *diabolus*, and a separate order of infernal agents. But if many human Spirits are so benighted as to have no conception of the celestial life—are not yet prepared to see clearly and live truly—the fact appears to warrant the conclusion, that some Spirits are now, and will continue to be, relatively evil until they "at last attain true life."

Firmly believing that such a life is the prospective and certain inheritance of all, I rest with Socrates in the conviction that the Divine image, however obscured, will yet be revealed in every human being—that the present darkness will be followed by ever-increasing light and the ultimate glory of an immortal transfiguration.

I am yours sincerely,

S. B. BRITTAN.

John F. Gray, M. D.

J. K. INGALLS.

**T**HIS representative of the Land Reform was born in Swanzey, Mass., July 21st, 1816, and is now in his fifty-seventh year. He was the youngest of six children, and at the age of four years lost his father. His mother, being a woman of decided energy, contrived to keep her little brood together until, one after another, they were able to go out into the great world and make places for themselves. At the age of twelve years our subject had commenced to seek employment abroad during the summer season, but spent his winters at home in going to school, occupying the hours not employed in study in doing whatever was most necessary about the homestead.

Subsequently the boy went to a trade; but soon after completing his apprenticeship he met with Rev. William S. Balch—of the Universalist denomination—who seems to have changed the current of the young man's life. He immediately commenced the study of theology, Mr. Balch rendering him such assistance as he was able. Mr. Ingalls' first settlement was in 1840 at Southold, L. I., where he remained some three years. After preaching two years in Danbury, Conn., he returned to Southold and there remained until the New York Association of Universalists—alarmed at the growing liberalism of the younger ministers—reduced the theological platform to such narrow dimensions that our friend fell off, with several of his brethren. There was no one hurt, and the principal loss sustained was on the part of the denomination. Ecclesiastical councils have very little to do in making and unmaking such men as Ingalls, who found outside the church standing ground so broad and firm that he never troubled himself to so much as attempt the recovery of his old footing in the sectarian institution.

Of late years Mr. Ingalls has distinguished himself by his uncompromising hostility to Land Monopoly, and for the warmth, earnestness, and intelligence with which he has defended the just claims of Labor against the unrighteous exactions of Capital. In this service he has labored with uncommon zeal and great disinterestedness, and has made himself a place in the minds and hearts of many of his toiling countrymen. It will be inferred from the subjoined embodiment of his cardinal idea—expressed for this special purpose—that Mr. Ingalls looks in this particular direction for the incipient developments in the process of social regeneration.

In person Mr. Ingalls is rather below the average stature, but well organized and capable of great endurance. His temperament is nervous sanguineous; and his large front brain indicates an unusual preponderance of the reflective faculties. He is self-centered, and never disturbed by trifles; his manners are simple and free from the slightest appearance of ostentation; and his voice, which is well modulated and musical, never suggests the presence of the destructive passions. Though not especially prepossessing at first sight, Mr. Ingalls has a very transparent face—constantly illuminated by a benign expression—that never fails to inspire implicit confidence in the purity of his motives and the integrity of his nature.

#### MR. INGALLS' IDEA OF REFORM.

“An effective limitation of the right of private property in the soil, and in the crude material gratuitously supplied by Nature—out of which all wealth is developed—must constitute the initial step in any rational solution of the social problem.”

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "J. H. Ingalls". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the text of the reform idea.

## EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

### I.

#### QUALIFYING THE TRUTH.

**I**N these days we meet with many persons who are neither very earnest nor very brave. They remind us of St. Peter, who followed his Master afar off. They express their conviction only when they are satisfied that the enemies of truth are all out of the way. Their moral courage is so weak that they timidly shrink from ordinary daylight. As to any mental illumination they must have the light modified and partially *obscured* by passing it through some modern theological medium. Some false, fashionable shade must be placed over and around the source of light, and we must look at everything through a lens that will reduce the grand objects of the New Creation on earth to the dimensions of a toy shop, and the supernal glories of the Heavens to the dignity of a magic-lantern exhibition.

There is no disguising the fact that there are many people who want the truth presented to them with great caution and reserve. They would not have any one disturbed by thinking that we have a really serious purpose in anything we may have to say. The advocate must stand at a distance from the vital issues comprehended in his theme, and so qualify every word that it shall mean nothing at last. If one dares to give utterance to a strong and manly thing he is suspected of being aggressive by those who *dodge* when the truth is spoken aloud. Such people merely want to be amused in a harmless and fashionable way. They greatly need the services of Mr. Skylark, who pipes to the moon; or they may require the gentle ministry of Miss Philopena, who improvises rainbows and weaves rhetorical bobbinet, while she lightly sprinkles the



crowd with a species of spiritual cologne-water, in which delicate fancies are substituted for substantial facts, and force is lost in fragrance.

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## II.

### DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

THE expounders of certain effete systems of theology have much to say about the destruction of the world. We believe with certain important qualifications. The truth is, the world is destroyed every day, but there is ever "a new heaven and a new earth" to come. This great globe is not consumed—is not likely to be—but the present world of human devices is hourly brought to judgment. Its proudest structures, wrought of what men call substantial elements, and its "castles in the air," crumble and fall together.

But this is not only applicable to human systems and institutions, but in an important sense to the material creation. The organized forms of the earth are perpetually changing. Plants, animals, and men live, die, disappear and are seen no more. New forms are developed in their places, and these in turn pass away. The solid rocks waste by the slow process of disintegration. Even suns and systems grow old and worlds decay. But from the very urns which contain the ashes of the Past a Spirit goes forth to awaken the forms of new creation. If within the invisible spaces of the Infinite there are blackened skeletons of wasted worlds, we know them far off, within the veils of the nebulæ, the germs of other worlds wait for the quickening of the Divine Spirit.

Science is overwhelmed with images—vague and shadowy they may be—of new combinations, forms, forces, relations and applications. Every day the world perishes and the world is renewed. It dies, and it is born again. And thus the morning lights and shadows come and go, and the fairer forms of a new creation are veiled in the evening twilight of the dying world!

## III.

## IS SCIENCE DEAD ?

WE have among us a class of men who resemble the cold-blooded species of the animal creation, and who think that science must necessarily be quite naked, frigid and almost lifeless to be worthy of presentation. It must be wholly free from all ornament. It must be neither animated by the glow of fresh life, nor warmed by the fervor of a summer atmosphere. All that might render science attractive, even to women and children ; and, in that case, the bearded savans might no longer be left alone in their glory. Those who prefer fossil remains to fresh flowers ; who can see more beauty in a fleshless skeleton than in a symmetrical human form, and would rather embrace an Egyptian mummy than a creature full of life and palpitating with emotion, should have their preferences consulted ; but we can neither be expected to supplement their science nor compliment their taste. We never suspected that the strength of science depended on its nakedness. It does not appear that architectural ornaments necessarily weaken the superstructure ; that the earth is less substantial because the meadows and mountains are enameled with flowers ; or that a man must be weak because he is handsome, well dressed, and has a fine complexion.

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## IV.

## ALL NATIONS INSPIRED.

WE do not deny that the ancients were inspired ; but the records of their experience are in no sense inspiration to the living generation. In the psychological no less than in the physiological sense, inspiration is a present and vital experience. In no sense was it ever confined to the Jews. Other nations have experienced the divine *afflatus*. The word of God and tongues of fire were given them. They

have drawn their inspiration from Nature and the Heavens, and can afford to dispense with the favor of kings and the votes of councils. The sealed credentials are of no use to such men. A great soul, or one who is truly inspired, does not require a letter of recommendation or a diploma. You feel the power of his inspiration at a distance. You do not stop to debate the question which the potent magnetism of his presence at once decides. Should one write an eloquent preamble, and then resolve that *the stars shine*, he would be laughed at, chiefly, we suppose, because the fact is self-evident.

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## V.

## THE NOBILITY OF NATURE.

THE noblest natures never rest their claims to recognition on the natural advantages of a comely personality, a musical voice and graceful bearing; not on the accident of birth and illustrious parentage; not on inherited powers and possessions; not on the exquisite blending of the stronger faculties and more delicate susceptibilities of human nature; but rather on the self-imposed discipline of all the faculties and affections, and a kingly mastery over the baser passions and the outward circumstances of the world. Such men and women, whether born in affluence or in poverty, belong to the nobility of Nature whose rank even the gods will not dispute. Such natures are refined and exalted by what they suffer as well as by all they enjoy. The fires of sacrifice burn up the dross that is in them, and the ordeal of the furnace leaves their natures purified. The fearful struggle along the thorny ways of the world may, after all, scarcely darken the countenance or so much as leave the obscurity of twilight on the illuminated soul. The dense clouds that gather in the earthly atmospheres of baser natures never eclipse the mind and heart, if the realm wherein we live and move be above the superficial phases and aspects of human life.

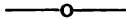
## THE SOLAR HARP.

WE find nothing in literary annals more remarkable than the improvisations of THOMAS L. HARRIS. In originality of conception ; in scope of thought and wealth of imagery ; in rapidity of utterance and power of expression, they excel all similar creations of the human imagination of which we have any knowledge. The themes of the Italian *Improvvisatores* were generally the characteristics of the persons present, and the circumstances of the occasion on which they exercised their powers. They were playful fancies and odd conceits, sometimes sparkling with wit and often felicitously expressed. But there was never an instance of a grand poetic conception embodied in rhythmical form, measured and modulated with artistic precision—carrying with it the seal of genius and the internal evidence of an unseen and masterly power.

But the poetic inspirations of Mr. Harris are from higher sources and of a superior order. From early youth he was accustomed to write verse, and many of the Lyrics that required no effort, on his part, attracted public attention and were widely copied by the press. They were like pure rills from an unseen fountain—clear, sparkling and melodious as mountain brooks. But the first effort that fairly unsealed the invisible springs and revealed the mysterious depths of his inspiration was “The Epic of the Starry Heaven,” an improvisation of over four thousand lines. The time actually employed in the delivery of this remarkable poem—incredible as the truth may appear—was only *twenty-six hours and sixteen minutes*. On this point we are qualified to speak with authority. The fact can be established by the testimony of the living witnesses of the performance, and the Editor of this JOURNAL acted in the capacity of amanuensis on the occasion of its utterance.

In the Epic there is a sublime and solemn Psalm, in which the inspired poet conceives of the chief orbs in solar space as forming a grand LYRE, one chord of which—representing the Earth—is untuned. Death usurps the throne of one of the great Angels of the Starry Heaven, and Night veils the face of one of the planetary nations. But the Earth, touched by divine fire, is renewed; the dominion of the fallen Angel is restored; and the Human Race—one of the twelve solar nations, long overshadowed by the darkness—at length lifts its face out of “the shadow of death,” aglow with the light and glory of Immortality!

We have long felt that the original conception should be wedded to appropriate music; and, at length, our desire is realized by an artist and author whose reserve has often concealed his merits from a wider public observation. It appears to us that Professor Harrison has imbibed the spirit of the Solar Harp and given it a new expression. Under his hand the great thoughts and lofty imagery of the Poet have been translated into that universal language which at once charms the sense and chains the passions; touches the deepest sympathies of the human heart, and inspires the worship of all nations. The Solar Harp, words and music, will be found on the concluding pages of this number.



#### NATURAL CLAIRVOYANCE.

**Z**SCHOKKE was for a time altogether skeptical respecting the existence of a power or faculty now known as clairvoyance, but he made many experiments with a view to satisfy his own mind. At length the numerous facts which came under his observation overwhelmed his skepticism, and the development of the vision in himself vanquished the last doubt that overshadowed his mind. This discovery greatly modified his views of Nature and the Soul.

### RECKONING WITH THE GRAPHIC.

**I**N our advertising department will be found a large number of critical testimonies from influential papers and eminent persons, in this country and Europe, respecting the peculiar merits of this JOURNAL. All these opinions were voluntarily expressed. With few exceptions we are personally unacquainted with the authors. We know, however, that several of them have no faith in phenomenal Spiritualism, and little respect for the general character of our current literature. Sustained by the cordial approval of so many intelligent and disinterested witnesses, we can well afford to smile at the contrast presented in the following grotesque illustration of journalistic criticism—from *The Daily Graphic*.

“BRITTAN’S JOURNAL is a quarterly review devoted to Spiritualism. The contributors are all mortals, but they evidently write for spiritual readers. It is, at all events, quite clear that mortal patience is not sufficient to grapple with the tremendous essays written in emancipated grammar which are contained in this number. When it is said that the contributors are mortal, it is not intended to preclude the assumption that they have written while under the control of Spirits. Indeed, since we have learned from the veracious Andrew Jackson Davis of the existence of the Diakka, a race of malevolent Spirits, who are constitutionally unable to tell the truth or to refrain from mischief-making, it seems highly probable that BRITTAN’S JOURNAL is edited by Mr. Brittan, assisted by a council of eminent Diakka. The latter, having instigated him to the publication of a review which no man can read, and retain his reason, have doubtless filled it with contributions inspired by themselves. The sooner Mr. Brittan awakes to a knowledge of the fact that he is the sport of these bad Spirits,

the sooner will he cease to furnish sport to sane men who read *his* surprising and preposterous review."

We rather expected our "review" would surprise somebody, and, perhaps, be too much for his reasoning faculties; and on these points we now have the assurance of our illuminated cotemporary. The *Graphic* is not spiritually-minded, and hence, naturally enough, dislikes the JOURNAL. We can readily excuse the conductors of that paper for their lack of appreciation. We have somewhere read in an old book, that "the carnal mind can not discern spiritual things." We are also informed, that the spiritual doctrines of Jesus were "to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks, foolishness." (I. Cor. I. 23.) Verily, the Jews are not yet converted, and the Greeks are not all dead. The JOURNAL does not look for patronage to those people who worship the hyperbolical gods of Force and Law; who do not profess to have anything better than animal souls, with no inherent immortality; and who have discovered no more promising way of setting out for heaven, than by *starting in a balloon!*

By our "emancipated grammar," we presume the editor of the *Graphic* means, grammar that is freed from the errors that disfigure (if that be possible) the feeble creations of those shallow-minded people who, in *furor scribendi*, flip-pantly dispose of grave subjects, which they have no power to comprehend.

We have to inform our cotemporary, that we have no "council of eminent Diakka" enlisted in our behalf. The truth is, that class of spirits have so much to do in looking after the lying enemies of Spiritualism, that they have no time to give us the least attention. Our neighbor overlooks the significant fact, that the active agency of mischievous spirits—if such exist—does not at all depend on the capacity of their victims to recognize their presence. On the contrary, Satan is supposed to have the greatest luck in fishing for gudgeons when his hook is concealed, and the spiritual

angler himself keeps out of sight. As the proprietors of our daily illustrated paper do not believe in the existence of any spirits, except, perhaps, "Old Rye," "Tom Gin," and "Apple Jack," the Diakka are quite likely to be after them, early and late, always with a view to a respectful recognition. Indeed, we think they have been round there from the beginning, and we have a mind to look at the evidence in the case.

The reader may have noticed, that the *Graphic* is very enterprising—sometimes in "ways that are dark." However, it has the rare merit of originality; and it is intimated, that its editors and artists have *tapped* some new sources of inspiration. The streams flow freely enough, but do not carry with them the internal evidence of any divine origin. Here and there a beautiful object appears on the surface, but in ghastly association with strange creatures, living and dead; subjects fished from Salt Lake; caught in the muddy pools and filthy sewers of political and social life; or drawn from the depths of the dead sea of popular immoralities. With portraits and biographies of the Houris of the Harem, we have pictures of naked savages from Central Africa, and beastly forms from every part of the world. By an instantaneous process political villains are photographed; the merchant prince is surprised to behold the image of his *fille de joie* in the hands of his wife, at the supper table; and Beecher is converted into a beast as hideous as anything in the Apocalypse. Now, if the Diakka are not the inspiring agents of the *Graphic*, to what possible source, in heaven, on earth, or under the earth, shall we ascribe all this mischief and deformity? It is very evident that the industrious people who manage that paper, have not made any discoveries in heaven, and earth is too circumscribed to afford the requisite scope for so much genius. And so, in addition to every phase of real deformity, the perverted imagination must be pressed into the service, to furnish numerous and nameless distortions of human nature, and all unseemly combinations of deformity and depravity.



This is becoming a serious evil ; and how to abate it is the question. We *could* do without the *Graphic*. We managed to live comfortably before it was conceived. If it should die, we know it would shine, at last, in the process of cremation ; and, at the worst, it would be only *damnum absque injuriâ*. But we presume it will go on, if it does deprave the public taste and desecrate the temple of Art. Since the Press has become the chief instrumentality in the education of our people, it is quite possible that its unlimited freedom—as exercised by journalistic adventurers, whether in pursuit of notoriety or gain—may lead to very serious consequences. It is no trifling mischief that obliterates the “ native sense of modesty ;” and so perverts our natural instincts, that the divine ideal and the pure love of Beauty are obscured and lost.

The *Graphic* certainly excels all other illustrated papers in its pictures of sin and sinners ; and this significant fact may suggest the source of its inspiration. But it is well to consider what influence it may exert on the young mind and heart. We can not afford to have the esthetic sense perverted in childhood, by constant association with monsters, and the moral sensibilities blunted by pictorial exhibitions of wickedness in high and low places. Especially should the heads of families study the relations of outward objects to organic formation and individual character. It is well known, that images that shock the senses may be electrotyped on the physical and moral constitution of offspring. The world presents many mournful illustrations of this truth. Hence—for reasons that will be apparent to all who observe the laws of organic chemistry, physiology and psychology—we should exercise great caution, lest we multiply the evils that degrade humanity and make the earth desolate. It may be safe for all parents to subscribe for the illustrated daily paper, when they shall have outlived the possibilities of Abraham and Sarah.

Among the mild deviltries of the Diakka, if we are rightly

informed, is the restless passion for Utopian schemes and wild adventure, with which their subjects are highly inspired. The spirits of mischief silently brood over their minds, quickening the self-love ; inflating the imagination and some other things ; hatching airy and improbable theories ; and inciting them to strange enterprises and reckless speculation. All the while these people are full of what they call "positive science," and imagine they are doing great things for the human race. We shall probably search in vain for "the prince of the powers of the air," if he is not at the office of the *Graphic*. Under his inspiration, dangling in the air, at the end of more than one rope, has become a delightful occupation, and a most elevating, scientific pursuit. Let us rejoice that the old night of ignorance is far spent. Science is popular when eight or ten thousand people come together, and pay fifty cents, *per capita*, to see it put in a bag !

There is something sublime in this progress of "positive science." The world can not long remain in darkness when members of the press and artists are crazy to break their necks, if it be necessary, in the attempt to discover *the East Wind* ! Wise men have little doubt it exists somewhere. Mr. Donaldson went for it, but subject to many difficulties. It was a stormy day, and his cotton umbrella was too large ; he could not hold it against the opposing elements. There was not sunshine enough, after dark, to rarify his gas ; the counter atmospheric currents were too strong for his will-power, and his specific gravity a little too much for his lifting capacity. And then, unfortunately, he met with one Cyclone, a lively fellow, going in the same direction. Donaldson was so much elevated by the eccentric energy of his traveling companion, that he quite lost his equilibrium. And when he would have put up for the night, lo ! he suddenly came down.

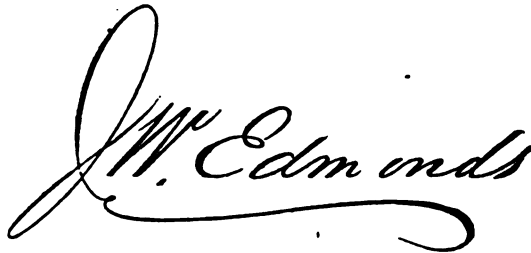
Now it is to be observed, that Mr. Donaldson did not reach the place he started for—not exactly ; but he did a better thing. He journeyed wiser than he knew, in spite

of ill winds, for the gods would have it so. He made an *interesting discovery*, that made him happy for a whole *week*; but science is not sufficiently spiritualized to appreciate it. The fact is, he really did accomplish more in an *afternoon* than Moses did by a wearisome journey of forty years. After all his toil, the old Hebrew only had a *vision* of the Promised Land; but Donaldson actually entered Canaan, with his baggage, to the astonishment of the natives!

The public may still be in doubt about the direction of that "easterly current;" but who cares for the public, *when* one's own paper is *current*, and the public-spirited proprietors of that *Daily Illustrated Journal* have fairly discovered, for themselves, "which way the wind blows?"

May we not scratch the people who catch the itch?

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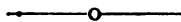


Our readers will have learned that HON. JOHN WORTH EDMONDS—the eminent jurist and distinguished Apostle of Spiritualism—departed this life, early on the morning of the sixth of April, from his late residence, 71 Irving Place, New York. A brave and conscientious man—disciplined by a life of earnest work, refined through suffering, ennobled in character, and exalted in spirit, by a living and redeeming faith—has closed an honorable career. We can not here and now pause to tell the story of his life;—record our high estimate of his important services, or fitly express our appreciation of the true nobility of his nature. At another time we shall pay our humble tribute to his memory.

## PROFESSOR BUCHANAN'S LECTURES.

THE lectures of Professor Buchanan, in Boston, have created a deep interest among the most enlightened people. The invitation addressed to him by Messrs. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Rev. J. F. Clarke, Rev. W. R. Alger, Josiah Quincy, and the venerable Dr. Winston Lewis and others, elicited from Dr. B. a reply, which set forth luminously the scope of his new philosophy, in the spirit of his article on the Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century, in our pages.

The large audience attending his three lectures gave many tokens of approbation and delight ; and the exposition of his views before the Woman's Moral Education Society created an enthusiasm which will not subside until it works out some practical movement to realize the grand ideal of education embodied in Dr. Buchanan's lectures. He has shown in those lectures the practicability of elevating mankind in the next generation above the level of pauperism, crime and war, in which all past history has proceeded. Boston may have the honor of inaugurating this new system, for which it is proposed to raise \$100,000 ; but New York, too, has wealth and philanthropy, and an appeal from Dr. B. in behalf of a model educational institution ought not to be in vain.



MRS. CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR, President of Sorosis, well-known and respected by all classes of Reformers and literary people in this country, as a lady of rare intellectual endowments, has gone abroad with her husband and family for a temporary residence, and to superintend the education of their children. American Spiritualists and Reformers will feel a just pride in being represented by a Lady whose high character and great ability entitle her to rank with the first people of Europe.

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

*To the Friends of Justice and Reform :*

**A**LTHOUGH the interests of mankind have been vastly promoted by modern civilization, yet our systems are imperfect, and perilous evils are growing up in our midst, which corrupt our common life, and menace the permanence of our Institutions. This condition of public affairs has not only awakened the apprehensions of political seers and philosophers, but the enlightened friends and conservators of Rational Liberty and National Honor are everywhere oppressed by a sense of insecurity.

Now, therefore, be it known, that to resist and roll back the tide of popular iniquity ; to ensure equality in the possession and exercise of political rights and privileges, regardless of the distinctions of Caste, Color and Sex ; to give expression to enlightened ideas and moral convictions in social and political life ; to rebuke demagogues by leaving them to find posts of usefulness in private stations ; to punish official infidelity by immediate removal from office ; to recognize the claims of capable and honest men and women, by electing only such to places of honor and public trust ; to guarantee to all the advantages of education ; to lighten the burdens of the poor ; to suppress monopolies that oppress the People ; to prevent crime by removing the causes of injustice and violence ; to so modify the Penal Code that all punishments, under the law, shall be disciplinary, and wisely adapted to a clearer comprehension of human nature and individual responsibility ; and to promote the settlement of international controversies by peaceful arbitration—these are hereby declared to be the objects which this institution—through all the instrumentalities at its command—will henceforth strive to accomplish.

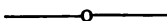
With a sacred regard for the principles thus briefly stated, and for the purpose of infusing them into the political life of the State, **THE NATIONAL LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES**—composed of both men and women—has been organized, and is now prepared to establish **LOCAL LEAGUES** in all parts of the United States and Territories thereunto belonging.

To admonish the Public of our purposes, and to invite the earnest cooperation of all right-minded men and women throughout the country, we have issued this Circular Letter. All true Reformers, of every name, who may be disposed to identify themselves with this movement; and all respectable persons, desiring further information, with a view to practical effort, and the organization of **Subordinate Leagues** under the jurisdiction of **THE NATIONAL LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES**, may address the President, Secretary, or the Chairman of either of the Executive Boards, whose names are hereto annexed.

To the end that we may speedily organize the means and measures necessary to an intelligent and efficient propagandism of our principles and objects—by founding a strong **PUBLIC JOURNAL**, and by **Public Lectures**, **Printed Documents**, **Correspondence with the Press**, and otherwise as may be determined—**THE NATIONAL LEAGUE** now solicits contributions to its Treasury.



S. B. BRITTAN, M. D., President.  
 MARY A. NEWTON, Secretary.  
 CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR, Ch. Board of Directors.  
 S. B. BRITTAN, Ch. Board of Publication.  
 H. J. NEWTON, Ch. Board of Finance & Treasurer



**Explanation.**—We must crave the indulgence of our Patrons for being entirely out of time in the publication of this number. The total destruction of the building in which the work was being done—when the greater part of this issue was already stereotyped—is chief among the causes of this long delay. We can only express our regret, and the hope that we may be more fortunate hereafter. Our readers may derive some satisfaction from the consideration, that the contents of the **JOURNAL** are not of passing or transient interest.

# THE SOLAR HARP.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO Mrs. S. B. BRITTAN.

Words inspired by A SPIRIT.

Music by GEO. HARRISON.

*Andante maestoso.*

There are twelve great Chords in the

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

This system of the musical score for 'The Solar Harp' features a vocal line on a single treble staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante maestoso'. The lyrics 'There are twelve great Chords in the' are placed below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes pedal markings 'Ped.' with asterisks indicating specific pedaling points.

So - lar Harp, One chord a - lone un-strung, That

*mf*

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'So - lar Harp, One chord a - lone un-strung, That'. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of 'mf' (mezzo-forte) at the end of the system.

chord is touch'd with a living spark, And a - gain it finds a

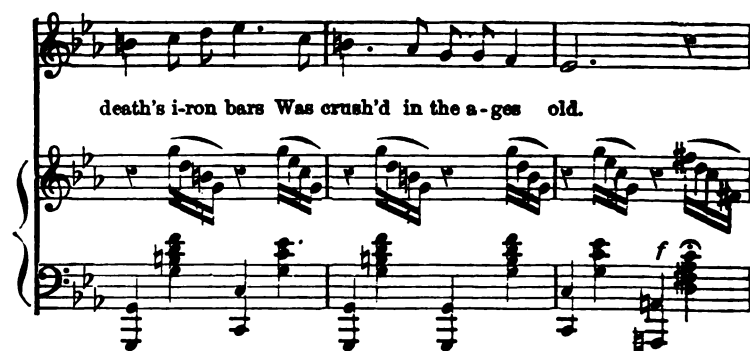
This system concludes the musical score on this page. The vocal line has the lyrics 'chord is touch'd with a living spark, And a - gain it finds a'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same musical texture.







Music notation for the first system, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: sit on their thrones of gold ; But the throne of one by



Music notation for the second system, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: death's i-ron bars Was crush'd in the a-ges old.



Music notation for the third system, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: Joy ! joy ! joy ! Earth's throne again is among the stars, And she

THE SOLAR HARP.

295

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "sits in the an - gel - fold." The piano accompaniment consists of a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

Second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "There are twelve great Nations in so - lar space, But". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "one alone sat in the gloom, The sun of its glo-ry". The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) at the beginning of the system. The system ends with a double bar line.

vail'd its face, In the darkness of the tomb.

*ritard.* *dim.*

This system contains a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are "vail'd its face, In the darkness of the tomb." The piano part includes markings for "ritard." and "dim.".

Joy! joy! joy! For the twelfth great Na - tion

8va

This system contains a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff. The lyrics are "Joy! joy! joy! For the twelfth great Na - tion". The piano part includes a marking for "8va" (octave up) above the treble staff.

lifts its face, And glows with immor - tal bloom.

This system contains a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff. The lyrics are "lifts its face, And glows with immor - tal bloom.".



The Dynamics of Subtile Agents; the Relations,  
Faculties and Functions of Mind; Philosophy  
of the Spiritual Life and World, and the  
Principles of Universal Progress.

THE TRUMPETS OF THE ANGELS ARE THE VOICES OF THE REFORMERS

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

S. B. BRITTAN, M. D., EDITOR.

S. B.

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1874.

# BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

## SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

### Literature, Art, and Inspiration

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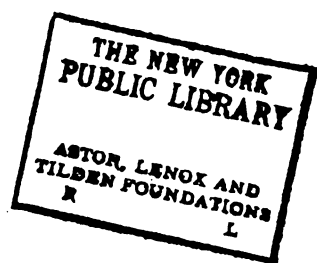
## BRITTAN'S QUARTERLY JOURNAL

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Portrait of a young man in military uniform, likely a cadet or officer, wearing a dark jacket with buttons and a high collar.

# BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,  
LITERATURE, ART AND INSPIRATION.

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Vol. II.

JULY, 1874.

No. 3.

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SAMUEL BYRON BRITTAN, JR., U. S. N.

BY A. ANGELO BRITTAN.

“The good die first,  
While they whose hearts are dry as Summer dust,  
Burn to the socket.”

THE true glory of life is not always found in a long experience of the world. Some men outlive their usefulness—live to hypothecate honor by fatal compromises with wrong. The crown of years may be tarnished, but the garlands won by the young are green and fresh with morning dews. It is not my purpose to make a long story of a short life ; or to magnify the unselfish deeds of true patriotism and youthful ambition. I only ask the reader's indulgence while I reverently gather up the laurels a grateful people have offered, and of these weave a chaplet to the memory of my Brother, who, though he died young, lived long enough to make his name memorable ; whose fine genius and pure love of country at once entitle him to

“The patriot's honors, and the poet's bays.”

The “Young Hero of Fort Henry” was born in Bridge-

WQR 19 FEB '36



port, Conn., on the 17th of June, 1845. His peculiar temperament, and the rare combination of physical and mental qualities—so admirably blended in his constitution—are said to have been largely due to psychological causes; but of these it is not my province to treat. I could hardly expect to enlighten the readers of the JOURNAL on a subject at once so intricate and profound. But it seems possible that this psychological mystery may have had some connection with the surprising power he subsequently exercised among his young comrades, and especially over the animal creation.

From early childhood my elder Brother is said to have exhibited those amiable qualities and noble attributes that everywhere inspire admiration and command respect. I have often heard my Father say that Samuel never gave him a disrespectful answer, and it is certain that he was always deferential in the presence of his superiors. His respect for parental authority was so sincere and strong that he rarely ever committed an act of wilful disobedience, even when exposed to great temptation. Only on one occasion in his life—of which the writer has any knowledge—was he led to disregard the injunctions of his parents, and this was under peculiar circumstances. It was general training day in Connecticut, and the united efforts of several older boys induced him to leave his home and go to Norwalk, some fourteen miles from Bridgeport. He was then a mere child, and had no conception of the distance. Assured by his companions that he would soon be back, and that the family would never suspect his absence, he yielded to their entreaties. Some time during the day he was missed, and the other members of the household searched for him, without success. At length, when night came on, and still no tidings had been received of Samuel, very serious apprehensions were excited at home, and in fact there was general alarm in the neighborhood. It was feared that he might have fallen into the river, and the deep grief of the

family was aggravated by the incidental circumstance of my Father's absence.

At a late hour in the night the truant returned, utterly exhausted by his long journey. Weary and conscience-stricken, he looked like a picture of mingled penitence and despair. His own fine sense of filial affection and obligation had been violated, and his instinctive recognition of the claims of justice admonished him that he deserved severe punishment. Falling on his knees before his mother, he begged that he might first be whipped, and then forgiven. In the tearful joy of that hour, Solomon's injunction was quite forgotten; but the prayer for forgiveness fell on a sensitive ear, and touched the heart of one to whom that appeal was never made in vain.

The junior S. B. BRITTAN was a special favorite of the literary people who frequented my father's house. On one occasion, at a Valentine Party, he inspired the muse of a Lady of rare genius, and widely known through her varied and elegant contributions to American literature. The following lines were then and there

ADDRESSED TO SAMMIE.

Sprig of mischief and delight,  
Now appears a cunning wight,  
With a bright and flashing eye,  
Like a sapphire from the sky,  
With a bright star shining through it—  
Ah, there's many a heart will rue it.

Now it melts upon his mother,  
Through the light in which it dances;  
Can it be that any other  
Will absorb those radiant glances,  
That beam forth so clear and full,  
With affection beautiful?

While those roguish features play,  
Just hear what he has to say :  
"One loves the girls, and I am he !"  
Loving, laughing little Sammie.

Samuel was constitutionally incapable of cruelty, but even in early childhood he possessed a masterly power over inferior creatures. This was often and strikingly illustrated, and the mysterious influence was not restricted to the domestic animals. Of this singular magnetic attraction, and domination of the human will over the functions of animals, I will relate a single example. It occurred when my brother was less than nine years old. He went one day to a grove in the neighborhood, where he discovered a large gray squirrel leaping about among the tree tops. He followed the movements of the animal, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the object of interest, and with an intense desire to possess the game alive. After a while the squirrel began to descend to the lower branches of the trees. Very soon he manifested a disposition to reciprocate the attentions he was receiving, in a manner that evinced no little interest in the young detective, who by this time was growing wild with the enthusiasm of the chase. At length, having reached a branch but a few feet from the ground, the squirrel quietly assumed an easy posture and looked at his pursuer as if he had determined on a deliberate course of observation.

"Powers there are  
That touch each other to the quick, in modes  
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive."

These mysterious powers were at work in the brain of the young charmer and along the nerves of his subject. The youth paused and silently watched his object with a fixed attention. The little animal seemed spell-bound, and at length, yielding to this strange fascination, he leaped down

from his perch, alighted on the shoulder of his pursuer and was captured.

The squirrel was carried home and soon learned to follow his master like a little dog. Several others were secured in like manner, from time to time, and manifested a similar adhesiveness. Even the birds were little disposed to fly at the near approach of the boy-magnetizer. By some occult power—widely recognized, but rarely comprehended—he had unconsciously touched that cord, in the animated world, which the lion-tamers and serpent-charmers of different ages and countries have struck to notes of living harmony. This natural power, in the case of my Brother, was doubtless in a measure inherited from our Father, whose experience furnishes many interesting facts of a similar character. The following example is selected from his work entitled “Man and his Relations.”

“I was on one occasion illustrating this idea of the natural supremacy of Man—in the course of a public lecture, delivered in the Village Hall, at Putnam, Conn.—when I observed that a strange dog was lying at full length on the floor, at a distance of not less than thirty or forty feet from the platform. The noble animal—a large one of his kind—appeared to be asleep, and no more interested than other drowsy hearers. The speaker was insisting, with some earnestness, that had man strictly obeyed the natural law, designed to regulate his relations to the animal kingdom, *the whole brute creation would probably have yielded instinctive obedience to his authority*. Just at that point in the discourse the dog, without any apparent cause, was suddenly disturbed. Rising from his recumbent position he walked slowly to the front of the speaker’s stand. Looking steadily in my face for a minute or two, he deliberately ascended the stairs and stretched himself at my feet, at the very moment the argument was concluded; thus presenting a most interesting and impressive illustration of a curious and profound subject.” Chap. XVIII., p. 222.

For some years my Brother attended the Thirteenth

street Public School, in New York, where he made satisfactory progress in his studies. Subsequently he went to the Polytechnic Institute, and there, under the tuition of that excellent teacher, Prof. A. T. Dean, he advanced rapidly, exciting the admiration of his companions and winning the unmeasured confidence and approbation of his Preceptor. At a very early age he had discovered a rare gift in the native eloquence which he appears to have inherited from the maternal side of his father's family. When only twelve years old he achieved the distinction of being first in his elocutionary exercises, when many of his competitors were young men. His voice was deep-toned and sonorous; his enunciation measured and distinct; his attitudes statuesque, and his whole rendering of classical compositions singularly natural and highly dramatic. With such manner and spirit that were the very impersonation of dignity and grace, a fluent and melodious utterance, he exhibited a fine discrimination that never failed to astonish the most critical judges of elocution.

Master SAMUEL BYRON was chief among the boys of his age, and instinctively recognized as the proper umpire in every controversy. His nature combined great delicacy with unusual strength. Courage, justice and gentleness were equally conspicuous in his deportment. Wherever he went he attracted attention, as well for his modest manners and dignified bearing, as by the singular symmetry and beauty of his person. He realized the poet's dream of youthful grace and manly promise. No ideal creation of the sculptor was ever more perfect. Artists stopped him in the street, and importuned him to stand for full-length portraits. Beauty smiled upon him from open windows; many doors were unbarred at his approach, and he was made at home in every household. He possessed the native instincts and refined tastes of a gentleman born—always more potent than our superficial attainments in fashioning character. He sometimes erred through the

natural impulsiveness of his temperament ; but he was at once generous and forgiving, while his true heroism and high sense of honor were an inspiration from sources immeasurable by any trial of his life and death.

He was an athlete of surprising activity and power, skilled in every manly exercise, the ready defender of the weak, and of all who needed protection. His bravery and love of justice made him the ruling spirit among his comrades. When injured innocence appealed to him, he never hesitated to place himself between brute force and its victims. Without being unduly belligerent, he paused at no peril when weakness required a shield and the Right demanded a champion. I will here relate an exciting incident that one day put his resolution and his muscle to a severe test. A young son of Col. H. H. Hall,\* whose family then resided at Bridgeport, fell from the wharf—some ten or twelve feet—into the water. Master Hall was near the age of Samuel, but much less vigorous. He had not learned to swim, and was in imminent danger of drowning. Comprehending the situation at a glance, my brother plunged in after the drowning boy, and with the aid of a companion, succeeded in dragging him into a boat, in an almost unconscious state. He soon revived, and was able to go home and tell the story of his rescue. Col. Hall, in grateful recognition of this instance of youthful heroism, presented my brother with a complete military outfit, which added not a little to his recognized importance among the youth of both sexes.

My Brother's ambition to depend on his own efforts displayed itself at an early age. When out of school for a time he procured a situation in a large clothing store, where he at once demonstrated an unusual natural capacity for business. He had only been thus employed some three weeks when his sales reached the amount averaged by the

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\* In the Mexican War, Col. Hall was on the staff of Gen. Zachary Taylor.

other clerks in the establishment, some of whom were engaged in the business before he was born. His singular influence over persons was a matter of frequent observation. Boy as he was he possessed the secret of success in his new relation. He knew how to hold his customer. By a species of magnetism, or the subtile art of a fine persuasiveness, he influenced the judgments of strong men. A remarkable instance of the exercise of this power occurred during his first month's experience. One day a middle-aged man entered the store with a view of purchasing some clothing if he could be suited. The most experienced salesman in the establishment took charge of the stranger. He spent an hour, or more, in an attempt to sell him some goods, but utterly failed of his object. The gentleman turned to leave, and was about going out of the store, when the young clerk—whose place was at the show-case of furnishing goods—managed to attract his attention. The stranger paused, and, after a few moments conversation, purchased several small articles from the case. Pursuing his advantage, the young salesman invited his customer back to an examination of other garments, and finally sold him an entire suit, to the surprise of the purchaser himself, and the mortification of the old salesman.

At the beginning of the Rebellion the family had a temporary residence at Lancaster, Mass., and my Brother was, at that time, a clerk in the clothing house of Mr. A. P. Ware, at Worcester. The attack on Fort Sumter kindled the patriotic fire that for generations had warmed the blood of his ancestors.\* He was impatient to defend the flag of

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\* His great Grandfather on the Father's side ascended to the patriot's heaven from Bunker Hill. Both his Grandfathers bore arms in the war of 1812. A brother of his Father was in the war that achieved the independence of Texas, and was one of the original captors of Santa Anna. An uncle on his Mother's side, though exempt from military service by his age, and three cousins—one of whom followed Gen. Sherman on his long march to the sea—all enlisted to put down the late Rebellion.

his country, and with intense earnestness begged that he might be allowed to enlist as a private soldier in the Union army, insisting that he could better go than those who had family responsibilities. He was less than sixteen, but in all, save years and experience, he was a man. It was not in the nature of either Father or Mother to attempt to crush a noble and unselfish ambition. Owing, however, to my Brother's extreme youth, they were unwilling to let him go, and with a feeling of disappointment he yielded to parental advice. When he witnessed the departure of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment he was sorrowful, but only because he could not, in the interest of his country, share in the labors and perils of the expedition.

Some time after, the late CAPTAIN WILLIAM D. PORTER, of the United States Gun-boat Essex, was in want of a youth of undoubted courage and superior intelligence, to accompany him as Aide and Private Secretary. Several young men made application, and hundreds of dollars were offered in the hope of securing the situation. But the applicants did not appear to be made of the stuff required by the lion-hearted captain. At length the coveted place was freely offered to my Brother, and parties in the interest of Captain Porter urged its acceptance. After weighing the possible consequences of a refusal it was finally decided that the brave boy—more precious to his parents than their own lives—might accept the situation. Accordingly, on the 24th of October, 1861, he received his commission as Master's Mate and was assigned to the Western Gunboat Squadron.\* The family had removed from Massachusetts to Irvington, near Newark, N. J. The Master's Mate had been ordered to report for duty at St. Louis, and the sad hour of parting was at hand.

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\* See "The Military Souvenir ; a Portrait Gallery of our Military and Naval Heroes," Vol. I., published by J. C. Buttre : New York, 1863.



The great war-cloud, dark and threatening, rolled up from the South-west. We all felt that it was a season of trial—a time for noble deeds and generous sacrifices. We thought of the great cause of liberty and law, of order and civilization, in which the son and brother had enlisted, and we tried to be cheerful. But it was a sad day, after all, and each one felt something like a cold, dead weight at the heart. The last rose had withered, and the summer birds were gone. It was Autumn, and the leaves were falling.

“Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak November.”

on the 12th day of the month, that the young hero bade an affectionate adieu to the home circle, which he was destined to reënter no more alive, save in the spirit. A light went with him out of the house, and a voice full of mirth and music was heard no more. The broad heavens still bend above us with all their starry revelations; the earth basks in the morning effulgence and the midday glory; the seasons come and go as in other years; but alas! the light that went out of the house on that chill November day;—and other lights, that since have gone—come not back to the mortal vision!

Soon after entering the Service he was made Signal Officer, and in this relation, as in every other, he discharged his duties with remarkable promptness and intelligence. His Commander appears to have reposed the strongest confidence in his capacity and fidelity. In addition to the various duties of Aide and Private Secretary to Captain Porter, and Signal Officer of the Essex, he was—at the age of only sixteen—the paid correspondent of the New York Times, and wrote graphic accounts of the Naval Operations on our Western inland waters, over the *nom de guerre* SIGNAL. His description of the passage of the Essex from St. Louis to Cairo, and the incidents by the way; the landing of the national forces in Kentucky, to the number

16,000 men, under the protection of the heavy guns of the Essex and St. Louis; the brisk engagement at Lucas' Bend, and the subsequent chase after the enemy until he sought shelter under the strong land batteries at Columbus—are all related in a lucid and graphic manner.\*

In commenting on Capt. Porter's official report of the action at Lucas' Bend, the Editor of the *New York Times* said:

"We give the modest dispatch in which Capt. Porter describes his encounter with the rebel gunboats near Columbus. The engagement, already described in the correspondence of *SIGNAL*, took place on the 10th instant, when, with two vessels, the Union Commander put to flight twice the number of the enemy's boats, disabling one at least, and driving all of them for shelter beneath the guns of Columbus. An exploit of this sort might reasonably authorize a little vainglory; but the worthy son of a hero refers to it, with the modesty of genuine merit. The bulletins in which Gen. Taylor made famous his campaign on the Rio Grande belong to the same manly school of military literature."

It was in the same modest official dispatch that Commander Porter, in commending the bravery of his officers and men, was pleased to make special and honorable mention of my Brother in the following extract:

"MR. BRITTAN, my Aide, paid all attention to my orders, and conveyed them correctly and with alacrity; in fact all the officers and men on board behaved like veterans."

The following brief letter from *SIGNAL* to the *New York Times*—including the laconic correspondence between the Union and Rebel commanders—clearly indicates the intrepid spirit that animated Captain Porter and his Aide:

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\* In the battle of Lucas' Bend the Essex and St. Louis engaged the Hollins Floating Battery and three other Rebel Gunboats, the largest of which was soon disabled. After a contest of one hour the other boats made a precipitate retreat down the river, and were driven home in spite of the cannonading from the Bluff.

## CAPT. PORTER ON A WHALING EXPEDITION.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT FLEET, }  
 FORT JEFFERSON, Saturday, Jan. 18, 1862. }

In order that your readers may form a correct estimate of the authors of the subjoined correspondence, respectively, a brief explanatory statement seems to be necessary. Marsh Miller, the commander of the rebel gunboat *Grampus*, is one of the most desperate and at the same time cowardly men in Secesh. We have driven him before us at least a dozen times, and now he sends us this absurd challenge. The *Grampus* is well known to be a species of spouting-fish, and this particular one frequently runs up the Mississippi to blow, and then runs down again. We are going down the river to-morrow to see if his courage is up to the standing point; but we are afraid he will draw a bee line to Columbus, as he has heretofore always done.

The public well know that Capt. Porter is not one of the rose-water heroes, and he will not be expected to waste compliments on men whose treasonable and cowardly conduct he holds in supreme contempt. The following is a verbatim copy of his first dispatch to the Commander of the *Grampus*, written after he had repeatedly driven the craven rebel down under the shelter of the land batteries at Columbus:

PORTER TO MILLER.

Come out here, you cowardly rebels, and show your gunboats. PORTER.

MILLER'S REPLY.

MARINE HEADQUARTERS, COLUMBUS, Ky., Jan. 13, 1862.

*Commander Porter on United States Gunboat Essex:*

SIR: The iron clad steamer *Grampus* will meet the *Essex*, at any point and time your Honor may appoint, and show you that the power is in our hands. An early reply will be agreeable to

Your obedient servant,

MARSH J. MILLER.

Captain Commanding C. S. I. C. Steamer *Grampus*.

CAPT. PORTER'S REJOINDER.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT ESSEX, Wm. D. Porter Commanding, }  
 FORT JEFFERSON, Saturday, January 18, 1862. }

*To the traitor Marsh Miller, commanding a Rebel Gunboat called the Grampus* —  
 Commander Porter has already thrashed your Gunboat Fleet; shelled and  
 lenced your Rebel Batteries at the Iron Banks; chased your miserable and

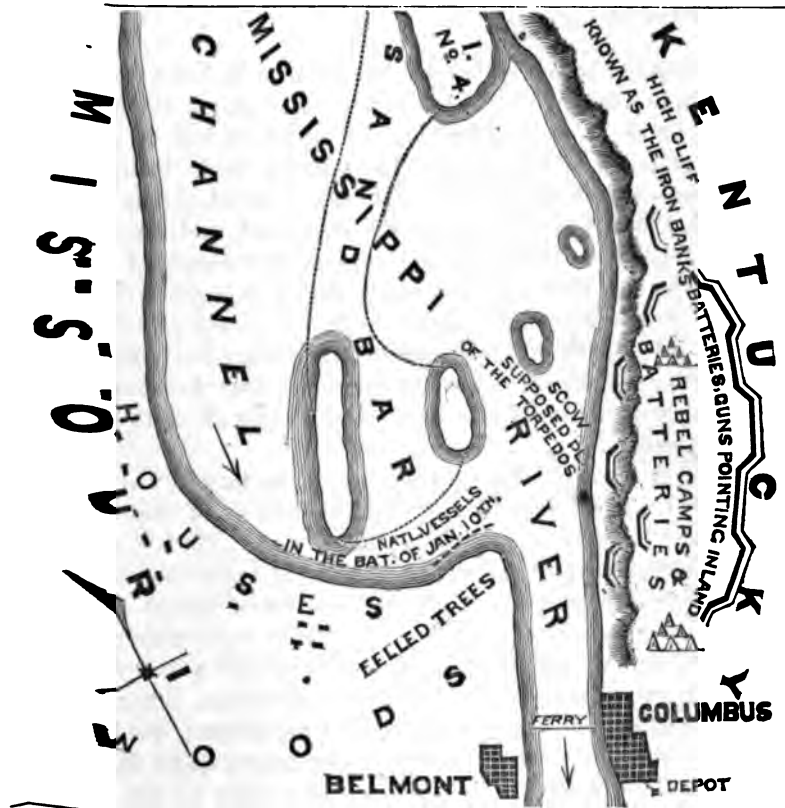
ardly self down behind Columbus ; but if you desire to meet the Essex, show yourself any morning in Prentys' Bend, and you shall then meet with a traitor's fate—if you have the courage to stand.

God and our country ; "Rebels offend both."

(Signed)

PORTER.

COLUMBUS AND THE REBEL FORTIFICATIONS.



ORIGINALLY DRAWN BY S. B. BRITTAN, JR., U. S. N.

PUBLISHED IN THE N. Y. TIMES OF FEB. 23, 1862.

Our flag-ship, the Benton, has been condemned. Her machinery does not work satisfactorily, but Capt. Porter thinks she is fast enough for our purpose. He says we don't contemplate *running*, and for

this reason he would rather have them all slow, so that if they get into a tight place they will be obliged to fight their way out. Our Captain only believes in running when the enemy leads the way.

To further illustrate the style and ability of SIGNAL as a correspondent, I extract a portion of one of his private letters, written at Cairo :

"We shall not be able to move down the river in less time than two or three weeks. Our Commander, Capt. Porter, left on the 29th ult., for St. Louis, and has not yet returned, though we are in hourly expectation of his arrival. The boat on which the Captain took passage, was on the point of touching at Price's Landing, when a lady (God bless her!) ran out to the river bank and communicated the intelligence that Price and his men were concealed in the woods. The boat drew off, but had proceeded but a short distance when the Rebels poured their shot into the cabin, fairly riddling it to pieces, and killing the bar-keeper. The enemy had made the discovery that Captain Porter was a passenger, and, had the boat landed, it would doubtless have been taken, and all on board might have been prisoners.

"I went up to Mound City, yesterday, where they have a large hospital. I walked through the whole building, and found four hundred and eighty-seven sick and wounded men. There were no less than eighty-seven of the wounded from the battle-field of Belmont. There were some poor creatures—mournful wrecks of humanity—that were terrible to look upon. There was one man with his leg off; another was wanting an arm; one had a bullet-hole through his ankle, large enough to put your thumb in; others still were wounded in more vital parts. While I was present, one brave fellow expired within three feet of me, yet so quietly that I did not observe his departure until my attention was arrested by the good Sister of Charity, who offered an impressive prayer over his remains.

It is not on the field—while the battle is raging—that one realizes the horrible effects of War; but it is here, in the hospitals, where we gaze at the pale faces, the emaciated forms, the mangled limbs, and the dying struggles of these noble fellows, who thus give themselves to their country. If one can contemplate such a scene as

this, and not conclude that War, in itself considered, is a fearful evil, it must be because his better nature has long been obscured.

Yours devotedly,

S. B. BRITTAN, JR.

On the night of the third of February the land forces under Gen. Grant made their way up the Tennessee river, under the deep gloom of a starless and stormy night. The next day the troops disembarked at a point opposite Buffalo, Kentucky. The Gunboats felt their way along the Channel, on both sides of Panther Island, shelling the shores whenever the rebels put in an appearance. In the morning the storm subsided, and on the night of the fourth the heavens were unveiled in all their glory, while a thousand camp-fires gleamed along the wooded hills of Tennessee. February 5th was spent in reconnoitering. At night a fearful thunder-storm raged through all the region. The fiery bolts, from the aerial batteries, descended thick and fast in the direction of Fort Henry, and seemed ominous of the thunder, and lightning and hail, that the next day fell with deadly force over the Rebel fortifications.

At ten o'clock, on the morning of the sixth of February, the Gunboats left their anchorage and moved slowly and silently up the river, until within about 600 yards of the enemy's works, when the key-note was sounded and the awful chorus from iron throats commenced, and never ceased, for one moment, until the Fort surrendered. I extract the following brief description of the mortal conflict and the death of my brave Brother from the "Portrait Gallery of Our Military and Naval Heroes."

"Twenty minutes before the surrender of Fort Henry, young Brittan was standing forward on the gun-deck, by the side of his brave commander. Captain Porter and his Aide were watching the terrific effect of their firing on the rebel fortifications, and engaged in familiar conversation. At this moment, a forty-two pound shot from the enemy's works, entering directly over the forward port gun,

struck the young Midshipman, taking off the posterior and coronal portions of his head, and passing on through the bulkhead, designed to protect the machinery, entered the middle boiler, and—releasing the fiery demon within—carried death to several others on board.

“The young officer died instantly, while thus nobly employed at the post of duty, and with his face to the foe. One hand was on the shoulder of his commander, to whom he was strongly attached, and with the other he was drawing his cutlass to cheer on the tired men at the guns. His heart was firm, and his spirit fearless, amid the thunder and lightning of the battle storm; and even at the fatal moment a triumphant smile played over his youthful brow, as if the spirit of victory, that already hovered above the stars and stripes, was mirrored in his countenance. His career was short, and his young life was a pure and willing offering on the altar of his country.”

Captain Porter appears to have regarded my Brother with a fatherly affection. Had the latter been less fearless and devoted to his own high sense of duty, his life would doubtless have been saved. Only a few moments before the fatal missile performed its terrible mission—while the heavy shot were momentarily striking the Essex—Captain Porter said to his Aide:

“My son, I think you had better go below; this is a place for you.”

“Captain,” replied the gallant youth, “where is the place for your Aide, in the hour of battle, if not at your side?”

“True,” rejoined the Captain, “but I can dispense with your services.”

“Captain,” responded the brave boy, “with your permission I prefer to remain at my post.”

Silence and a smile of approval signified the acquiescence of the Commander. Fifteen minutes later the young patriot and hero had been ushered into the presence of the immortal fathers of the Republic.\*

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\* My Brother was a sincere believer in Spiritualism; and a curious incident in his experience appears to have strangely foreshadowed the manner of his death.

Four days after the *New York Times* announced his death in an extended and appreciative notice, from which I extract the following:

#### A YOUNG HERO.

SAMUEL BYRON BRITTAN, Capt. W. D. Porter's Aide, who was instantly killed on board the United States gunboat Essex, by a shot from the enemy, on the occasion of the capture of Fort Henry, was the eldest living son of Prof. S. B. Brittan, for many years connected with the periodical press of this City. On the fall of Sumter, young Brittan manifested an earnest desire to enlist as a private soldier in the Union army, but his father was unwilling, owing to his son's extreme youth, and the latter yielded to his advice. Subsequently the situation of Master's Mate was offered him by Capt. Porter, of the Essex, and with the consent of his parents it was accepted. But a few days since his gallant conduct and efficient services were the subject of honorable mention in Capt. Porter's official dispatch regarding the action at Lucas' Bend.

Mr. Brittan was a brave, sincere and high-minded young man, of prepossessing person and manners, and was alike admired and beloved by a large circle of friends in New York and New England, who will sincerely lament the sudden and tragic termination of a life so full of promise. He was less than seventeen years of age; but his fine physical and mental development, and his manly bearing, led strangers to suppose that he had numbered more years, and that his rare gifts had been matured by a longer experience. He leaves father, mother, two brothers and three sisters to cherish his memory.

*The Home Journal*—in an article referring to the remains

It occurred some months before at a spiritual *séance* in Worcester, Massachusetts. In the course of the evening he was deeply entranced by spiritual influence. He said nothing for some time, but at length, deliberately placing his hand on the top of his head—with a voice and manner expressive of the deepest solemnity—he exclaimed, "Blood! blood! blood!" When he returned to a state of outward consciousness he appeared unusually thoughtful. He made no allusion to his experience during the trance, and no one made any mention to him of what had happened. It was not until after the actual occurrence of his death that these facts were communicated by other members of the circle.



and descriptive of the funeral ceremonies—paid a graceful and feeling tribute to his memory, which may be appropriately introduced in this connection.

#### OBSEQUIES OF S. B. BRITTAN, JR.

The remains of this beloved and lamented youth, inclosed in a metallic case, arrived in this city, and were delivered to the family on Monday, the seventeenth of February. On Tuesday following, the case was opened in the presence of the father and several male relatives and friends, with a view to the positive identification of the body before its interment. It was found on examination that the terrible missile, that at once occasioned his death and disabled the United States gun-boat Essex, in the hour of victorious battle at Fort Henry, had mercifully spared the face of the young hero, only the back and coronal portions of the head being removed. The countenance was slightly marked in places by the hot steam that escaped from the boiler after the fatal ball had done its work; but the manly features—so faultless in their symmetry—were all strangely preserved. In place of the remarkable illumination that characterized them in life, and in which every emotion was visibly reflected, there remained, with an expression of repose, the veil—impervious to the intellectual light—that the Angel of Silence drops between the living and the dead.

The funeral solemnities occurred on Wednesday, the 19th of February, at the residence of Mr. S. D. Stryker, Jr. (brother-in-law of the deceased), at Irvington, New Jersey. A large concourse of people from Newark and the neighboring towns, together with the friends of the family from New York and Massachusetts, assembled at one o'clock, when Rev. G. T. Flanders, of this city, delivered an able and impressive discourse. For an hour the earnest eloquence of the speaker engaged the undivided attention of the solemn assembly, and his philosophical and spiritual doctrines concerning the Divine Providence and the grand issues of human life, took such firm hold on immortality as to render the invisible life, in the consciousness of his hearers, a sublime reality.

The case containing the remains was closely sealed and appropriately enveloped in the starry folds of the American flag. It was

proper that the national banner should enshroud the graceful form of the young officer, since for his country and her institutions—for all that is symbolized by that flag—he gave his young heart's devotion, and, in the last scene of earthly conflict, sealed with his blood the earnest pledge of his patriotic fidelity. Wreaths of evergreen, inwrought with white roses and the camellia japonica, were placed on the burial case, one of which encircled a silver plate bearing his name, age, (16 years, 7 months and 17 days), place, and date of his death.

The remains were entombed in the Rosedale Cemetery, near the village of North Orange, where the public respect for the gallant youth was most strikingly displayed. In an editorial notice of the funeral solemnities, the *Newark Journal* said:—"While the mournful cortege passed through Orange, the bells of the several churches were tolled, and numerous flags were run up at half-mast out of respect to the memory of the dead. Seldom, indeed, has the death of one so young occasioned a sensation at once so deep and general. The funeral of Hon. William Pennington occurred on the same day, and the public associated the names of the venerable ex-Governor of New Jersey, and late Speaker of the House of Representatives, with that of the brave youth who fell beneath the Stars and Stripes at Fort Henry, in the same tribute of grateful respect. A large flag was suspended over the principal avenue at Orange, in the center of which, and surrounded with the insignia of mourning, were the names of 'PENNINGTON AND BRITTAN.'" The wise man, crowned with years, and the youth full of animation and hope, ascend together by a law that attracts each to his appropriate heaven. Thus, even in the morning of life,

Some souls,  
By nature half divine, soar to the stars,  
And hold a near acquaintance with the gods."

On the occasion of my Brother's death Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Weekly* published an article descriptive of the occurrence and its circumstances, together with an elegant portrait of the deceased. All over the country the press announced the fact and made mention of his heroic con-

duct. The *Louisville Journal*, in an appreciative editorial referring to his character and services, used the following language :

"BOY BRITTAN" was one of the most beautiful and gifted among the youths who have sealed their devotion to their country with their blood. Those who have read of his daring and endurance will be delighted to possess some memorial of that fated young hero, whose bravery will go down the stream of time in poetry and story, along with the most chivalric incidents of this civil war.\* The beautiful patriot soul should have its grave marked worthily.

The burial occurred some time after the funeral, and was impressively described in a private letter, written by my father to a fair young girl in New England, between whom and my dear Brother there existed a tender attachment. I am permitted to extract a portion of that letter, as follows :

But two days since—on a glorious Summer evening—we took what was mortal of our heroic Son from the vault, and beneath the quiet shades of Rosedale we tenderly consigned the sacred relics to the embrace of mother earth. The tears of bereaved affection for the last time baptized his coffin, and then the earth closed over all that was perishable of the one we loved so well. Believe me, my own heart went down into the grave with the image of my Boy, and it has not yet risen from the dead.

A little hickory tree, tall, smooth, graceful and vigorous; stands over his head. It symbolizes, in an expressive manner, the strength, elasticity, and beauty of his youth. There, beneath this living symbol of his young Manhood, we placed the head of our dear, brave Boy; and when the golden sun was setting, I was planting the laurel, the myrtle, and the lily of the valley on his grave. And then, too, over the pulseless heart, I placed a pot of flowers, the seeds of which were gathered in Gethsemane. While these offered eloquent and impressive suggestions of the bitterness of our own great trouble, they also recall the sweet submission and silent heroism of the Saviour on the cross, and the cross for our reproof and instruction.

The *Banner of Light*, in addition to its own feeling tribute to his memory, published some original lines by Aclare Ritchie—a tribute elicited by my Brother's heroic death, and expressive of the popular "admiration, respect and sorrow," from which I extract a single stanza.

"Dead ! Dead !  
In his pride the boy-hero gone !  
Fling laurel wreaths down on his grave !  
Drape our country's flag !—for each star that shone,  
Each stripe, that loyalty emblazoned thereon,  
He died, in his boyhood, to save !"

Mrs. Fanny Green McDougal, of California—a lady of remarkable literary attainments and a powerful writer in both prose and verse—in her patriotic poem—"The Genius of American Liberty," describes the battle of Fort Henry, and the death of the youth she had known from his infancy. We have only space for the following lines :

"There stood, with shout and cheering,  
A youth, all fair and brave,  
When from the sea of Battle  
Rolled forth an iron wave !  
With deeds of death on-sweeping,  
It shot across our ken ;  
And the beautiful "BOY BRITTAN"  
May never rise again !  
For on his Country's altar, rife  
With crimson gifts, his fair young life  
Was made an offering then !

Is this the blue-eyed baby  
I've dandled on my knee,  
Crushed in this frightful carnage,  
So horrible to see ?  
A fountain of manly courage  
Lay deep in his tender breast,  
And his flaxen locks were folded  
With a hero's shining crest !  
He passed away, as he gave, the while,  
A ringing word, and a loving smile,  
To cheer the fair Southwest ?"

From among the numerous letters, elicited by the great sorrow of the family, I select those that follow in this connection. The first is a deeply interesting epistle

FROM AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR :

Happiness is found only in the performance of our social functions, as you very well know, and only thus is it to be found, here and hereafter. But my purpose in calling your attention to this maxim of all true experience, is to suggest to your mind a basis of consolation in its present great sorrow ; one which, though it seems of no avail now, will surely do its office in later years.

The highest function of a human soul is the exercise of use—love, fraternal love ; and the highest form of that affection is patriotism ; which respects the peace and glory of all nations and races, by right y regulating the conduct of one's own member of the grand family of nations and races.

Cicero, in his Dream of Scipio, says that the most direct and least impeded return to Heaven (from which all alike emanate) is open to those who advance and protect human civilization ; that for such, the divine assemblies of the good and the wise—who have risen before them into the better abodes—are open and ready forever. You and I believe this, even more firmly than did the good Roman, because we have scientific demonstration of its truth, in addition to the pulses of intuition which moved his hopes and faith.

Your son left the earth-form in the act of defending his native land, and through that, all lands and all races of men, from ruthless tyranny and barbaric violence. God bless him ! And he is surely in the society of the divine patriots of '76, as I am now moving my pen to call your father's heart up to this great truth of eternal humanity. He died in the exercise of the most exalted function of an earth-man, aided and energized by the fathers of our glorious Republic ; and, baptized in fire, he rises to be received, soothed, strengthened and made more grandly useful by those who love and work for progress, who are unfolded in the heaven of fraternal uses.

Your son belongs, henceforth, to his Country ; and, more than

that, he is the property and possession of that grand affiliation of countries and peoples of which his country and his people are a rudimental basis and exponent. Faithfully your friend,

*John S. May*

S. B. BRITTAN.

I trust the fair writer of the subjoined epistle will pardon the liberty I take in introducing her to the reader. Miss Hegan is an artist of fine intellectual endowments, cultivated in her esthetic perception and judgment, refined in person and manners, and of great moral worth. During the late Civil War she performed an angelic ministry in the hospitals of Louisville, that rendered her gentle presence a blessing to many a faint and dying soldier. Her loving heroism and fidelity to the Union are forcibly expressed in her letter.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 28, 1862.

PROF. S. B. BRITTAN :

DEAR SIR.—Pardon me for approaching you at present. When you handed me your card, three years ago, I knew not what peculiar development, or strange event, should call forth a word from me. The fate of "BOY BRITTAN" touched my heart, and unseals the silence of years. I ask only to drop a tear, with you and yours, upon his early bier.

How often have I pictured him, standing upon that fatal deck—calm and determined—with form erect; his eye beaming with ardent devotion, as he glances for the last time upon his country's hallowed ensign. Methinks there were requiem sighs amid its folds, as "BOY BRITTAN" unswervingly faced the cannon's mouth in its defense.

The occasion calls up old and cherished memories. Upon reference to the card, so long laid by, I found the date, Feb. 16, 1859, recorded—and precisely three years after, to the *very day*, I read of "BOY BRITTAN'S" sacrifice, and an offering of noble, disinterested patriotism it was.

I have a brother, a little older, whose heart throbs with a man's

affection for his country's cause, while his soldier arm is raised in her defense—amid the alienation of friends, and derision of home circles. My heart thrills with the thought, that not one drop of treasonable blood plays in the veins of our entire family. Dear as my brothers are to me, I should a thousand-fold rather see them *dead patriots* than *living traitors*. . . . .

Although deeply absorbed in the wants of our brave defenders, I am never forgetful of the time when you officiated as high priest in the mysteries of the Beautiful\*—and the ministrations were enjoyed, as though you had called me to a garden of blooming and fragrant sweets. Most truly "my individual recollections were suspended, and lulled to sleep amid the music of nobler thoughts."

Let us hope that our personal afflictions may be soothed, and as far as possible counterbalanced by an early return of peace and prosperity within our national borders.

Excuse this, if it shall seem to be intrusive, and be assured of my sympathy.

Very truly,

*Mary Hegar*

I can not resist the inclination to give place to the following letter, recently received from an eminent author and journalist, who is so widely and favorably known as to require no further introduction to our readers :

DEAR SIR :

Boston, July 23, 1874.

I am glad to learn you are preparing a MEMORIAL of your brother's career. I remember, presuming upon my limited personal acquaintance with your father, to write to him, on the impulse of the moment, a letter called out by the heroic and touching death of your brother, S. B. BRITTAN, during the late war. . . I can only remember the emotions of admiration, sympathy and condolence with which

\* The reference is to a lecture, entitled the Gospel of Beauty, delivered in February, 1862, in the Masonic Temple at Louisville, and repeated at the solicitation of twenty distinguished citizens, including Professors in the College.

I wrote, throwing my poor little bouquet of words on the bier of one so beloved, and who had so nobly fallen for country and for truth.

Such examples as his make us realize that our humanity is not so poor a thing as we are apt to regard it, when we look at it from the side of its limitations rather than of its possibilities. He has joined the great throng who have ennobled our nature by their *acts*.

Wishing you success in your work, I am, dear Sir,

Respectfully yours,

*Pres Sargent*

A. ANGELO BRITTAN.

FORCEYTHE WILLSON, of Indiana—a man of the noblest principles and sympathies, and gifted with a rare poetic genius, that promised to secure for its possessor a wide and lasting fame—very soon after the death of my Brother published in the *Louisville Journal*, a sweet and powerful elegy, entitled “BOY BRITTAN,” and to this reference is made in some of the letters and press notices. Among all the eloquent tributes paid to gray-bearded heroes and martyrs of the Union, there is perhaps nothing more touching and stirring than this grand elegiac composition. It is powerful alike in its deep, mournful music, and in the deeper strain of spiritual triumph, that uplifts our souls above the noise of battle and the scene of ruin, into the sublime

—“Over-calm of God's canopy,  
And the infinite love-span of the skies!”

To our mortal observation the lyre of the Western Bard is unstrung, since the poet, too, has gone to his home in Paradise. *Requiescat in pace*. Mr. Willson's exquisitely beautiful letter here follows, and is a fitting introduction to his solemn Song of battle, and death, and victory!

MY DEAR FRIEND:

NEW ALBANY, April 5, 1862.

Most welcome is your letter, and most welcome, believe me, the accompanying mementoes of the brave, young immortal, whose heroic



self-sacrifice and transfiguration in the sacred service of his country touched and thrilled the hardest of our hearts, and evoked, at once, their deepest music and their purest tears.

It almost seems as if the Divine Spirit had smiled with special benignity upon his young destiny, and had descended and borne him up so high above us all—all crowned with patriot-glory as he is—to mold of his yet pure and plastic soul a divine model for all of his young compatriots to contemplate and emulate forever.

All patriots, my dear friend, and all true men and women who hear and know of him, throughout the world, will yearn to share the divinely-saddened joy with which you can but think of such a son; and will, as with one common heart-flow, bless his name and cherish it and him, as if he were, indeed, the dear, young son and brother of us all.

I sincerely wish that Mrs. Brittan might be made fully conscious of how inestimably I prize the beautiful picture of her immortal darling. In accepting the copy intended for him, Mr. George D. Prentice not only expressed his most grateful thanks, but the highest admiration of the classic beauty of the head, and of the delicate and artistic rendering of the engraver. The picture will, at once, characterize and consecrate my album. Bright, unblemished, noble, brave! No spot nor shade of earthly guile had yet obscured the spiritual beauty of his brow.

How signally and soon God blessed him! I could not help but weave some little wreath for him; there are so few that live and die so worthily as he.

I reciprocate with deep emotion the affectionate recognition which you have so touchingly conveyed from each and all the members of your most estimable and patriotic family. "BOY BRITTAN'S" memory will be forever cherished by the West. The light of the departed sheds a sunset glory, my dear friend, upon your house and hearth.

With heartfelt sentiments of personal regard and sympathy,

Sincerely yours,

*Frederic Willson*

## BOY BRITTAN.

BY FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

**B**OY BRITTAN—only a lad—a fair-haired boy—sixteen,  
In his uniform !  
Into the storm—into the roaring jaws of grim Fort Henry—  
Boldly bears the Federal flotilla—  
Into the battle-storm !

Boy Brittan is Master's mate aboard of the *Essex*,  
There he stands, buoyant and eager-eyed,  
By the brave Captain's side;  
Ready to do and dare—aye, aye, sir, always ready—  
In his country's uniform.—  
Boom ! boom ! and now the flag-boat sweeps, and now the *Essex*,  
Into the battle-storm !

Boom ! boom ! till River, and Fort, and Field, are over-clouded  
By the battle's breath ; then from the Fort a gleam  
And a crashing gun, and the *Essex* is wrapt and shrouded  
In a scalding cloud of steam !

But victory ! victory !  
Unto God all praise be ever rendered—  
Unto God all praise and glory be !  
See, Boy Brittan, see, Boy, see !  
They strike ! Hurrah ! the Fort has just surrendered !  
Shout ! shout ! my Boy, my warrior Boy !  
And wave your cap and clap your hands for joy !  
Cheer answer cheer and bear the cheer about—  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the fiery Fort is ours ;  
And " Victory ! " " Victory ! " " Victory ! "

Is the shout.  
Shout—for the fiery Fort—and the field, and the day, are ours—  
The day is ours—thanks to the brave endeavor  
Of heroes, Boy, like thee ;  
The day is ours—the day is ours—  
Forever !

Glory and love for one and all ; but—but—for thee—  
Home ! home ! a happy " Welcome—welcome home " for thee !  
And kisses of love for thee—  
And a mother's happy, happy tears, and a virgin's bridal wreath of  
flowers—  
For thee !

Victory ! Victory !

But suddenly wrecked and wrapped in seething steam, the Essex  
 Slowly drifted out of the battle-storm ;  
 Slowly, slowly—down, laden with the dead and the dying ;  
 And there, at the Captain's feet, among the dead and the dying,  
 The shot-marred form of a beautiful Boy is lying—  
 There in his uniform !

Laurels and tears for thee, Boy,

Laurels and tears for thee !

Laurels of light, moist with the precious dew  
 Of the inmost heart of the Nation's loving heart,  
 And blest by the balmy breath of the Beautiful and the True ;  
 Moist—moist with the luminous breath of the singing Spheres,

And the Nation's starry tears,

And tremble-touched by the pulse-like gush and start  
 Of the universal music of the heart,

And all deep sympathy.

Laurels and tears for thee, Boy,

Laurels and tears for thee—

Laurels of light, and tears of love, for evermore,  
 For thee.

And laurels of Light and tears of Truth,

And the Mantle of Immortality ;

And the flowers of Love and immortal Youth,

And the tender heart-tokens of all true ruth—

And the everlasting Victory !

And the breath and bliss of Liberty,

And the loving kiss of Liberty,

And the welcoming light of heavenly eyes,

And the over-calm of God's canopy ;

And the infinite love-span of the skies

That cover the Valleys of Paradise—

For all of the brave who rest with thee ;

And for one and all who died with thee,

And now sleep side by side with thee ;

And for every one who lives and dies

On the solid land or the heaving sea,

Dear warrior-boy, like thee !

Oh, the Victory—the Victory

Belongs to thee !

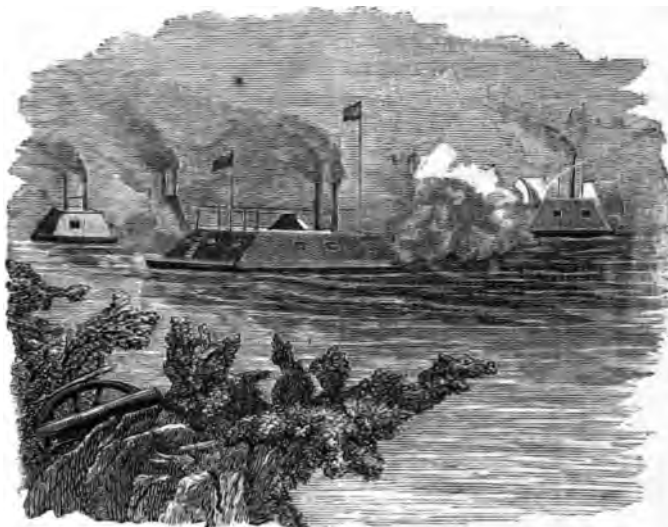
God ever keeps the brightest crown for such as thou—

He gives it now to thee !

O Young and Brave, and early and thrice blest :

Thrice, thrice, thrice blest !

Thy Country turns once more to kiss thy youthful brow,  
 And takes thee gently, gently, to her breast,  
 And whispers lovingly : "God bless thee—bless thee now !  
 My darling, thou shalt rest !"



CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

Our remaining space will only permit a passing reference to a grand tribute to the memory of "Boy BRITTAN," which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1865, and occupied seven pages. The fearful music and momentum of the battle are represented in the Author's verse. Our brief extracts include the closing lines of the

" RHYME OF THE MASTER'S MATE."

" Ah, 'twas a wicked shot,  
 And, whether they know it or not,  
 It doesn't give us joy !  
 Through an open port it flew,  
 As with some special permit to destroy ;  
 And first, for sport,  
 Struck the soul from that beautiful Boy ;  
 Then through the bulkhead lunged,  
 And into the boiler plunged,  
 Scalding the whole crew !

We know that the brave must fall—  
 But that was a sight to see :—

A low moan came from the deck  
Of the drifting wreck.—  
And that was all.

But you ought to 'a' heard our water-dogs yelp !—  
Just an hour and fifteen minutes !—  
(Twitter away, you English linnets !)  
Horizontal and perpendicular,  
Fair and square, without any help,—  
That is, any in particular,—  
The old ferry wash-tubs of the West  
With some new-fashioned *hoops*, for a little test,  
And a few old *pounders* from—Kingdom Come,  
And nothing for suds but the "Nawth'n scum",  
Made these 'gen'l'men' turn as white  
As a head o'hair in a single night !

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Such was the Rhyme of the Master's Mate,  
Just as they found it in the locker,  
With this at the foot : —  
    " It's getting late,  
And I hear a pretty loud Knock at the knocker !  
Captain, if I should chance to fall,  
Try to send me home, Good-bye !" That's all,—  
Excepting the date, the name, and rank :—  
    " Feb. 6th, '62, \_\_\_\_\_,  
    Master's Mate!"

All next day a great black Cloud  
Hung over the land from coast to coast ;  
And the next, the Knocking was " pretty loud,"  
With a sudden Eclipse, as it were, of the sun,—  
And the earth, all day, quaked — " Donelson !"   
But the next was the deadliest day of all,  
And the Master's Mate was not at Call !  
Yet nobody seemed to wonder why, —  
There was something, perhaps, the MASTER knew  
Far better than we, for his Mate to do, —  
And the Day went down with a bloody sky !

But when the long, long Night was past,  
And our Eagle, sweeping the traitor's crag,  
Circled to victory up the dome,  
The great Reveille was heard at last !—  
They wrapped the Mate in his Country's flag,  
And sent him in glory home.

## INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL FORCES.

BY JUDGE ISRAEL DILLE.

**D**ARWIN, Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer, by their laborious and careful collection of facts, have rendered a great and valuable service to science, notwithstanding their *non sequitur* conclusions. All the facts they adduce to prove the change or transmutation of species, begin with and end in the same species, slightly modified under new conditions. In the progress of geological developments and change, new plants and animals appear upon the scene, which have left imbedded in the rock their fossil forms, but in no case can be traced evidence of derivation from preëxisting forms, except in the general fact of their vegetal and animal structures. The gradations from one specific form to another is nowhere to be found, either in the geological or historical series. The appearance of new genera or species always attests a change of conditions in the earth at large, or in the particular region where the genera or species are found. Man is the only cosmopolite. Plants and animals have their local habitats, more or less limited, but man is found in every accessible region of the world.

The presumption that man descended from any previous class of the lower animals, without a solitary fact to support it, is what lawyers would call a very violent one. Man is a being so far in advance of all other animals, in form, in anatomy, in his physiology and psychology, that to connect him with the highest of the lower animals, by any chain of evolutions would evince the loss of so many links, that it would ruin any chain and render it useless. Every quality, every specific property, and all faculties are derived

from some source ; and the source must be sufficient, suitable, and contain what is derived from it. To attempt to derive something from nothing, or any quality, property, or faculty from that which does not contain and cannot produce it, would be an absurdity.

The faculties that distinguish man from the brute are so many and so peculiar, so entirely above any which the lower animals possess, that we cannot by any logical process trace them to any such source. The greater may include the less, but the less cannot include the greater. The alchemists labored long and hard to transmute the baser metals into gold, but failed, and the attempt to transmute the ape into a man will be as signal a failure. Lead is deficient in the qualities of gold, and gold cannot be obtained from it ; and the monkey is deficient in the faculties of a man, and he cannot generate them within himself ; and if he, by any means, acquires them, they must be derived from without—imparted to him—and not voluntarily sought for, or attained independent of his will or wish.

Intellect, the passions and conscience are as much forces, as heat, actinism, light or electricity, and no one of them can be generated by any or all of those lower forces. They are things unlike, operate unlike, and act upon unlike objects. One does not and cannot proceed from or produce the other, any more than the eagle can produce the elephant, or the oak the ox. Examine all the genera and species on the earth and follow them as far as possible towards their origin, and we shall see that it is most probable that every genus and every species was the product of conditions that favored its generation. Take the natural order, Solanacea, of plants, which is widely diffused over the world, and how vastly does the solanum of one large division of the earth differ from those of other quarters of the globe. The potato and tomato are indigenous to America, while the egg plant is a native of India. These are all the species that occur to me, that are used as food, by man ; al-

though the species are very numerous and abound in all temperate and warm countries ; yet all contain an alcaloid principle which is poisonous, and which is nearly identical in all the members of the family. Some are annuals, some herbaceous and some woody, some with and some without spines. It would puzzle the evolutionists to trace one species from any other, and if he did so or does so, he must refer it to conditions, as Mr. Darwin accounts for the change in oysters transferred from the English coast to the Mediterranean.

Among animals take the genus *Cervus*, from the Pleistocene to the present time, and mark how varied and numerous are the species, from the ungainly moose and the stately elk to the graceful and fleet-footed deer of Asia, Europe and America. Was any one species the parent of all the others? And if so, account for emigration and distribution of the progeny over countries so remote and beyond obstacles so impassable ; or the antelope family, so widely separated, so varied in species and so generally distributed. It is to conditions only that we can refer these varied species, conditions local or general. The Marsupial family left its remains in the white chalk in England, being among the earliest quadrupeds of Europe, and became extinct, probably, early in the Eocene Period. It could only live there while the conditions favored; but its congener, the opossum, still flourishes in America, and the Marsupiaë comprise nearly all the quadrupeds of Australia, where conditions favored the generation of such pouched animals—which carry their young like the opossum—in a great number of species. Wallace and Lyell agree that the whole organic kingdom of the Australian islands is peculiar to that part of the world, receiving little or none from elsewhere and contributing nothing to other countries. Conditions, peculiarly its own, produced its fauna and flora, and when such conditions prevailed in Europe and America the pouch bearing opossum was generated. Are we to infer that those conditions were material only, or did ethereal forces combine with



matter to generate such forms, such qualities and such characters with such habits? If we may refer them to a combination with ethereal elements or forces, they must be still very different from the recognized ethereal forces, although allied to and acting with them.

#### MAN.

How vast the subject! Derive him from an Ape? What a miracle! Brahma and Boodh, Hebrews and Mahomet, have nothing to compare with this. But if we have succeeded in rendering it probable that plants have derived their qualities, and animals their characters, in all their differentiations from ethereal combinations, the task will be less difficult to prove that man derives his form and all his ennobling faculties of mind and morals, affections and aspirations from more refined and elevated ethereal source. Whether revelation or philosophy suggested that Man was created in the image—the shadow—of his Maker—the idea is a sublime one. How Shakespeare must have been thrilled with the thought when it occurred to him to say through the mouth of Hamlet:

“What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!”

We cannot compare man with any or all of the lower animals, for things unlike are not comparable. Yet man has properly been called a microcosm, a little world made up of constituents of all animality. But he is unlike anything and everything living beneath him. He stands alone, the lord of created things, and all are put in subjection under him. The fear of him rules in every creature. All acknowledge his superiority. Byron makes Mazeppa say of the wild horses that surrounded him, as he lay bound to the dead steed:

"They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,  
And backward to the forest fly,  
By instinct, from a human eye."

Burns has a similar thought, in his address to a mouse :

"I'm sorry cruel man's dominion  
Has broken Nature's social union,  
And justifies that ill opinion,  
That makes thee startle."—

So also we read in Genesis, ch. ix. v. 2, "And the fear of **you** and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the **earth**, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that **moveth** upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea."\*

When metals are compared, they are taken in their purity, so when we compare, or rather contrast man with the lower **animals**, we should take the best specimens of both, for we **find** some tribes of men, in the savage state, and some **families** in the midst of the highest civilization, are even more degraded than the brutes. But take our best samples of **humanity**, in intellect, in piety, in morality, how vastly they transcend all the families of earthly animals. All the savage **tribes** and all the civilized nations have their representative **men**, who mold public opinion by the force of their minds, who persuade, who teach, who argue and convince, who **move** the hearts and minds of their people by their eloquence, by their bravery, by their logic, by their glowing **imagination**s, so as to infuse their own spirits and enterprise into others. Whether such influence is exerted by poetry, by **eloquence**, by logic, or by energy of character, it is a

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\* Fabre-D'Olivet renders this passage much better to my purpose. I wish I could express to the understanding of the reader his analytical note on the word rendered "the fear of you." He literally translates the passage thus: "And the dazzling brightness of you, and the dread of you, shall be upon all earth-born animality, and upon every fowl of the heaven, and upon all that breed upon the Adamic element, and in every fish of the sea."

*force*. Not animal force, not muscular force or mechanical force; but intellectual force—a force not imparted by chemical energy, or heat, or electricity, or magnetism, but a force more refined and more potent than any or all those combined. It is a force that may coerce any or all of them into its service, and make them obedient to its will.

The Historical Period presents us a long list of “mortal names that were not born to die,” and cannot die so long as history continues and intellect remains to cherish their memory. If we could exhume the names of the great and gifted that flourished during the prehistoric times, another list equally as long might possibly be furnished; for Egypt was waning in vigor and light long before Grecian historians began to record the deeds of illustrious men “among the Greeks and barbarians,” and had submitted to the yoke of the conqueror before the Hebrews became a nation. If we credit the Sanscrit records, which are supported by external evidence, Egypt was a colony of a nation far more powerful that preceded her, fragments of whose vast empire continued to flourish even down to the time of the Romans, and contested the supremacy of the world with that people. But thanks to Grecian and Roman narrowness, and Christian and Saracen bigotry, we know but little more of those peoples than the names of cities they occupied and a few of the names of the illustrious men who contributed to make their nations rich, prosperous and powerful. All that we are permitted to say of Assyria, Phœnecia, Carthage and Egypt is through Greek and Roman eyes. It is not improbable that during the stone age of Europe, when the Swiss lake-dwellers existed, enlightened nations peopled Asia, from the Mediterranean and Red Sea to the Chinese Sea—

Beginning with the Greeks, what an array of intellectual men may be summoned for our contemplation. Poetry, eloquence, art, statesmanship, heroes and philosophers—all of the first order follow in the long procession. Take Homer, who appeared in the twilight of the day of Grecian

glories, what a great original mind was his, whose thoughts have thrilled thousands in every generation for twenty-five centuries! and will continue to do so in every age, as long as literature shall continue to amuse, instruct and enlighten mankind. Among orators, Demosthenes was like a zephyr, a sweeping wind or a thunderstorm; and Plato, as a philosopher, still continues to teach the world in all that is profound, and good and true. But long before all these there was a great intellect that shed its light upon the world in Iran, of Central Asia, a light which continues to show the way of truth, and right and morality to this day. That was Zoroaster, to whom Plato, Socrates and the most enlightened Greeks deferred with veneration. The influence of that great mind is still felt among the Parsees, who are the most industrious, intelligent, moral, benevolent and prosperous of all the Orientals. Their numbers have been greatly diminished by persecutions, insomuch that they are supposed, at this day, to be less than one million, and divided into two sects, yet the impress of a single mind has been perpetuated for, probably, 3500 years, amid fire and fanaticism from Brahmins, Boodists and Mahometans, and they remain as living witnesses of the force of a leading intellect which was able to instruct the mind and purify the heart.

There is, perhaps, in all the annals of man, but one name that stands superior to that of Zoroaster. That is Jesus of Nazareth. I am not aware that it is claimed for Zoroaster that he worked miracles or was endowed with marvelous powers, beyond that of a profound, religious and philosophic intellect. But without miraculous powers, Jesus Christ rises above all other human beings in his humility, his meekness, his self-denial, his elevating philosophy, and his true system of sociology, which begins and ends in a single word almost forgotten in every Christian church—that is, LOVE—"Love one another" is the leading injunction in his last affecting discourse. How often did he repeat it! Where

love rules the heart forgiveness is easy, and a higher law binds heart to heart, closes out all evil propensities, lifts the soul to heaven and makes man perfect. His miracles, however, sanctioned his authority.

To the Spiritualist, miracles can be no stumbling-block. If he has seen, what many claim to have witnessed, he cannot doubt the possibility, or the probability, that a highly gifted one may have done all that has been related of Jesus Christ. Nor can he doubt that an Intelligent Creator could, or would reveal his will to his intelligent, but erring creature. Indeed, without claiming the gift of prophecy, at a period when the whole scientific world is skeptical, I think the time is near when the Church will look to Spiritual revelations as its sanction and defense. The Church must abandon its materialism, and be ready to make as many concessions to Spiritualism as it has to what is claimed as science; and when a more consistent philosophy emanates from spiritual mediums, with a more instructive literature, — a literature that purifies the heart at the same time that it enlightens the understanding, — *this new Doctrine* will be embraced by every sorrowing heart, and every burdened spirit; and the Church which does not come back to the mind of its Master will be without devotees or members.

This is no digression from our subject. For the mind of Jesus Christ was a force of greater energy than any other that has ever influenced the moral world. Much as that force has been perverted by selfish ambition, by invigorating bad passions, by hypocrisy and by narrow bigotry, no other system of religion has raised up such a host of pure, enlightened and elevated spirits as Christianity. Corrupt as many branches of the Church have been, cruel and relentless as has been its intolerent and persecuting spirit, narrow and bigoted as too many have been and are in nearly all the sects, the ameliorating effect upon human character attests its power and the force of its divine origin. It was indeed a light that came into the world, which the world

was not prepared to receive, because the civilized nations were passing their culminating point, demoralized by luxury and effeminated with every vice, could not be quickened into new life, or invigorated by the love or the study of moral or spiritual principles, even by a divine spark. In the lapse of three centuries the Church became nearly as corrupt as the pagans. Yet there were some notable exceptions, who bore up and carried forward the celestial torch until it was handed over to a race of vigorous barbarians, who improved by its radiance, are now the enlightened nations of the world.

Another influential mind claims mention here, Sidhartha, the founder of the Boodhist religion. He was an earnest man, sickened with the debased condition of humanity, under the corrupting system of servitude and caste which Brahminism had brought upon his people, and perhaps penetrated by a measure of celestial light, he laid the foundation of a faith which now numbers more followers than any other religion on earth. Its numbers are not its only merit. It produced a voluminous literature, and long ameliorated the condition of caste in India as its leading maxim was brotherly love and charity. That religion is now 2400 years old, and although expelled from India is the prevailing faith of all eastern Asia, beyond Hindoostan. Mrs. Leonowens tells an interesting anecdote of Boodhism. The favorite wife of the late king of Siam, one of her pupils, on reading the Sermon on the Mount, said to Mrs. Leonowens: "Your Jesus is beautiful; when you pray to Jesus, you call him Boodha, and when I pray to Boodha, I will call him Jesus." Mahomet who rose 1200 years after Boodha, was another influential mind, whose force is still felt among a large part of the human family.

It may be a question whether the various followers of the different religions would be benefitted by adopting Christianity. Christianizing requires a greater change than the mere accepting of the outward rites and ceremonies of the

church. Chunder Ken said, "If India ever becomes Christian, it must be through some other channel than the European mind." It requires a change of psychical condition. The oriental mind, like that of our American Indians is poetical, figurative, metaphorical and really more spiritual than the European mind. The European mind, derived from the sturdy Germans, fed by Grecian and Roman aliment, came into its early training by sturdy contests between the different tribes, and with the Romans in their decline, is more exact, practical and matter of fact, than the minds of any other race of men. For these reasons it may be doubted whether we have a true conception of the older Hebrew Scriptures, having but a translation from the metaphorical oriental speech into our own. Swedenborg is supported by high authority, both ancient and modern, when he asserts that the true canonical books have a natural, a figurative and a spiritual sense. In fact our knowledge of the Hebrew language is derived from the translation of their Scriptures into the Greek; for when that translation was made the Hebrew was a dead language, and was only spoken by the Essenes, an inconsiderable sect of recluses, who had withdrawn themselves from the world, under vows of extreme abstinence, and who claimed to be the conservators of the mysteries of the Mosaic ritual. It is asserted that Jesus Christ and John the Baptist were of that sect, and that the Essenes were the translators of the Septuagint.

The influence of the intellect of Moses was greatly limited by the ritual which he restricted to the Hebrew nation. That nation was a turbulent, ungovernable people, who contemned their more powerful neighbors, the Gentiles, to whom they were repeatedly subjected, and but few of them understood their Scriptures in any sense. It was not until Christianity became an institution that the Hebrew books were sought after by learned Gentiles, and the religion of the Jews was made known to the gentile world and studied in their schools and churches. From that time the illus-

trious character of the founder of the Hebrew nation began to be appreciated by the civilized world, and its force became the basis of three great religious systems, the Jewish, the Christian and the Mahometan. Other great minds followed in the Hebrew nation, to whom we are indebted for a system of sacred literature which, while it claims to be the most ancient, is in many respects the most sublime that has come down to us from antiquity.

In this hasty review a host of distinguished names must be omitted, the force of whose intellects have contributed so much to ameliorate and instruct their age and to make our civilization what it is. A few names are worthy of mention, which stand out as teachers in religion, philosophy, and as inventors. Martin Luther unfettered the human mind in theological inquiries; Roger Bacon, as a philosophic experimenter, extended human knowledge both in science and the arts; to Lawrence Coster we are indebted for the art of printing, an invention that above all others has diffused human knowledge to all classes; Lord Bacon, by a new system of research, gave certainty to scientific inquiry; Sir Isaac Newton, as a mathematician and philosopher, ranks above all men; John Milton touched the chords of a harmony, in "Justifying the ways of God to man," that will resound through the ages. What mighty forces were the intellects of these men, and they will long continue to instruct, to influence and to lead the human mind. And we might add to the list hundreds or thousands of the names of men, who in every field of inquiry have increased the power, the knowledge and the happiness of man. Every country in Europe could furnish a long list, and our own country not a few, who in invention, in the arts, in science and in the forum, have done the world great service.

Every intellect is a force, and a great intellect is a great force, which perpetuates itself in various ways, some by literature, some by precepts, some by inventions, some by great deeds, some by great sacrifices for the public weal,



and some by great discoveries. How varied are the forces of the human mind and how great the diversity of their achievements.

Again, how potent is the personal form of some great spirit. Who but Hannibal could have disciplined and held together the heterogeneous barbarian mass he gathered for an army and made it so formidable against Rome? Cortez manifested a master spirit in associating the savage allies for the overthrow of the empire of Montezuma, and pages might be filled with instances of the power of a single mind over men. What a magnetic power Napoleon possessed! So of Frederick the Great. But I must cease to enumerate, or write a volume on the subject.

But take another view of the achievements of intellectual force, and see how far and wide it has extended the civilization of the world, by increasing human power, knowledge and comfort. The genius of invention, by first learning what the natural forces are, then how they operate, when and how to find them or to produce them, has caught them and made them subservient to his will, to do his work—to bring the earth with all its capacities and treasures within his grasp; to open the universe to his inspection and enable him to understand its constituent elements. How different is the condition of the material, the political, the social, the intellectual world now, from what it was at the beginning of the century. But it would be a great error to credit this century for all the advances it has made. Every previous step in the long past was necessary to this attainment. So in all things, the present is linked to the past—the ever-active forces, their working up material elements, bringing them into combination with ethereal elements, and every new combination qualifying, either matter or mind, for still new and higher combinations, with more refined ethereal elements.

Not that modern intellect is more profound than the ancient, but it has the advantage of all the past in discovery

and in philosophy, upon which to build and advance in intellectual development. It has more instruments to use in its progression, the art of printing, the power of steam, for work and for traveling and the carrying of burdens on land and water; the whole science of Chemistry, of Geology, of Astronomy with all its optical apparatus, the electric telegraph and the wonder-revealing telescope. All these elevate man to a higher plane of observation and reflection than the ancients could occupy. So he is not only drawn by a higher influence, but as he rises his foundation is firmer and surer.

The brain and muscles of one man now, with the aid of modern machinery, can accomplish more in the same time than a thousand men could do three hundred years ago. Whence comes this intellectual force, so varied, so efficient and so undying? Is it a mere emanation from matter? or any chemical compound of matter? If it is, our laborious and profound chemists can produce it. Who will try? A shout of triumph has gone up, that one chemist has produced the essence of wintergreen, and another uric acid, and half a dozen imitations of natural products have been made, but they are all like counterfeits of bank notes or coin, easily detected by experts. But to make a cranium, stock it with brains and give it the power of thought, no chemist in his senses would undertake.

Then the passions, love, hate, joy, grief, ambition, avarice, are they merely chemical affinities or repulsions? The affections, desires, hopes; the hungering and the thirsting after righteousness, and the judgment of right and wrong, whence are they? from atomic forces, or molecular polarity? These are all forces that actuate the human heart, that move the man and the masses, and with what power do they operate!

The cultivation of the moral and spiritual faculties is still more perplexing to any material hypothesis. Like other cultivated things they grow with culture. The intelligent

worshiper, who seeks by a life of rectitude to live at peace with God and in charity with all mankind, finds what he seeks in a pure heart and a clean conscience, which forms his character and shows its quality in his face, shedding benediction all around it, and in his every day life, devoted to beneficence and good deeds. Is he a laborer? he is patient, frugal and industrious. Is he in business? he is faithful, honest and reliable. A soldier? he fears God, and he has nothing else to fear, brave, but never vainly bold or foolishly venturing. Is he a judge? he is just, kind, unswerving, sympathising with the weak, pitying the frailties of poor humanity—or be he what he will, he is the true man, forbearing, benevolent, charitable and upright. The human face is an index of the soul, and therein we may trace all the indications of character, from the purest and highest to the lowest plane of the wretched outcast. He who bathes his spirit in celestial fountains, drawing from above the elements of his character, takes in meekness, humility, gentleness, with fixed principles of right, duty and veneration. He who makes self his god, whether he pursues pleasure, wealth, fame or power, by degrees defaces the divinity within him, and taking character from below assumes a physiognomy which grows forbidding and repulsive.

Thus do we mold our characters according to our will, taking in higher or lower elements at the dictate of our affections. If we love the pure, the true and the good, we restrain our evil propensities, passions and appetites; and become ourselves what we admire in others. We seek the best examples, and by an honest self-examination and a vigilant restraint, strive to follow the path of rectitude, and daily grow in all that is estimable, and really become what we would appear to be. On the other hand, if we are lax in our principles, indifferent to right, to purity and propriety within, we yield to grosser affections and take in qualities of character that are corrupting and degrading. It is immaterial what the intellectual gifts may be; if there is a want

principle, or love of truth and right, there will fail to be lofty spirit, or a truly elevated character. A great intellect with a vicious heart (as it is called) is a curse to the world and its possessor. Too many of our heroes come under this class, disregarding the rights and the welfare of others, thus "shutting the gates of mercy on mankind." How many of the inmates of our penitentiaries might have been ornaments to society and benefactors of our race, but for their vicious proclivities.

Our moral principles are forces, derived from the great storehouse of forces, and we may take in the principles of serpents which are low, poisonous and evil, or the principles of angels, which are elevating, purifying and heaven-sending. We have not yet tested the extent to which the human character may be elevated. In our artificial social condition, the first great object is to qualify the young "to make a living," to "gather gear by every wile," with a large ass, in any way it can be done, and I would hope by a ass equally as large or larger "that's justified by honor." Mankind are unco weak," but, it is to be hoped, that through the diffusion of general intelligence, creating a healthy public opinion, that sound moral principles will be more prevalent; yet I have more faith that such a moral principle will be derived from above, "whence cometh every good and perfect gift."

Although the antagonisms are very active, I can see a visible amelioration of human character all over the world. Islam is a missionary more potent than the church can send forth, and the evils which man inflicts upon his fellow-men are daily growing less; the overburdened are being relieved, or hopeful signs are appearing that they will be. What advances have been made, during the last decade, in human freedom! Slavery is now limited to a few nations that have not yet awakened to the glorious light of our day; serfdom has ceased in Russia and peonage in Mexico, and we may confidently hope that before the end of the

century, slavery will be a word without a meaning and caste cease to burden humanity.

We have seen how great, are the diversities of the human mind, how wide, how varied the range of human thought and capacity. Now whence are these diversities? Whatever they are, whether intellectual power, passions or propensities, they are *forces*, acting upon the animal body which possesses them, or the minds and bodies of others. To say they are the result of chemical forces, of electricity, of light merely, of magnetism, the attraction of cohesion or gravitation, would be absurd. All those forces we have seen are ethereal. We have been constrained to suspect—perhaps to believe, that the vegetal qualities and differentiations are the product of other and more abstruse and subtle forces, which we must refer to ethereal constituents. Then we come to the higher and wider range of the animal creation where more varied phenomena are presented. Even in the monera, rhizipod and zoophytes, which receive their aliment by absorbing it into any part of their gelatinous bodies, there is probably some sensation, as nourishment enters their substance and is assimilated. Passing up the scale of being into the insect family we notice a wariness of danger and a persistency in providing for their natural wants, from the seeking and acquisition of food to the means of reproduction, as fully developed as in animals of higher organization; and when we ascend to the vertebrate mammalia, a wider range of the thinking power is manifested, in some instances almost amounting to reason. Now wherever the capacity to think is found, let it be inherent, instinct or individual judgment, there is indisputable evidence of force—a force that actuates, that operates, that moves and is productive of visible results. The differentiations, in every respect, show that a great difference in the forces that have been operating, must have existed. A single cause could never have produced such a multiplicity of effects, upon materials so similar, or so alike. But step up to another

plane occupied by man. What a diversity! How unlike are Newton and Napoleon, a Shakespeare and a Wellington, Byron and a Beau Brummell, or all of those men, and a common laborer in the fields. They all belong to the genus *homo*, to the species human, but how vastly they differ. They have all the same structure, all the same composition—the same constituent elements—but how unlike they are. Dissect them, they differ in some organs, in nervous texture, in volume of brain; one is taller—another shorter, one has a black skin, another a white, but we cannot perceive any difference in the quality of the brain, except in the intellectual developments of the living subject. Analyze them and they are identical—how they differ in their tastes, capacities and characters! Contrast Havellock and Peshwa Sahib. Both men of ability, both men of learning and influence. But one was a Christian soldier, brave, faithful, earnest, kind and magnanimous, merciful to captives and to the unfortunate—the other no less brave as a soldier but cruel and merciless to all who fell into his hands, false, vindictive and relentless. What a different force impelled these two men and formed their characters! How different the commingling of elements in their composition. The lower animals have their peculiar characteristics. The wolf is a wolf wherever you meet him. If hungry he is dangerous; so with the bear, the lion, the tiger, the eagle and the hawk, hunger makes them bold fierce and destructive. The savage races of men, have their peculiar characters, according to their tribes, but civilized man must be judged individually. He may be more cruel than any savage, and from that you may graduate him up to a little better than the angels. Now whence these differences of character? from matter? Let the chemist, the physiologist or anatomist, seek for the difference by analysis of chemical elements and organic functions, or by dissection; will he find it? He will tell you no, without the trial. The difference is not ponderable, not measurable, not in

weight or dimension, but in something not found by chemistry, nor by mensuration, but in spirit, for which we have no chemical test, or measurable formula. *In spirit?* What is that? Is it matter—ponderable or imponderable? Is it ethereal?—of course, ethereal

While we have but little respect for the hypothesis of the Correlation of Force, we may assert that the Conservatism of Force is well founded. Force cannot perish or be destroyed for it is indestructible as its Author. Nor is a new force originated. Whatever forces exist now, always existed since matter was created. Force may dissolve its connection with matter, but its higher combinations, that constitute the human soul, we may believe to be indissoluble. Such combinations form individual character, comprising the intellect and the affections. The individuality of mind, may be, and I believe is, indissoluble—immortal. On earth it is associated with matter, manifests itself in matter, and acts through matter. But matter is not necessary to its vitality. The Vital Force, or element, which quickens matter, is itself ethereal, and uniting with other and more refined elements, constitute the soul. This association of ethereal elements forms a unit, an individual, and such an individual, composed of indissoluble elements, is immortal.

In his Biology, Herbert Spencer, to show the strength of his theory of Evolution, enumerates the classes and the multitudes who believe with him. Although I conceive that part of his argument very weak, yet, upon his own ground, I am willing to submit the question of the immortality of the soul to the plebiscite of all humanity, believing I should have an overwhelming majority. The idea of the immortality of the soul—of an existence after death—is indelibly stamped in the human mind, and is one of its firmest convictions.

## A TRIBUTE TO ANNETTE BISHOP.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

**S**TARRY-bright and pearly-pure  
Was thy spirit here ;  
What can be its splendor now  
In that radiant sphere,  
Where the virtues, shining forth  
Clothe illustrious Forms ;  
And the breath of Love divine  
The kindred spirit warms?

So gloriously gifted, thou  
Should'st number the full span,  
That Nature, in her love, accords  
Unto the life of man ;  
But suffering meekly—working grandly—  
Were thy few rich years ;  
Then the loving Angels won thee,  
Reckless of our tears.

Three of the noblest sister Arts,  
Painting, Music, Poetry—  
In their irreparable loss,  
Wear funeral weeds for thee ;  
O glorious and gifted one,  
Whose gentle heart enshrined,  
Sweetest graces of the spirit,  
With noblest powers of mind.

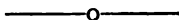
The fairest, finest thoughts that live,  
By spirit breathings fanned,  
Were sought, and clothed, by magic  
Of thy creative hand ;



Yet in thy gentle presence,  
 Were bound, in one bright span,  
 All that is loveliest in woman,  
 Or loftiest in man.

Oft in the still of evening,  
 Along the starry vista  
 I look, and long, and stretch my arms  
 To thee, sweet Spirit-Sister ;  
 And then thy blue eyes softly,  
 While flow the gushing tears,  
 Look into mine, and bless me,  
 With the love of other years.

But soar away, sweet Spirit,  
 Unto thy native bowers,  
 Where Angels wait to crown thee  
 With amaranthine flowers ;  
 And when the deep, dark River,  
 At last, is ferried o'er,  
 We shall fly to blest reunion,  
 And parted—never more.



#### FROM THE SANTA BARBARA INDEX.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.—The Editor is a man well known to the world of philosophical and speculative writers. His style is clear, simple and logical, and one does not read many of his pages without discovering in their author the student and the thinker. Prof. Brittan was the editor of the "Shekinah," the first standard magazine devoted to the elucidation of the philosophy that human beings exist after the decay of the material body, and have, under certain conditions, power to manifest their continued existence by influencing animate and inanimate objects on the earth. The publication of "The Shekinah" was commenced in 1850, and continued several years, doing great service in leading the thoughtful minds of the country to a knowledge of the demonstrative evidences of immortality. Through the writings of Prof. Brittan, in a great measure, the Rochester "rap-pings" and "table tipplings" were raised from the "flout" of the "groundling," to be received by the purely philosophical investigator. We can heartily commend the JOURNAL to those interested in the subjects of which it treats.

## GOD AND SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

BY HON. J. W. EDMONDS.

**T**HE great First Cause—Creator and Ruler of the Universe, and the loving Father of all humanity—All-powerful, ever present, and knowing all things. Such are the attributes of the Supreme Being, recognized by all who acknowledge his existence. Even the Pagan, who worshipped the father of gods and men, recognized a Fate behind and greater than Jupiter.

But when the human mind—in obedience to the law of its nature, which forbids it ever to be content with the knowledge it has obtained—leaves the ground common to all, seeking for more definite conceptions of God, it is marvellous to see how wildly it wanders—how limited and yet how vast its range—yet always tending upward in its progress. In this uncertain way the finite reaches after and strives to comprehend the Infinite. There is perhaps no clearer indication of the intellectual and moral development and condition of mankind—than the one which may be found in their conceptions of Deity.

In the earlier stages of human advancement the physical elements and external forms of Nature were objects of worship. The Sun and other heavenly bodies, fire and other elements were worshiped. The Druids fearing the tempest, the thunder and the earthquake, offered human sacrifices to subdue the wrath and secure the favor of the gods. Not only the war of elements, but the presence of the pestilence and its invisible ministers of death, suggested the fierce anger of the destructive powers of the world, and the necessity for a propitiation. Hence the poet says:

“Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,  
The god *propitiate* and the pest assuage.”

The worship of numerous idols marked the earlier period of man's history. How far that was adoration of the gr image itself, or of the image as a representative of the seen Power, it must be difficult to tell. Probably it was both, but it showed a mind incapable of receiving the idea of a spiritual being, without some material emblem through which its comprehension might be attained.

As humanity advanced, unseen beings were worshipped, but they were not far removed either in space or the nature of their attributes from their worshipers. In many instances they were deified men, who were honored for their deeds and were placed among the gods. It is not at all remarkable that in the midst of the intellectual progress of Egypt, Greece and Rome, the human mind seemed incapable of embracing any greater idea of Divinity. It had to personify him, and clothe him with all the tributes of man, in order to conceive of his existence.

At length the vague and shadowy idea of an over-ruling and Supreme Being had birth among men. That which was recognized as Fate among the Pagans, was Jehovah among the Jews. With the latter, it was the product of a direct revelation, but was fully received by them, only after forty years of suffering and privation in the wilderness; and even then, fear was the passion that controlled them, and their God was an angry and jealous one, threatening their sins with temporal punishments and proclaiming his coming to take vengeance on the disobedient.

The progress of man in knowledge, purity and morality at length enabled him to receive another revelation, through Jesus of Nazareth, and others about the same time, came the idea of a loving Father, instead of Jupiter the Pagan Thunderer, or the angry Jehovah of the Jews.

But how slow has been the progress toward a just

**ception** of the Deity! Even now among the wisest and **best**, the dispute goes on whether he is a person or a **principle**. But what matters it which? In an important sense, **every** man may be said to fabricate his own God. Some **make** him one or more persons, in order the better to **comprehend** the divine powers and the functions of his **providence**. Others, incapable of **embracing** the idea of **personality**, as related to Deity, take refuge in the idea of **the** divine nature as a principle.

He who can examine his works from the smallest atom to the vastness of the Universe, including millions of worlds, **peopled** by countless millions of sentient beings, conceives of him as inhabiting space without limit and existing in eternity without end; as guiding and governing the **illimitable** creation through an infinite variety of means and instruments, arising step by step from **inanimate** matter to the highest conceivable order of intelligence; as binding all created things together by the ties of ever-enduring attraction, and all things to himself by bonds too strong for **sin** or death to sever; may begin to form some appropriate idea of the Divinity, to worship whom is at once the **instinct** of our nature, the source of the highest happiness, and the assurance of our immortality.

Such is the idea of God—the Creator and Ruler of a Universe too vast to come within our comprehension—**which** our intercourse with the Spirit World conveys to us. In no respect does it conflict more powerfully with the prevalent religious convictions than in respect to the **teachings** of some of those religions in regard to his special and personal interference in the affairs of men. That there is **occasionally** such a seeming interference by some unseen **power**, is too strongly proved to permit the rational mind to **doubt** it. The origin of this apparent divine interposition in the affairs of men is a question of the deepest **interest**. As illustrations of the subject, I offer the following facts and observations on

## SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

Some time since I saw an article in a newspaper, written by a clergyman, who gives it as a "special interposition of Providence" in his favor—probably, as he thought, because of his holy calling. It seems, that he had intended starting on a journey by Railroad and designed to take a particular train, and if he had, he would have got into the hind car, as he always did. That car, in that train, ran off the track and killed almost every one in it. He was withheld from going by a sort of mysterious reluctance or repugnance, for which he could not account, and thus he supposed his life was saved.

I do not doubt the truth of this, nor the clergyman's inference as to his being withheld by some power unknown to him, and which, therefore, he very naturally enveloped in religious mystery. The great pity is, that he would not allow himself to be instructed in the nature and *modus operandi* of the power which thus worked for his protection.

In the winter and spring of 1854 I went through the country lecturing, from Boston to St. Louis. I remained at the latter place some seven or eight days. I was intending to leave there on Saturday morning by steamboat for Alton; thence proceeding by Railroad to Chicago, and after remaining there over Sunday to go to Rockford on Monday. But at a late hour on Friday evening, the spirits asked me—not vaguely and by impression only, but distinctly in words—if I could not defer my departure until Monday? I made inquiries and found that my doing so would involve no greater inconvenience than my traveling all night on Monday, which I did not mind much; and I replied that I could do so, and it was so determined.

The next morning (Saturday) while I was at breakfast, word came to the hotel that the steamboat for Alton had burst her boiler, while lying by the shore just ready to start, and had killed every passenger on board.

Boats on the Mississippi do not lie along side of a dock, **but** with their bows to the shore and their sterns out in **the** stream. When the boat is getting ready to start, the **passengers** all gather on the fore part of the upper deck, **because** that is the only part of the boat from which the shore **can** be seen. That part is directly over the boiler, and there **the** passengers on this occasion, to the number, of twelve or fifteen, were assembled as usual, and there, doubtless, I should have been. The explosion was a terrible one, tearing the boat to pieces as if blown up by powder and scattering the bodies and limbs of the passengers in all directions. The event created a great deal of excitement in St. Louis at the time and religious services were performed in one of the churches over the remains of one of the victims who had **been** their settled pastor.

I thought nothing of the event then as at all connected **with** myself, but was, during all of Saturday and Sunday, looking out to see if I could find the reason why I had been requested to remain over. During Sunday I had a visit from a lawyer of some distinction at St. Louis, who gave me a singular relation of his own experience in spirit communion. **The** account interested me very much, and was to me then a new phase of the phenomena, and I made up my mind **that** it was to give me that interview that I had been asked to remain over.

I left St. Louis next Monday and spent about a month ; in lecturing in various places in Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio and New York, closing my course of lectures at Auburn, New York. I finished my lecture at that place about ten o'clock in the evening, and waited about two hours for **the** train to come along that would take me home after my two or three months of severe labor. Tired and exhausted **as** I was, I yet felt greatly exhilarated at the idea of having **at** length got to the end of the task I had assigned myself.

While waiting for the train I was walking alone about the hotel, and reviewing for the first time all the incidents of

my journey; for during all the rest of the way, I had been so surrounded by people that I never had any time to think except when I locked myself up to prepare my lectures.

In that review, I remembered the Spirits had told me that some of them would be with me during the whole of my journey, and save me from harm wherever they could. I also remembered that on my passage from Cleveland to Columbus, at night, they had told me that an accident would happen to our train; but no one would be hurt; it would result only in a few hours' detention in the cold. All of which I now remember as having happened just as foretold, and I now queried whether my detention at St. Louis had any connection with the blowing up of the steamboat. The idea had never occurred to me before, and I asked the question of the Spirits. They answered that it had, and that as soon as I got home and had time to rest they would tell me.

After I had been at home about a week they told me this story: They had examined the boat in which I was to take passage from St. Louis and had found a defect in her machinery. The feed-pipe of the boiler had a valve to let on or stop water from the boiler, which was constructed like a damper to a stove-pipe. A round piece of iron fastened to a stem—which run up some distance, so as to be within sight and reach of the engineer—with a handle to it, always told him whether the valve was open or shut, except when by accident it got loose on the stem. They had discovered that this valve was loose and the engineer would therefore be deceived and the pipe would be closed at the very time that he was thinking that it was feeding water properly. And they had calculated that by Monday either the defect would be discovered or an explosion take place, and therefore they had warned me.\*

\* This will be very likely to provoke the inquiry: If the Spirits had a clear foreknowledge of the disaster, and were able to converse distinctly with the Judge, why did they not admonish him to warn others of the apprehended catastrophe?

I afterwards inquired of experienced steamboat men if they did have such stop-valves in their water-feeders? I got for answer that at one time they were very common, but their defective nature being discovered, a different kind had been substituted; and the old fashioned ones were found now only on some of the oldest boats on the Western rivers.

On one occasion, the Spirits told me that there was a man coming to see me, in respect to whom I must be on guard. I asked his name? They could not tell me. I inquired when he was coming? They did not know. I then asked of what use is this warning? I am seeing a great many strangers, who call to converse with me on Spiritualism, and I am in the habit of conversing freely with them. How am I to know which one of the crowd is to be specially on my guard against? They answered "You will know when the time comes."

Several weeks passed. I had seen a good many people as usual, and the warning had fairly faded from my memory. One day a gentleman came to my office and reminded me that he had called at my house and was once introduced to me by Gov. Tallmadge. He had been for six years a member of Congress from Cincinnati. His time had expired on the fourth of March preceding, and he was then waiting for the Court of Claims to be organized. During his leisure he had spent a month in Philadelphia among the mediums, and had now been a week or two in New York pursuing his inquiries, and with the same object in view had come to talk with me. He was a man of education, gentlemanly in his manners and, I thought, a sincere seer. So I began, as usual, to talk very frankly with

him? In the common interest of humanity we should naturally expect this to be a general effort to save life. But it is quite possible that the Spirits may have believed that the warning would have been disregarded and the Judge perhaps taken for a lunatic, or "a runner for some other steamboat company."

EDITOR.



him when a voice spoke to me very distinctly : " Take care, Judge, this is the man." I was at once on my guard, and got a good deal more out of him than he did from me. He called to see me several times between that and the first day of July. I discovered that he had obtained just enough to puzzle him. He got all his communications through mediums, and he told me that sometimes truths would be told him that he knew could not come from any mortal source, and then would come most arrant falsehoods and false prophecies, destroying all his confidence. He wanted me to help him out of his dilemma. But I was not inclined to do so, for by that time I had learned all about his purposes. He had thought I was a rogue and a cheat, and Tallmadge a gullible fool whom I was using for my purposes, and had determined to use his leisure in detecting and exposing the fraud. Hence he had visited mediums enough to get acquainted with the subject so as to talk upon it and then had called on me to finish the work. My caution and the communications he got interfered with his plans greatly ; for while he found in me no desire to make a proselyte of him, he also found in his intercourse with the Spirits, so much of truth as gradually to work in his mind a conviction of the reality.

About the last of June I left town for my place in the country. In the early part of July I received a letter from him that put all my fears to flight and placed him so completely in my power, that I had but to publish his letter—in the language of Burns—

" Set all the people in a roar  
O' laughter at him."

He informed me that he was getting more and more, every time he visited a medium, to puzzle and confound him—that he had got into communion with what he was told was the spirit of his father and had asked many questions in order to identify him ; that his father at length had said to him,

Y son, you want to prove Spiritualism from the past ; let Prove it to you from the *future*. Take what I now say a test of its truth or falsehood—France is now without Emperor ” And then he added in his letter, that he had epted the test, and according to the truth or falsehood hat statement would be his belief.

here was no earthly object in his writing to me. I had er corresponded with him, and had shone the most sume indifference as to whether he believed or not, and ould conceive of no reason for his doing so, but to put in my power. France was some time since without an peror, but not until after I had heard of the death of correspondent.

hen my much esteemed friend, Dr. John F. Gray, was a some fourteen or fifteen years old, he was employed in oth factory, where it was part of his duty to attend to dyeing apparatus, which was in an adjoining building. particular business was to tend the fire under the dye-le and to turn a crank whereby the cloth should revolve wheel through the dye. One day while thus employed, heard a voice say to him, “Go out of this building;” he vered, “What shall I go out for? I won’t do it.” After tle while the voice again said to him, “Go out of this ding, I tell you.” Again he answered, “What shall I do : for? I tell you I’m not going to do it.” Again an inal of time passed, and the voice said, more earnestly, *“out of this building, I tell you, immediately; Go out! out!!”* “Well,” he replied, “I won’t quarrel about it; Go out;” and so he stopped his work and went out. He to ascend a few steps to get out and he had hardly hed the upper step, before the whole building fell and hed to pieces the kettle, furnace and wheel where he been at work.

another instance with the Doctor was this: He had been nding to a patient in childbirth, and leaving her doing l and out of all danger, he went to visit others of his

patients. After visiting one or two, and while on the way in his carriage to another, a voice told him that his obstetric patient was taken suddenly ill from uterine hemorrhage, and he must hasten to her or she would die. He directed his driver to hurry to her house. He found the family in great alarm, and the woman in an unconscious state. They knew not where to send for him and were anxiously seeking to find some doctor. He promptly applied the proper remedies. The woman was soon relieved and ultimately recovered. Without the information thus spiritually derived the woman must have died.

I will mention another instance which occurred in the summer of 1866. I was at my place at Lake George, and rode out one afternoon with Miss Laura. We chose a wild romantic road. The scenery was rendered attractive by rocks and woods, hills and brawling streams. The carriage-way was narrow and rough. No pains had been taken with the bed of the road; no hills had been leveled, nor any barriers erected to prevent rolling down the mountain, on the side of which this rude way was cut.

The ride however was delightful; the clear sunlight and the dense shade; the grandeur of the forests; the songs of birds and hum of insect tribes; the pure air and the sweet repose which seemed resting all around us, made a truly happy time of it.

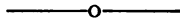
We were ascending a very steep and rough hill. On one side was the mountain, covered with trees, and there was a brook by the side of the road; on the other side a deep precipice, and the carriage way so narrow that my wheels, on one side were within a foot or two of the edge of the declivity.

My strong horse was very leisurely ascending this hill; we had nearly reached the summit, and were really enjoying the scene with no thought of danger. Suddenly a voice said to me, "Your trace is going to break." I instantly caught the right wheel of my wagon in my right hand, and at the same

oment the trace broke, and the horse walked out of the  
ls, leaving the carriage to go where it would. It certainly  
ould have gone down that precipice, but for my fast hold  
the wheel. I held it so till Laura got out, and then she  
ld it until I got out, and thus we escaped a great peril.

This certainly was not presence of mind in me, for I seized  
the wheel before I heard the snap of the breaking trace ;  
nd I do not see how we could have escaped going over the  
ank, we were so near its edge. Laura, perhaps, if she had  
stantly discovered the break, might have jumped into the  
ad, but I could scarcely have jumped any where but  
own the precipice.

These are some of the instances—many of which are con-  
antly occurring—which our religious teachers ascribe to  
e special interposition of Divine Providence. Spiritualism  
tionalizes this subject, and shows us that we are ever  
rounded, guided and protected by the Spirits of those  
o once lived on earth, and who are capable alike of know-  
the dangers to which we are exposed, and of warning  
against there occurrence.



## SONG OF THE SOUTH WIND.

ONCE more, to join our fraternal band,  
We have come from the beaming Southern Land,  
Where the bright flowers droop with their own perfume,  
And the Aloe and Cactus are rivals in bloom—  
Where the Live-Oak stretches his stalwart arms,  
And the Cotton-woods grow, and the stately Palms.

Wondrous and wild are the things we've known  
Beyond Cordilleras' ancient throne,  
Where the fire mountain stands with his breath aglow,  
And his burning breast in a robe of snow—  
Where the Wild Ox wanders, all free and proud,  
And the Hurricane stands on the stooping Cloud.

We have followed the giant Rivers afar  
Through the swamp, and over the bar,  
Where the great Snake's hiss through the forest rings—  
Where Scorpions brood, and the Mocking-bird sings—  
Where the Jaguar roams, in his terrible ire,  
And the Sun looks down with an eye of fire.

We have kindled the hungry Condor's\* eye,  
As he sat on his ramparts, bleak and high,  
And looked from his nest of eternal snow  
On the flowery vales that stretched below ;  
Till down he plunged, with a fatal sweep,  
On the gentle and doomed Alpaca sheep.

Then, for sport, we have danced on the dizzying hight,  
That catches the earliest morning light,  
When the eye looks forth, unchained and free,  
And the landscape stretches from sea to sea ;  
And Ocean to Ocean repeats the roar,  
Which the rocks reëcho from shore to shore.

We have lashed the proud Atlantic's side,  
When he seeks, in vain, for his Ocean Bride,  
Until he dashed, in his passionate thrall,  
On the granite bosom of Aspinwall,  
That still her rocky barrier rears,  
To baffle the hope of unnumbered years.

We have moaned through the desolate halls of state,  
Where the kingly Montezuma sate ;  
And we the requiem sighs invoke,  
That linger still, where his great heart broke,  
Or stir the ashes, that are spread  
Above Cholula's nameless Dead.

We have scattered the glittering evening dew,  
In the Land of Incas, fair Peru,  
Where Lima's odorous shrubs exhale  
Balsamic spices through the vale ;

Then 'mid Potosi's porphyry towers,  
We whispered of life to the drooping flowers.

Through Cuzco, 'mid its ruins dun,  
Once the bright City of the Sun,  
We sought the sorrowing streamlet-side,  
Where gentle Atahualpa died,  
Weeping amid the gathering gloom  
Around the noble Inca's tomb—

Where Nature wakes, in her wildest moods,  
In the depths of the rich Brazilian woods,  
The Serpent is roused from her surfeit sleep,  
By the sound of the stealthy Tiger's leap ;  
And prey-birds shriek, as the writhing spoil  
Is locked to the tree, in her deadly coil.

And there the sun-lit blossoms glow,  
Like gems that sleep in the mines below,  
And bright birds flutter their wingéd blooms;  
And diamonds flash in the insects' plumes,  
Until a dimness shields the sight,  
As the pained eye shrinks from the gorgeous light.

With softest sighs we have wooed, anon,  
The smile of the royal Amazon ;  
And then away, we have wandered far,  
To the patriot land of Bolivar,  
And swelled the deathless hero's name,  
With the echos Freedom gives to Fame.

Uncoiled from the lash of the stooping Cloud,  
We have startled the Wild Horse, free and proud ;  
As he rushed, in fear, o'er the sounding plane,  
We tore the locks of his streaming mane,  
Wrenching the trees, as we waltzed before,  
To the maddening notes of the Ocean's roar,

Through Atacama's Desert lone,  
Where Terror sits on her awful throne,

For her royal pleasure we bent the ray,  
Till the mirage† danced in the vapor's play,  
And hideous Forms, in their spectral bands,  
Marched o'er the hot, untrodden sands.

In the forest beyond, all deep as night,  
Where Beauty wanders in wild affright,  
And the dinning hoot of the solemn owls  
Replies when the Bearded Monkey howls,‡  
We hurled the dark floods, with a thundering shock,  
Till our challenge was caught by the echoing Rock.

Away, away ! to the beaming South  
We have swelled the tide in the Dragon's mouth,§  
And dashed the Ship from the sounding shore,  
Where the torrents of Oronoko pour,  
And then to the Rapids|| we hurried afar,  
Ere woke the light of the Morning Star.

We troubled the foam-wreath, wan and white,  
Till it glowed in the early sunbeams' light,  
And arch o'er arch, in the kindling ray,  
Succeeding rainbows tinged the spray,  
And the Iron Rocks looked with a boding frown,  
As we spanned the Palms with a kingly crown.

We have rifled the humming-bird's dainty plumes,  
As they brushed our cheek with their wingéd blooms ;  
And where it sunk with its hidden grief,  
We have kissed the fair Mimosa's leaf,  
Winning, by love's resistless art,  
A thrill of joy from her innocent heart.

Then, laden with hail and pelting rains,  
On Patagonia's desolate planes,  
Where, lit by the lurid Magellan clouds,  
The dark Storms weave their funeral shrouds,  
We arrested the Hunter in 'mid career,  
As the gray Ostrich¶ fled, on the wings of Fear.

Then, away, away ! with the rising morn,  
We opened the mouth of the roaring Horn,  
Where the torrents dash, and the tempests howl,  
And the hungry ocean-monsters prowl—  
Where Death sits throned in the lowering sky,  
And the doomed Ship's knell is the sea bird's cry.

Then weary of strife, we have rocked the main,  
Till the troubled Waters reposed again,  
And the beaming light of the Southern Cross  
Fell fair on the queenly Albatross,  
As nestling soft, her form of snow  
Was lulled to sleep by the billows' flow.

Then coursing the dark Pacific shore,  
We spanned the circling Earth once more,  
Wooing the radiant Morning's smile  
On fair Fernandez's storied Isle ;  
And then, beneath the moonbeams pale,  
We slept in Mocha's beauteous vale.

Then o'er the Cordilleras,\*\* far away,  
Beyond the floods of the dark Paraguay  
Where the deep streams hide, in their sluggish flow,  
The topaz beam, and the diamond's glow,  
We have wrenched the shrubs from their rocky hold,  
Till the torn roots scattered the virgin gold.

Then away we flew to the Cinnamon Isles,  
Where the Typhoon broods in his dark cloud piles ;  
There the Lemon and Orange, their fruits of gold  
In deep perennial greenness fold,  
And the broad Banana-foliage waves  
O'er the grotto's solemn architraves.

Then away we hasten, the brows to fan  
Of the ancient Idols of Copan,  
Where cities awoke when Earth was young,  
And the bridal gems in her coronet hung ;



But their sun went down, and left no ray  
With the mighty ones who have passed away.

We listened in vain where their temples stood,  
And questioned the ancient Solitude,  
Of the kindling Soul and the burning Thought—  
Of the Marble to life and feeling wrought ;  
But the old Silence sate alone  
Sealing the lips of the Sculptured Stone.

Then through the depths of the smiling woods,  
We followed the track of the leaping floods,  
Kissing the perfume, soft and meek,  
From the pale Nymphora's velvet cheek,  
Until we came, on our pinions free,  
Our loyal love to offer thee.

JENNIE LEE

#### NOTES TO THE SOUTH WINDS.

\* The favorite resort of the Condor is on the high mountain cliffs that stretch along the Isthmus of Darien, and especially in the narrowest and boldest declivities.

† The mirage of the Atacama Desert in South America is described as being magnificent and terrific almost beyond conception.

‡ The cry of the Howling Monkey is one of the most dismal sounds ever heard, and, in the profound solitude of the wilderness this animal inhabits, it is enough to shake the stoutest heart.

§ A coil-like bend in the sea, near the mouth of the Oronoca, is called the Dragon.

|| The Rapids in the Oronoco are described as being one of the grandest scenes on the face of the globe. The dark iron-colored rocks and the lofty palms often spanned with successive rainbows that rise one above another in repeated series.

¶ The South American Ostrich, though a very large bird, does not equal in her compeer of the African Desert.

\*\* Some of the mountains that skirt the Paraguay are said to be so rich that travelers in climbing, on taking hold of a shrub, frequently find the roots covered with native gold.

F. G. McD

## STATE OF CHILDREN AFTER DEATH.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.\*

A REVIEW of the history of the human heart for the last three hundred years, will satisfy us that all its plenary humanitarian affections, are slowly but steadily developing toward a full harmonial expression. Its incessant *conatus* is ever toward a diviner and humaner sense and exhibit of its latent and indwelling sweetness and accord. The humanizing tendency and progress of the race, especially that portion of it within Christendom, is palpable in almost every field of human interests. As the reason of Man is steadily extending its empire, and subduing and exterminating the obscurity of ignorance, so the human soul is gradually evolving its better affections—safely prophetic of a millennial age. The head is clearer and its intelligence brighter. The human heart is tenderer—its sympathies, loves and feelings stronger, more exquisite and delicate.

Take, for example, the great contrast our present codes of criminal jurisprudence present to those of the past. Those of a hundred years ago were ferocious, vindictive and bloody, while those of the present are vastly more ameli-

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\* Our readers may remember that the Author of this article departed this life some years since. Like many others, he was impoverished by his devotion to Spiritualism, and was finally driven by his poverty out of the field of labor most congenial to his tastes. He went to San Domingo in the hope of mending his fortunes, but lost his health, and returned only to die poor and be forgotten by those who should cherish his memory. Mr. Courtney's views, of the after-life of those who die in childhood, were expressed in a public lecture, delivered in New York, in the Summer of 1857. The manuscript was left in our possession, and the substance of the Lecture is now published for the first time.

EDITOR.

orated and humane. We cannot look back upon the times when all felonies, even the larceny of a pin, were punished with death without being overcome with pity and sadness, for the relentless cruelty of the old law. The penalties were not only enormously disproportioned to the nature and character of the offenses, but were cruel and savage beyond any device in modern times. Those blood-thirsty codes, however, suited the then state of the human heart; they were doubtless the best of which it was then capable; and they are left on the page of history as one among many of the landmarks of its progress. Hitherto its tide has arisen only so high—its affections unfolded to just such a degree and no more. The man of these times with his heart of tenderness and soul of mercy, is appalled with the bloody scaffolds—the numbers of trembling victims who crowded them—only a century ago, in that portion of the globe, too, the most enlightened and humanized! But as the spiritual growth of the race goes on, and the Divine Life within the soul gets itself more fully expressed, so those savage and ferocious codes continually soften and ameliorate, and are more and more imbued with a humanitarian spirit, and the judgments of justice.

In like manner, the creeds or religious codes of Christendom, one hundred years back, corresponded to the then state of human nature. Their theology was terrific—a God of omnipotent wrath, vengeance and hatred; and was adored and obeyed only through fear and awe! Their requirements were intolerably stern and severe, and their penalties awful!

But they have materially changed to suit the progress of the people, and if not to keep up with, yet to keep in sight of the humanitarian spirit of the times. They are not so inhuman and ungodly as they were. They are not so merciless and unjust; they do not make religion to consist so much in a cold intellectual assent to a certain set of dogmas as they did, but make it partake more of the Life and Spirit

of Christ. Many of their cardinal dogmas have been modified not only to quadrate more with modern science, but also measurably to correspond to a more genial and exalted standard of Manhood. We do not hear any eternal punishment in a lake of fire and brimstone so often preached. The God that is preached now-a-days, although yet considerably below a high human standard, is a far better and juster God than he was a hundred years ago. He is more Human and Godlike, although his movements, in some respects, are rather angular yet. His mythological majesty, the Devil himself, is not so horrid a monster, and his behaviour is now in better taste, and more fashionable, and his diplomacy more according to modern civilized standards.

But nowhere is this unfolding of the Divinity of the Human Soul more strikingly apparent than in the dogma relative to the state of infants and children after death. It is only at those points which involve the strongest feelings of our natures, that the greatest contrast exists between the new and the old. The indiscriminate damnation of infants and children was one of the most cruel and heart-rending dogmas that ever infested the world. No error or iniquity ever paralleled this saurian gospel! It outraged the inmost sanctuary of the affections. Those who, above all others, merited Heaven and Peace for their innocence, helplessness and spotless purity, were consigned forever to misery! A sincere belief in this revolting doctrine was enough to drive the Christian mother to madness! The Hindoo who casts her babe to the crocodile, or into the Ganges, believing that it will forthwith rise and be cared for, and happy in the beatific kingdom, is infinitely better off. And yet this doctrine was devoutly believed and preached for hundreds of years! What tides of agony it has occasioned in the human breast! It has spread untold despair and desolation in the mother's heart. And yet infant damnation is a logical deduction from the Calvinistic postulates of Original Sin and the Atonement. For, assuming that the race, by reason of

Adam's transgression, is intrinsically evil and under the curse of God, and that reinstatement or salvation comes alone by a belief in and acceptance of the merits of Christ, and his sacrificial atonement, it follows, of course, that infants and children being, from immaturity of intellect, incapable of this belief and acceptance, die irretrievably under the curse, and are eternally lost ! I have heard this vehemently preached from orthodox pulpits with my own ears, and I well remember, in my boyhood, the mingled feeling of terror and satisfaction with which I congratulated myself that I did not die in my childhood—a feeling like unto that which one experiences in having narrowly escaped some imminent and deadly peril.

But we rarely hear *this* doctrine preached now; we seldom hear it alluded to. The orthodox clergy seem aware of the growth of a diviner gospel on that subject and accordingly keep silent. The Catholics, however, have a way of avoiding this dilemma by their belief in the saving efficacy of the sacrament of baptism. By what device, if any, Protestant orthodoxy has contrived to escape this inevitable consequence of these cardinal articles of its faith, has not yet transpired. Probably it intends it shall go by default.

But a new faith is in the world—a faith which is not only the outgrowth of humanitarian instincts and feelings of the heart, but the demonstrations of science and the sure conclusions of a well-digested philosophy. Let us examine a little into this subject: The earth-life was intended to mold and individualize the human spirit and give it a strong and permanent *selfhood*, as the groundwork of an eternal spiritual life in the higher spheres.

It is one of the harmonies of things that the lower should subserve the higher. They occupy the relation of means to end; this end, again, is the means in its turn to a still higher end; and so on. This is all involved in the law of progress. Thus the mineral kingdom underlies and is subservient to the vegetable, the vegetable to the animal, the animal to

human, and the human to the angelic ; and so on. The child is the forerunner, and is necessary to uphold the other ministrations and support, as the pedestal upholds the temple. Thus the child is but preliminary and ministrative to the boy ; the boy to the man, and the man to the angel ; and so on. Each period, step or degree, is marked by a transition, involving and foreshadowing a still higher and more perfect end. Each looks forward to an *eternal* destiny, and is a prophecy of vast and immortal ends. Hence it has been well said that the All-Wise, in each finite and transitory thing in the universe, regards infinite and eternal ends. The history of each thing in all the great future is seen in its present—dimly to the vision of man, yet there is all written. Thus every natural desire and aspiration of the human heart is but a prophecy of things that truly exist, distant and divine in the future.

Now the Earth is the seminary of Heaven—the land where the spirit germinates and grows to a vigorous and free *individuality* for a destiny *above* the Earth. It is a rudimentary school—the foundation masonry of an eternal-transmundane life, and occupies to it the relation of means to end. A full and well put in term of life on earth; the treasure laid up in heaven," spoken of by one who knows best. In it we gather knowledges, experiences, learn relations to the Earth, our fellows and the world above.

In it the senses are elaborated, the cognizing faculties exercised, the rational powers disciplined, and the affections developed and trained. All the appropriate objects, necessary to those several uses, are abundantly provided around us, and are ministrative to the individualization of the soul of man. Every action we perform, our every hour's experience are engraven on our inner senses, and plenary with eternal consequences. There is nothing as forgetting possible ; everything, to the least particular, is truthfully preserved on the tablets of the inner memory to be again brought vividly forth when the obscur-

ing vail of materiality is rent asunder. The experience of every hour, with all its minutiae, daguerreotypes itself on the inner memory and molds and modifies the Spirit. The most transient incident of life fixes itself to our immortal part, and traces on its everlasting sequences! In this manner the Spirit is individualized, and it goes into the eternal world with a completed *selfhood* as the foundation of its future existence. This is the use of the Earth-life. It is therefore contrary to the Divine order that any should prematurely die. It is contrary to God's just appointment that any should be deprived of the benefits of a full term in the rudimentary sphere, with all its experiences, memories, etc., etc. Such early deaths are contrary to Nature, and are the results of violated organic law on the part of the parents, or of ignorance in rearing their offspring, and is a species of infanticide.

But, nevertheless, infants and children do die, and pass from the visible tangible embrace to the Spirit-land! And we are now to inquire what their state of life is, how they overcome the loss of the Earth-life, and what is their final destiny?

All infants and children who die are, of course, still infants and children. They have a like tender, soft and immature body, and a like infantile mind—a like innocence and ignorance, and a like tenderness in all things. They are not angels, but only capable of becoming such. Their state of life is similar to what it was when they died. In this respect they are in no wise changed. They are still in a state of innocence and purity, the actual evil of the world having never enrooted itself in their tender minds. When their little spirits leave the body—when they are resuscitated or raised up in the world of Spirits, which takes place soon after all visible life is extinct, they come immediately into the care of good spirits or angels of the female sex, whose ruling passion it was in the life of the body to tenderly love and delight in children—such female spirits or angels as flow

into the affections of the earthly mothers. They are conjoined, or *en rapport*, with this love of the mother, and flow continually into it as their life's delight. Those female spirits or angels perpetually live in that affection — inspiring and respiring that love as the element of their lives. As every human being is born to some specific use in the angelic heavens, which none but he or she can fully and perfectly discharge—the performance of which use is their highest delight—so the performance of this function by those female spirits or angels, is the delight of their heaven and their use. They ardently long for it, as the saints do for eternal peace and rest. The unfailing and perfect discharge of this heavenly duty is *their* eternal peace and rest. All that deep and abiding love which the mothers of earth have for their babes is but the natural and external manifestation of the deeper, intenser and more abiding love of the spiritual mothers who flow into that love. There is a realm of love interior to and above them, and of which their hearts are only the ultimate receptacles. The earthly mother's love for her child is only the natural correspondant, or response to the love of infants, which those spirits and angels have. This affection is the very *essence* of their lives and delight, and in the heavens it ultimates itself, as on earth, in the faithful, constant and tender discharge of this heavenly use. Thus all infants and children, when they die, come directly into the care of those female spirits, or angels, and are under the dominion and influence of *specifically the same* love they were the objects of when on earth. The fact is, they were never out of the sphere of that affection; they are cared for and watched over with the same anxious solicitude, the same tender regard and delight, that their mothers cared for, tended and watched over them while here—with the difference, however, of a much more intense and pure affection, and a greater certainty of their being properly trained and educated. In this respect they suffer none by the change. The same loving arms encircle them; the same soft eye beams on them

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its meek and loving look ; the same gentle caress, the same delighted and winning smile, and the same maternal embrace. Hence, Swedenborg, in his "Heaven and Hell," No. 332, says:

"Infants, as soon as they are raised up, which takes place soon after their decease, are taken into heaven and delivered to angels who are of the female sex, who in the life of the body tenderly loved infants, and at the same time loved God. These, because in the world they loved all infants, receive them as their own, and the infants also, from an innate disposition, love them as their own mothers. There are as many infants with one as she desires, from a spiritual parental affection."

Infants and children are of every variety of genius and disposition. Some are of a quick and lively temperament ; some of a quiet and pensive nature ; some of an intellectual turn, and others of an affectionate disposition ; some of a spiritual genius and others of a celestial genius. Those peculiarities are of course retained in the other life, and each, by its innate and hereditary predisposition, comes into that Heaven of Infants and under the care and tutelage of those spiritual mothers, whose peculiar affections and tastes are more appropriately adapted to its genius. In this respect there is the most exact discrimination. The mothers are all precisely adapted to the children and the children to the mothers. There are indefinite heavens and societies, or spheres of infants, and those of indefinite varieties, according to all the peculiar dispositions and natures of infants and children. Thus there are many heavens of innocence where infants and children are received. "There are numerous heavens and societies which have the care of infants. These are principally composed of such of the female sex as loved infants most tenderly in the life of the body." *Spiritual Diary*, N. 4169.

For the heavens are of unnumbered variety, corresponding to all the affections of the human soul. Each heaven

is characterized by some ruling love or use which is the peculiar function and delight of that heaven. Each spirit of earth comes into one or the other of these heavens, accordingly as they have been in this or that ruling affection when on earth. There is no normal affection of the human heart, various as its affections are, but has unnumbered heavens corresponding to it. Besides the heavens of innocence, where infants and children are received, there are the conjugal heavens; the heavens of admiration; the heavens of justice and equity; the heavens of mercy; the heavens of fraternal love; the heavens of the love of reasoning; the heavens of the love of knowing; of instructing; of obeying, etc. etc. Every affection, faculty or passion that can possibly enter into the affectional or intellectual constitution of Man, has heavens corresponding to it without number. For man, spiritually and naturally, is a center of influxes for the entire angelic heavens, all the Universe being represented in him. The various affections, passions and delights of man, are but the postreme or ultimate embodiment of an economy of human affections, passions and delights, all-prevalent, all-vital and intense in the spheres above! Thus the spiritual and natural universe is grandly *human*, and the angelic heavens, beyond all computation, immense!

Spiritual growth and maturity is the growth and maturity of the understanding and the will, and thence of the Spiritual Body; or, in other words, the growth and maturity of the intellect and the affections. The will and the understanding, or which is the same thing, the affections and the intellect, are essentially what constitutes the human spirit. They comprehend, with the Spiritual Body, all that there is or can be of it. Every desire, affection or cupidity, and every thought, reflection, deduction, or other mental action, relate to one or the other of these constituent parts of Man. His love is the *esse* and his wisdom is the *existere* of his being; and their organic form is the human form; that is

to say, love and wisdom, or the affections and the intellect, *organized* in substances, are in the human form. Although the human form is a wonderfully complicated and harmonious structure, yet all its senses, desires, passions, appetites, thoughts, ideas and powers in the complex, are but the ultimate organic expression of love and wisdom. All the men, spirits or angels in the Universe, are but the organic forms of love and wisdom. Love and wisdom flow and determine into the human form, by their vital inherent law, as necessarily as the mineral forces determine into the crystal.

Now this being the case, it is manifest that the spirit grows and matures mentally and affectionately, just as these two faculties of love and wisdom grow and mature. Our Manhood is perfectly just in the degree that we become intelligent and wise, and affectionate and good. Ideas and affections are the food of the soul, as bread and water is the food of the body; and it continually receives and digests and appropriates them to its nourishment and growth. In fact it, is the spiritual growth, by the insemination of ideas and inspiration of affections, that propels correspondentially the physical growth and projects the body. For even in the natural world, a man grows only from the growth of his spirit. We tacitly acknowledge in our daily experience, that a man is really a man, just in proportion to the amount and momentum of his good affections, and thence the wisdom of his thoughts. Hence human spirits in this world, as in the next, are in every degree of growth, from the obscure thoughts and the little flickering affections of the infant, up to the mighty feelings and the profound and comprehensive intellect of a Franklin or a Webster.

Accordingly, as ideas and affections are inseminated into the infantile mind by the mothers and tutoresses, they not only advance in intelligence and goodness, but they grow in stature and size by the appropriation of bodily nourishment; and gradually pass from infancy and childhood to boyhood, youth and manhood.

“Intelligence and wisdom make an angel ; and so long as infants have not intelligence and wisdom, they are indeed with the angels, yet they are not angels. But when they are intelligent and wise, then first they become angels ; yea, what I have wondered at, then, they do not appear as infants but as adults ; for then they are no longer of an infantile genius, but of a more adult angelic genius ; intelligence and wisdom produce this effect. The reason that infants, as they are perfected, in intelligence and wisdom, appear more adult, thus as youths and young men, is because intelligence and wisdom are essential spiritual nourishment ; therefore the things which nourish their minds, also nourish their bodies, and this from correspondence ; for the form of the body is but the external form of the interiors. That I might know for certain that it was so, it has been given me to speak with some who were educated as infants in heaven, and who had grown up there ; with some also when they were infants, and afterwards with the same when they became youths ; and from them I have heard the course of their life from one age to another.”—*Heaven and Hell*, n. 340.

So also in the *Diary*, No. 4297, he says :

“Infants are educated and grow in heaven ; they are educated by *knowledges*, derived from the Lord through the angels and grow, as it were, by means of these knowledges, so that they appear to themselves more adult. As their knowledge is increased, so also is their mind, whence they seem to themselves to grow, and whence they become as angels, which was expressly made known to me as the case. It may also appear from experience that intellect and judgment should cause even a child to appear as a youth and a man.”

That the spirit grows just as the child increases in intelligence and love, is a psychological law, the operation and effect of which we daily see all around us. The maturity and completeness of our intellectual and moral manhood, depend upon the number and kind of our ideas, the kind and nature of our affections—our experience of human nature, the world and its doings and sayings, our memories of the past, and all the successive and multitudinous inci-

dents and experiences of our lives. The difference between the child and the man, as regards their intellectual and moral size and strength, relates wholly to the lack of ideas, experiences and affections on the part of the child, and their possession on the part of the man. Just as those ideas, experiences and affections increase with the infant or child in the other life, its spirit and its spiritual body, by the corresponding appropriation of nourishment, grow and mature. These ideas, experiences and affections are causes of the spirit's growth, and impart all its functions to a corresponding increase and elaboration of the spiritual organism. The reason is, because all the affections desires and passions whatever, relate to and constitute the *Love* element of the soul, and all the ideas, thoughts and affections whatever, relate to and constitute the *Wisdom* principle, and Love and Wisdom *organize* in substance in the Form of the Human Spirit.

Now infants and children are instructed in the heavens by their mothers, and those who have the care of them in all the ideas and affections that are necessary to develop their growth and mature their spirits. Their tender senses are softly impressed with the appearance of beautiful things adapted to take their attention, stimulate their curiosity, and excite their thought. Those appearances are varied, from time to time, and new objects presented and other and new thoughts suggested. In this manner ideas of earthly things are gradually and gently insinuated into their infantile minds; their thoughts excited and exercised, and their memories developed and cultivated. The mothers and instructresses being entirely *en rapport* with their infantile charges, impress their senses with the psychological appearances of all such earthly objects and things as in their judgment they think proper; for in the other life the communication of thought, especially the ideas of things, objects, scenes etc., can be made fully and perfectly by means of psychological representations, which take place there

the utmost clearness and exactness. For instance, Spirits meet, who have somewhat similar thoughts and notions, or in some things a mutual plane of congeniality, to form a common ground of sympathy, their circumjacent spheres merge, and they come *en rapport*, and are enabled each to communicate to the other, by means of psychological representations—as in a panoramic view, scene, city, river, landscape, bird, beast, field, garden which he has beheld, either in Heaven or on Earth, as it remains in his own memory. These representations take place with every appearance of vivid and substantial reality, and with every incident, circumstance and time, just as the communicating Spirit first viewed the natural. This is the same law we see disclosed in the mesmeric trance, and which, in the world beyond us, is a vast system of communicating ideas and memories between the sensitive and susceptible inhabitants of that world. By this system more can be communicated in a moment than could be verbally described in hours and much more perfectly. Swedenborg repeatedly mentions and describes these “representations” as he calls them, and explains at great length their nature and use. He tells how the Spirits of other Earths, whom he often met, represented to him the various and various objects on their planets; such as their cities, mountains, vegetation, buildings, animals, flocks and herds, etc., when he would reciprocate the favor by representing to them the things and scenes of our Earth—much to their wonder and surprise! He mentions in the *Diary* a familiar Spirit, who came shortly after his death, and spoke to him, but could not recollect the place where he lived and (as is often the case with Spirits, their reflective powers being the memory of the external being in a measure quiescent). Swedenborg then led him by means of representations through various cities where he (Swedenborg) had been, and when he came to the right one, the Spirit recog-

nized it instantly, and was able to point out the house where he died!

It is by these psychological impressions, externally made upon the infant senses, that the mind of the infant is first imbued with earthly ideas and all proper earthly images and objects; all the indefinite varieties of earthly objects, within the memories of the tutoresses (and they have none but pleasant memories) are thus presented to them, and the ideas of them stored away in their little memories, and afterward reflected upon and reasoned about, and the child grows gradually strong in its spiritual selfhood and correspondingly in its size and stature and bodily appearance. In this way the loss of the Earth-life is in a manner overcome.

Let us again extract from Swedenborg:

"How infants are educated in heaven shall also be told in few words. From their tutoresses they learn to speak; their first speech is merely a sound of affection, which by degrees becomes more distinct, as the ideas of thought enter. Into their affections, which all proceed from innocence, are first insinuated such things as appear before their eyes, and are delightful; and as these things are from a spiritual origin, the things of heaven flow into them at the same time by which their interiors are opened, and thus they are daily perfected.

"Infants are instructed principally by representatives, adapted to their capacities, the beauty of which, and at the same time the fullness of wisdom from within, exceed all belief. Thus by degrees is insinuated into them intelligence, which derives its soul from good. *Heaven and Hell*, n. 334 and 335.

"How all things are insinuated into them by delightful and pleasant things, which are suited to their genius has also been shown me; for it was given me to see infants handsomely clothed, having around their breasts garlands of flowers resplendant with the most beautiful and heavenly colors, and likewise around their tender arms. Once it was given me to see infants with their tutoresses, together with virgins in a paradisiacal garden, beautifully adorned not so

with trees as with laurel espaliers and thus porticos, with paths acting toward the interior parts. The infants were themselves led in like manner, and when they entered the flowers above the once glittered most joyfully. Hence it may be manifest what gifts they have, and also by things pleasant and delightful they introduced into the goods of innocence and charity, which goods by those things continually insinuated into them by the Lord." *in and Hell*, N. 337.

As the infant and child thus grows in intellect by the continual insemination of ideas, so their affections are likewise developed and cultivated by the teachers, not only impressing them with all good affections, but also bringing forth their interior affectionate capabilities by placing them from time to time, in various conditions and relations, which bring forth the different emotions and sentiments of their hearts. They present to their moral approbation, or disapprobation, a variety of actions and conduct, real or psychological, in order to exercise, strengthen and mature their intellectual perceptions and feelings. They are placed in many different circumstances, conditions and relations toward their associates, their teachers, etc., in order to draw forth and bring into exercise all the inherent faculties of both mind and heart. They are also placed in all the peculiar conditions that a boy, youth or man can be placed in, and are required to bring out and develop some latent power or faculty. In the same manner their tastes are also cultivated, refined and matured, by the transcendent beauties and harmonies of the spiritual spheres. Their intellects and memories are filled with nothing but the ideas and images of heavenly beauties and harmonies, and their hearts only with the pure affections of the angels. Thus they are schooled in every beautiful art, and their minds and memories matured and strengthened into a perfect condition, and their hearts and affections exalted and sublimed beyond any earthly instances!

It is, however, to be remarked that infants and children,



as they grow up in the spiritual world, are successive transferred from one society or nursery to another, accordingly as they become adapted to enter a more advanced school of instruction, and come within the use and affection of other teachers. For there are heavens where very young children and infants are received into the ever-solicitous care and love of those female Spirits whose ruling love it is to care for them. Under their care and tuition, those very young children and infants, are first tenderly taught and brought forward to a sturdy childhood, or early boyhood, when they gradually grow out of their affections and care, and are transferred to another society or Heaven, and come under the affections and care of masters, whose use and delight it is to unceasingly watch over and instruct them in their further growth to youth, etc. We see this fully exemplified on earth; for the humanity of earth is but the ultimate receptacle of the spiritual and celestial humanity of the heavens. We see how the soul-absorbing delight of some females and mothers is the love and care of infants and very young children, while the delight of others of both sexes is the love and care of little boys and girls; and others again of youth, etc. Hence as infants and children grow up in the other life, they change their tutors and tutoresses, and are transferred from one heaven to another. But whithersoever they are transferred, and into whosoever care they come, they are perpetually surrounded with, and live in and respire, an atmosphere of affection, more warm and pure than any similar affection of earth.

All those who come into the other life, as soon as their external character is reduced into conformity with their internal character, are in societies and heavens, all things of which correspond to their states of affection and thoughts. Thence those whose affections were pure, exalted and good live in an aura, whose soft and vital warmth and more than ethereal purity and translucence, the spiritual eye alone beholds; and they are surrounded by indescribably

beautiful scenes and pleasant sights. A balmy and auroral atmosphere is theirs—an atmosphere illumined by a *living* sun, whose beams are warm with the Divine Love. Heavens purer and clearer than Italian skies are over their heads, and a richer than Sicilian soil beneath their feet. They have flowering gardens, and bright walks and halcyon scenes. They have blooming groves, verdant fields, sylvan shades, quiet valleys and peaceful rivers. There are arches and piles and palaces of transcendent splendor and sublimity, for the architectural art is there in its essential perfection—all in correspondence with the spheres of the affections and thoughts of the angels. No earthly pen is adequate to describe those heavenly scenes. The forms and scenes of earth, natural or artistic, no matter how beautiful, are still dead and inanimate, but those spiritual beauties and harmonies, are instinct with a *living* property. They are animate, and seem to partake of the vitality, the joy and beatitude of the beholder. All things around him are vital with his life, and they flow in and affect him with inmost joy and peace!

This being the case, the Heavens of Innocence where infants are, in correspondence with the predominant affections there—are beautiful beyond all powers of description. The objects around—the trees, the gardens, the flowers, the air, etc.—have a look and air of innocence, purity and peace. They seem to breathe forth a tenderness and joyousness, akin to the infantile smile and the innocent prattle of the seraph babes, of which they are the living representative symbols. As there are no inharmonies of evil affections in their hearts, so there can be no correspondent inharmonies and unsightlinesses in the varied objects around them. Swedenborg describes some of those heavens. He says in the *Diary*, No. 4354.

“ I saw a garden constructed not of trees, but of leafy arches, somewhat lofty, with walks and entrance ways, and a virgin walking therein, and also infants five or six years old, who were beauti-

fully clothed. And when she entered, the most exquisite wreaths of garlands of flowers sprang forth over the entrance, and shone with splendor as she approached. I was informed that little infant girls see objects in this manner, that they appear thus to walk and thus to be clothed and to be adorned with new garments according to their perfection. That all this appears to them to the life may be inferred from the fact that such things are suitable to a Spirit, who cannot walk on a paved or graveled way nor possess such gardens as exist on Earth, but such things only as *correspond* to the nature of a Spirit! It is sufficient that they perceive them as vividly; yea, more vividly than men perceive similar things in gardens in this world; as I have also perceived them when I have been in Spirit, and often at other times, as did the prophets. August 15, 1749."

It is said that infants and children in the other life, are under the especial care and guardianship of God Himself. The Author and Secr from whom I have already so largely quoted, says that their heavens are above and in front of the sinciputal region, directly in the radius in which the angels look to the Lord—that is, midway between the plane of the eyes and the top of the head, to signify that they were perpetually and especially under the eye of the Divine Love. But we see, however, on earth, no traces of an *especial* Providence with regard to the care and guardianship of infants. Like other great uses, that is also duly provided for in the economy of the human affections, intellect and passions. Be this, however, as it may, there is no doubt but that the Divine Law-giver of the Universe has also established in the Human affections and passions of the spirits and angels, instrumentalities commensurate with the great use of taking care of and rearing the millions of translated infants and children of Earth. We find everywhere in the fields of Creation, natural, spiritual and celestial, that means and instrumentalities are provided proportionate to the importance of the use to be performed. And the more we examine the structure of the body, the passions of the soul, the faculties of the intellect, the vegetable, animal or human

kingdoms and the harmonies and adaptations of Nature everywhere, in the least and greatest things, the more we will be convinced of this law.

Infants and children who are reared in the other life, do not pass beyond youth. They know, see or experience the infirmities of age. When they reach a vigorous youth, or early manhood, they so remain. The affections of their hearts and their intellectual powers having fully matured, their forms are likewise matured and perfected and they remain in the first prime of their youthful Manhood to eternity.

"It is to be known," says Swedenborg, "that infants in Heaven do not advance beyond early youth and stop there to eternity."—*Heaven and Hell*, N. 340.

The reason of this is obvious, for the Form of Love and Wisdom is the Human Form. They are essential Manhood, and the good affections and thoughts thence are ever youthful and ruddy and vigorous. The affections of Love and the thoughts of Wisdom never grow old and infirm. It would be as absurd as to predicate age or infirmity of Heat and Light. Hence the Heaven-reared infants and children never see age or know infirmity—disease, decay and death—but live in an immortal youth!

Infants and children who grow up in Heaven, are married at a proper age, and live with their married partners in conjugal delight to eternity (C. L., 444), because the male and female principles are essential and eternal in all things, and nothing is perfect without a true marriage or conjunction of those principles.

But how and in what respects do those spirits and angels who have been brought up from infancy and childhood in the Heavens, finally differ from the spirits and angels who have been carefully reared on earth and led honest, upright and good lives? If infants and children are thus so perfectly brought up and educated in the Heavens, and become such faultless angels, wherein is the misfortune of death in

infancy or childhood? To which I answer: that considering the present social condition of the world, overwhelmed as it is in one undistinguishable mass of hostile interests, violent and misdirected passions, fraud, over-reaching, selfishness, sensuality, vice and crime; considering the hazards of proper training and educating, and the chances that, amid all this disorder, temptation and crime, the child would be upright and honest, and lead a true Christ-like life, I would not say that the advantages are not on the side of an early death. All our instincts are, however, against it, and even in view of the present condition of the world, it would be a sturdy judgment to pronounce, that it would be better to be translated to the spiritual spheres in infancy, and there brought up in all goodness and truth among the angels, and mature in all the grace and beauty of mind, heart and body, forgetting the earth, and all its sorrows and sadnesses, in preference to remaining here and growing up amid all its vices and inhumanities, threading its serpentine ways, laden with its sorrows and cares, and shedding its scalding tears. Conditioned as the world at present is, the infant portion of humanity is doubtless better trained and matured in the other life than in this—the Divine Laws that govern that use, not being so lamentably infracted there as here, and operating more perfectly. The soul is instinct with the same laws here, to be sure, but owing to the false conditions and relations in which man is everywhere placed, they have more of an inverted action than a true and orderly one.

“But how contrary the education of infants on earth is, may be evident from this example. I was in the streets of a great city, and I saw little boys fighting with each other! A crowd flocked around, which beheld this with much gratification, and I was informed that the parents themselves excite their little boys to such combats. The good Spirits and angels who saw those things through my eyes felt such aversion to it that I perceived their horror; and especially at

at the parents excite them to such things, saying that thus in the earliest age parents extinguish all the mutual love and all the influence which infants have from the Lord, and initiate them into hatred and revenge ; consequently, that they exclude their children from Heaven, where is nothing but mutual Love."—*Heaven and Hell*,

if this world was what it ought to be, what God intended, what it is capable of becoming, and what it will one day become—if the race was progressed or regenerated to that state of harmony and brotherhood that would infallibly be given to every infant born, that care, love, and intelligent moral training which is its birthright, which is provided in the economy of the affections and faculties, and which it will one day receive, then infant death would be a misfortune.

But this is answering the question *relatively* rather than absolutely. It is rather an answer from considerations of expediency, or a *choice of evils*, necessitated by the prevailing errors and perverted manifestations of the capabilities of human nature, than a philosophical exposition of the matter. Assuming, then, that on earth as well as in Heaven the Lord was infallibly certain of its Divine and Lawful training, and that all accord with the Divine Purposes in the creation, the difference between those reared in heaven and those reared on earth, according to my best judgment and the authorities on the subject, would be this : The heaven-reared angel would be more tender, pure and innocent in his affections, and more simple and childlike in his habits. He would be of a softer and more pliant nature ; more impulsive and spontaneous character. He would be more sensitive and more subject to influences of all kinds, more exquisite in his feelings, and hallowed and pure in his actions ; yet his *selfhood* would be weak, pliant and flexible. He would not have the strong and rigid *Individuality* and independence of the earth-reared angel. His affections would be more tenderly sweet and innocent, but

he would not have the power and compactness of the other; he would be a more interior angel, and be nearer God, or the central Life of the Universe. On the other hand, the earth-reared angel would be more sturdy and integral in his affections; he would be more self-reliant and independent of influences; his selfhood would be stronger, and his Individuality more firm and complete; he would be more deliberate and calculating, and would be a stronger angel than his heaven-trained brother.

Swedenborg describes (*Diary*, N. 3,545) an interview between two brothers in the Spirit-world, one of whom had deceased in infancy, and was brought up in Heaven, while the other was reared on earth. The former spoke with his brother from the promptings of mutual and fraternal love, and from out an interior heaven, and the unaffected tenderness and sweetness of his voice, and the melting fervor of his affections, "moved the brother's interiors," and so overcame him that he burst into a flood of tears, and afterwards declared that it was very love itself that spoke. The reason of this difference (at least one reason) is given by this same author. He says:

"What the difference is between those who die infants and those who die adults shall also be told. Those who die adults have a plane acquired from the earthly and material world, and they carry it with them. This plane is their memory and their corporeal natural affections. This remains fixed, and is there quiescent, but still it serves their thoughts after death for an ultimate plane, for the thought flows into it," etc., etc.—*Heaven and Hell*, N. 345.

The principal reason of this difference is because the Earth-reared angel has a corporeal natural memory, and a corporeal natural individuality, which serve as the groundwork or pedestal for his spiritual life. He has an external earthly memory, which, when he passes to the other life, becomes a continent or containing vessel of his spiritual memory. But the Heaven-reared angel has no memory of

earthly things, and of course his affections cannot flow down into the gross, external forms, ideas and memories of earth.

The earthly parent is often troubled with the apprehension lest her deceased infant or child should be altogether among strangers on its entrance into the other world; or should be alone and helpless; or should suffer and languish, or should fall into the hands of cruel and heartless persons; or be infested and tormented by evil Spirits. She has a feeling of dread lest in the great Universe of Spirits her darling babe or child should be lost, or overlooked or neglected, with none to care for, cherish and protect it as she herself would have done.

But let her be surely comforted, for such is not the law and the testimony. As has already been observed, her infant comes directly and immediately into the unremitting care and love of those female Spirits who are appointed to that use, who flowed into the mother's affections, and whose ruling delight while on earth it was to love children. Moreover, their being in such innocence, purity and peace, the spiritual sphere that surrounds them is of a like quality, and impervious to any influence or Spirit who is not in like innocence, purity and peace. The very aura or atmosphere in which they are, by a law of spiritual life, securely protects them from all diabolical infestations. Having no perceptions of such things, either in their memories or lives, there is no ground of rapport, no point of contact, and it is not possible for any cruel and heartless Spirits to penetrate their sphere. The very atmosphere in which they exist strives against it. Indeed, it is said that the sphere of a single infant—so powerful is it in innocence and purity—can resist and put to flight great numbers of evil-disposed Spirits! Let her therefore have no apprehensions on this score, for the might of Omnipotent law protects her Spirit-babe, and the celestial love of the heavens of innocence surrounds it.

Another source of great and rending anxiety, is often the



apprehension that the infant or child removed from earth in the early dawn of its life, and brought up in the heavens amid all the scenes and associations of heavenly harmony and beauty, and away from the contaminating influences of earth, will advance in purity, goodness and truth, so immeasurably beyond the parent, and losing all memory of earth, will be, beyond, ignorant of, and out of the reach of the parents' love, association and embrace, when she is herself translated to the Spirit-world, and thus be eternally separated and lost to each other.

It is true that they do lose the memory of earth and of their earthly parents ; or rather, indeed, they never had any such memory, for they left earth before memory began to run, or in its obscure beginning, and they are in the idea that they are natives of heaven, and there born and brought up, or know not otherwise than that they have always been there, until they are better instructed, and it is explained to them. Yet having no consciousness of it, they do not *know* it, but only so believe. And it is also true, as I believe, that they advance in goodness and truth beyond their parents and their earthly brothers and sisters, who remain beset with the cares and sorrows and temptations of earth ; but that they are thereby beyond and out of the reach of the parents' love, association and embrace, when she is translated to the other life, I do *not* believe. This may seem paradoxical. The reason is this : because every infant and child born has a marked and peculiar hereditary form and quality transmitted to it from its parents. This hereditary form and quality, no matter how young the infant may be, is perfect and complete in every fiber and nerve, on every part and minutiae of its body and spirit. It is spiritually and naturally the miniature image in all things of the parents, and their conditions, affections, loves, etc., at the time of its conception, gestation, parturition, etc. According to this hereditary form and quality, it grows and develops in the other life, and preserves them throughout

everlasting ages. This hereditary form and quality constitutes a ground of *peculiar rapport* between the parents and child, and designates the latter, in the other life, either child, boy, youth, or man, or angel, and wherever in the spheres, as their offspring. Accordingly, in the other life, when the affections of the parents lead them to seek out their long deceased child, that child, now the heaven-reared and exalted angel, is drawn down to them, and by means of his hereditary form and quality, and the consequent natural *rapport*, they instantly know each other, and fully realize and feel the relation of parent and child, and experience all the mutual love, joy and association, growing out of that relation ; and although they may occupy different spheres, this association takes place whenever mutually desired. This hereditary form and quality is essential and everlasting, and attaches them, in a certain manner, together forever. Although the parent may be homely, and the child beautiful, or *vice versa*—although there may be the greatest variation in this respect, yet the “family likeness”—the complete hereditary form and quality derived from the parents are always retained. That hereditary form and quality is indeed the foundation of their individuality. Between the parents and children they are strong and complete, as before observed ; less so between grandparents and grandchildren, as other hereditary forms and qualities intermix ; still less so between cousins, second cousins, etc., until by the commingling and the predominance of other hereditary forms and qualities they are shaded away and lost.

Again, the earthly mother is often oppressed with the belief, that her deceased infant is wholly separated from her—removed to an immense distance, and beyond the influence of her affections. But such, however, is not the case. The change introduced by death only separates it from her *external* consciousness—only removes it beyond her visible tangible embrace and caress. Spiritually they

are not dissociated or separated. Her affections for **her** babe are conjoined and associated with the affections of **the** angelic mothers who have now the charge of it. It is **still** in the sphere of her love, and feels its influence.

Whatever our affections demand, and whatever our **rea-**son dictates for the good of our infant charges here, **our** brethren and sisters beyond the tomb more deeply feel **and** clearly see, and more fully perform for their infant charges there; for it must not be supposed that the Spirit-world is a cold, obscure, chanceful and changeful world. It **must** not be supposed that it is a world of war and confusion, of uproar and anarchy—a world of hazards and chances, **where** things are all at odd ends and cross-purposes—but **that** it is a world of bright and substantial realities, of law **and** order, pervaded in all its amplitude by a true moral **sense**, and thoroughly imbued with a disenthralled and **regene-**rated public opinion. It is a *human* economy—a **kingdom** of uses. Its origin, its means, and its administration **are** focalized in the human soul. All the functions of a **true** human order, all the great uses incident to human life, **de-**velopment and well-being, in every condition and **relat**ion, are arranged, functionized and harmonized, according to the Divine law expressed in man himself, and **everywhere** administered by those whose special use and delight it **is** to fill and discharge those functions. There is no use or **duty** unprovided for nor neglected. All the varied uses **central-**ized in man himself are there embodied in the great **social** order and harmony; and that embodiment or **organiza**tion does not depend upon arbitrary constitutions, creeds, or **civil** contracts, but upon the constitution of Man—upon the **Di-**vine laws of Humanity's life. These laws are the order of all the Heavens, and the wisdom of the Divine Love.

## IDEAS OF LIFE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

### I.

#### THE PHYSICAL IDEA OF LIFE.

**W**HAT is Life in respect to its modes and aims? Do we live for some purpose; or for no purpose? And is human existence productive of the happiness of which human nature is susceptible? If, indeed, we are living without a definite object—if ours is but a species of vegetable and animal existence—or if we entertain only false views respecting the nature, duty and destiny of Man, we can scarcely hope to realize

“Our being’s end and aim.”

It remains for all who would be good and be happy to acquire the divine art of “thinking right and acting well.”

The importance of the present inquiry can not be rightly estimated by our individual acquirements, inasmuch as a man of great learning may be mentally inferior to one of limited attainments. The world is full of learned imbeciles; men, who while living have fairly entombed themselves in books, and dying have left a mass of lumber to perish with their bones. Every one knows that his physical development does not depend on the quantity of food received into the stomach, but rather on the assimilation of suitable foreign substances. A similar law determines the growth of the mind. One may devour an author every day without increasing his mental vigor in the smallest possible degree. The foreign elements must be digested

and appropriated by the mind, or, to say the least, they are comparatively unserviceable. To change the figure : The brain of a mere scholar is but a sponge in the sea of mind, that absorbs the universal element, without modifying its constituents. Thus a man may acquire a knowledge of all arts, sciences and religions, and be little more than a cyclopedia endowed with consciousness and locomotion, or he may learn all languages, and only make a babel of himself at last. If, in short, there is any truth in the obvious analogy, it is certain that the mental faculties, no less than the bodily organs, are quickened and unfolded just in proportion as the mind assimilates the elements of thought, and they become a part of its own existence.

With this brief exordium I proceed to consider the physical, intellectual and religious attributes and tendencies of human nature, as displayed in the prevailing views and modes of life. In the first or lowest idea of Life man is viewed as a *physical* being. It regards the body as *the man*, in the most essential sense, perishable, earthly forms as the most substantial realities, and the corporeal organs of sensation as the channels and sources of the highest happiness. This idea—with various modifications—prevails among the savage tribes and in the lowest stages of civilization—wherever human greatness is made to consist in physical superiority. The savage, whose keen sense detects the faintest trail of the enemy; whose war-whoop wakes the echoes in the most distant solitudes, and whose right arm can bend the strongest bow, is the great man of his tribe. Actuated by a similar idea the ancient nations, notwithstanding their advancement in many of the elegant arts, honored their athlete heroes while they lived, and deified them after death. At the grand celebration in honor of Jupiter, which occurred once in four years, the Greeks who had spent the preceding ten months in a course of physical discipline, were permitted to spend five days in running, leaping, wrestling, boxing, horsemanship, chariot-racing

and other exercises and accomplishments, chiefly of a physical nature, and all that they might determine who among the competitors were most deserving of public honors. The reward bestowed on the victor was a wreath of wild olive, the plaudits of the multitude, and the privilege of entering his native city in a chariot drawn by four horses, the entrance being made through a breach in the walls, designed to signalize his triumph. The Olympic Games continued with slight modifications for more than one thousand years, and symmetry of form, vigor of muscle, and harmony of motion, were thought to be most essential to the true dignity and perfection of Man. To such an extent did this idea prevail that Homer immortalized it in his deathless verse, and Ajax in defending the Grecian battle-ships against the Trojans, is great, chiefly, in feats of physical activity and strength.\*

In proportion as this idea predominates man resembles the lower orders of animated nature, in his general characteristics and the habits of his daily life. Existence is external and sensuous. The vital fires are intense and strong, but they excite the animal instincts; they ignite the combustible elements of human passion, and thus—if I may use the figure—"the smoke of the bottomless pit" smothers the infant Reason, and clouds the soul's intuitions. When the mind is obscured, the real manhood is invisible; the interior Universe is a sealed book, and the Spirit a powerless embryo waiting in slumber the dawn of its conscious being. In this state man is the victim of disorderly and unconquerable impulses, and the most beautiful virtues are a daily offering at the polluted shrines of lust and power. Such an idea of Life is unworthy of human nature, and withal as hazardous as it is unprofitable. The faintest image of that Life—even the dim shadow of its noontide—is dark, revolting, and terrible. The momentary contemplation

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\* The reader is requested to see Fifteenth Book of the Iliad.

shocks the cultivated mind. Yet mortals thus live! *merely* for the pleasures of sense—live as the beasts live—*aye, worse* than that, for theirs is not even the normal life of *the* animal kingdom. The whole nature is grossly perverted, and existence itself degenerates into a feverish dream or *a* wild delirium. This base, repulsive idea of Life, is *un-*worthy of human nature in its present estate, since man *is* a child of God, the possessor of illimitable capacities, *and* the heir of immortality. And is not such a life alike *unsafe* and unprofitable? Disorderly passions are sure to *lead* their victims astray, and the tyranny of unbridled *desire* drives millions to desperation and ruin.

Accompanying this low idea of Life, and this early stage of development, we usually find rudimental systems of Government, wherein Might wears the crown and wields *the* scepter; forms of Religion inspired by fear—at the same time they deify brute force; a faith that is forever allied to superstition; a worship in which

“Ignorance is the mother of devotion,”

and social institutions that grow out of the gregarious animal instincts and physical necessities of the Race. In this state the *moral forces* of human nature are weak. Neither the inalienable rights of the individual, nor the legitimate prerogatives of the Government, are defined or perceived, and the distinction of *meum et tuum*, like the equator, implies the existence of an imaginary line.

But it is not alone among savages and semi-barbarous nations that this external, sensuous idea of life prevails at the present day. It governs the minds and lives of a large class in our modern civilized society. If it no longer exists in the precise *forms* which it assumes in Grecian and Roman history, it nevertheless remains. It takes on a form adapted to the genius of the times, which, however, is not less subversive of the highest human interests. The conception, as displayed in this commercial age, does not tend

much to perfect MAN, even physically, as it aims to increase his temporal possessions. It does not propose to make him strong, *in himself*, but in the extrinsic elements of power which it places at his disposal. Wherever this notion of the idea governs human enterprises, only those things are improved and perfected which will command a price in the market. The agriculturist, the manufacturer and the merchant, *cannot sell themselves*; hence no judicious system of self-improvement is adopted. The tillers of the soil carefully cultivate the fruits of the earth, knowing that the best products command the highest prices; the manufacturer keeps his machinery in order, because damaged wares must be sold at a sacrifice; the merchant repairs his goods, and the landlord repairs his dwellings, all because the proprietors value their possessions. The modern *sine qua non* is a strict observance of the laws of trade. In their implicit obedience to such laws, thousands circumnavigate the world, dive into the caverns of the sea, or entomb themselves alive in the earth. And all while the indispensable conditions of health and life are unknown, forgotten or neglected. Day by day the physical energies of the Race are dissipated by false modes of life—by an unreasoning devotion to prevailing customs, by excessive toil, and the unrestrained indulgence of the animal appetites.

To stay this "tide in the affairs of men" we must rid the world of this false idea of Life. It is not enough that our philosophers have discovered the fallacy; the gilded idol of the popular mind must be cast down. The sages of antiquity did not look so much for the elements and achievements of true human greatness in the Colosseum or beneath triumphal arches; but the multitude ever sought the Roman amphitheater and the porticos and groves of Olympia for symbols of human superiority. So there are wise men who make "*mind the standard of the man*," but the people estimate their temporal possessions—no matter if



acquired by unscrupulous arts—above the greatest mental powers and moral achievements.

We hear much said of man's cruelty to brutes; and yet, it would even seem, that most men think more of the domestic animals than of themselves. Go into the country and see how the man who entertains the physical idea of Life, in its commercial aspects, treats himself and his horse. If the animal be a favorite, his limbs are carefully bathed every morning, while the owner may not think of bathing his own oftener than once a month. The horse is not permitted to eat, or to go to the water, when his blood is heated by violent exercise; but the man eats and drinks freely when the physical energies are exhausted by extreme heat and protracted labor. Moreover, the animal is only allowed to partake of the kind and the quantity of food best adapted to promote health and activity; but the unreasoning owner gorges himself with such crude substances as the stomach can neither assimilate nor digest. And, finally, the beast will only *drink* what Nature has provided—water, while the beastly man

“Puts an enemy to his lips that steals his brains away;”

and thus, deliberately, and with his own hand, lights the torch that ignites and consumes the blood of his generation.

Those who answer our general description of the physical man, more especially in the commercial age of the world, are doomed to perpetual slavery. Life is a scene of feverish excitement, and such men are self-condemned to incessant toil. Ever grasping after the golden image, the more important interests of mankind are relinquished and forgotten. With but a single object in view—and such an object! the selfish propensities are liable to acquire a dangerous ascendancy. When the desire for gain becomes an inordinate passion, the claims of justice are rarely re-

sted ; life and conscience are offered at a ruinous  
 ount, and true happiness is an impossible conquest.  
 After day the poor slave rises with the first beams of  
 morning and goes to his labor; and when he returns  
 evening shades darken his path. True, the mind may  
 been exercised; but, with such people, it is chiefly  
 loyed in selfish schemes whereby it may gild the chains  
 ears. The man who answers to this description has no  
 e. His slumbers are disturbed by the cares of business.  
 Grasps at glittering phantoms in his dreams, and wakes  
 he violence of the effort. He is not refreshed, but rises  
 enew the struggle. He has no time for recreation or  
 se; he had little opportunity for social intercourse with  
 riends, and not one hour for devout meditation. Evi-  
 ly this is not the true conception of Life. On the con-  
 , it violates the laws and disregards the relations of  
 mind and heart; it restrains the noblest faculties; it  
 rfs the whole soul, and is subversive of all the great  
 rests of Humanity.

## II.

### THE INTELLECTUAL IDEA OF LIFE.

aving noticed, at some length, those who make the  
 sical development and resources of mankind the chief  
 cts of all their endeavors, I will now introduce a less  
 erous class and another idea of life. I refer to scholars  
 men of genius, and to the idea that only the *mind* re-  
 es exercise and culture. This class is restricted to the  
 e polished nations, and the number in every age has  
 comparatively small. Yet, in a greater or less degree,  
 e who have been most distinguished in the walks of  
 ature and science have exercised the mental faculties,  
 he injury of the bodily functions, and, it may be, at the  
 ense of their spiritual welfare. Persons of this class  
 ently manifest a peculiar indifference to personal ease

and to all temporal affairs. History furnishes several striking examples of men in whom the love of intellectual pursuits has exercised supreme control. At the siege of the ancient city of Syracuse, Metellus, the commander of the Romans, desired to spare the life of Archimedes; but in the midst of the conflict a soldier entered his apartment and placed a glittering sword at his throat. The great geometrician was engaged in the solution of a problem. So intense was the application of his mind at that moment, that he remained unmoved and unawed at the presence of danger and the near approach of death. "Hold," said he, calmly, "but for one moment; and my demonstration will be finished!" This single illustration will suffice to show that the preference for mental pursuits may be so strong as to overcome every other desire of the heart. When one can for ever bid adieu to the busy world, shut himself in a garret and waste the energies of his body by the intense action of his mind—when he becomes unmindful of all other objects and interests, negligent of friends and regardless of life itself, the ruling passion has acquired a dangerous ascendancy.

Among those who are denominated men of genius, and are characterised as the great men of the world, some have thus lived—not to enjoy life, but rather to sing the songs and to write the philosophy of the world. It is a mistake to suppose that such men are usually happy. The undue exercise of the mental faculties disturbs the equilibrium of the man, and interrupts the harmony of his relations. The complete balance of the physical, mental and spiritual attributes, on which the highest happiness immediately depends, rarely exists in men of genius. An excessive tendency of the vital forces to the brain, which commonly occurs in early life, leaves the body feeble and imperfectly developed; at the same time the natural expression of the religious sentiment is perverted or restrained by the stately march of the intellect and the dominion of a subtle materialism.

ch, in a greater or less degree, are the men of brilliant  
s and profound erudition. If their happiness is always  
plete, it is because their development is unequal, and  
are never properly adjusted to the sphere of their out-  
relations. To this discordant blending of the elements  
man nature, we must refer the strange contrarieties in  
ves of such men. Many of them are not like the stars  
shine through the ages; rather are they brilliant me-  
that shoot suddenly through the realms of mind and  
pear in a blaze; or, like comets, they pursue their ec-  
ic and lonely orbits far from the sphere of the common  
. A man of this description may overpower us by the  
entary splendor of his transit, but for all the great  
ical and permanent interests of life we require a steady  
to guide our footsteps. A mind of great brilliancy  
power, if disorderly and ungovernable, may occasion  
ise and apprehension, but it affords us no pleasure to  
star of the first magnitude fall from its orbit in the  
al heavens. Should one of those radiant orbs which  
hold in a clear night leap from its track and—rushing  
the velocity of lightning through space—scatter its  
ng elements on the world below, it would doubtless  
nt an imposing spectacle. It might afford more light  
little season; but we had rather see it in the dim dis-  
where it belongs, and feel assured that it will move  
om age to age obedient to "Heaven's first law."  
s not denied that this idea of Life has done much to  
the world and to exalt and dignify human nature.  
e mental discipline has saved multitudes from the  
nion of ancient superstition, and disorderly passions.  
e this idea prevails the world is embellished by the  
and beautiful creations of Art. There, too, Science  
her crystal portals and rears her star-lighted dome.  
he mind is developed the Universe itself is unveiled,  
we discover that there is nothing hidden—that all  
s are for ever revealed to the mind qualified to perceive

and comprehend them. There is a mystical language in everything that, by degrees, we learn to interpret. They all speak, for God is in them—in Man; in the stars and flowers; in the winds and the waves—

“Great pulses of the Ocean’s heart,  
Beating from out immensity !”

“I sit alone on the glowing sand,  
Filled with the music of your speech,  
And only wait to understand  
The wondrous lore that ye would teach.”

“The sea-weed and the shells are wise,  
And versed in your broad Sanscrit tongue;  
The rocks need not our ears and eyes  
To comprehend the under-song.”

These all are the tangible revelations of the Divine. The word is spoken and written in all ages, in every place, and in the presence of all men. It is uttered by flaming tongues from the thick cloud; it is syllabled in the viewless air :

“While sweet and low in crystal streams,  
That murmur in the shade,  
The solos of an Angel’s dreams,  
On bubbling keys are played.”

We have a sacred history, too, of the Creation, written in the Creation itself. The mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms are succeeding dispensations; each separate species is a particular book, and every form in the physical world is an inspired verse. Coleridge lifts his Orphic Lyre in the Heavens, and thus chants the thought through the “Golden Age.”

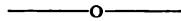
“Creation is the picture-word,  
The hieroglyph of wisdom’s Lord;  
Edens on blissful Edens rise  
To shape the Epic of the skies;

Heaven is the grand full-spoken thought  
 Of him by whom the worlds were wrought;  
 He, throned within the word above,  
 Inspires that Heaven, that thought with love."

not confined, like Moses, to Mount Sinai, and to a  
 ss of stone, for a history of the world; but inscribed  
 ocky tablets of the everlasting hills—*inscribed over*  
 s, above, beneath and around, is a clear, compre-  
 history of the Creation from the hand of its Author.  
 his idea of life—the idea that *its noblest achieve-*  
*ment depend on the mental powers and attainments of the*  
 e are indebted for these discoveries, and for many  
 oughs and deeds recorded in universal History.  
 reer of the most brilliant mind may resemble a  
 or a conflagration. A life of storms is often the  
 dle and nursery of Genius. Such men have but  
 owship with earth, and hence they are often short-  
 life and passion and thought are too intense to be  
 uration. By a species of accelerated combustion—  
*or combustion*—the mind soon consumes life's fuel,  
 orporal fires are prematurely extinguished. The  
 olar may live on—live to fill up the measure of his  
 ve even after he is dead—dead at least to all true  
 nd religious feeling. Occasionally one is enabled  
 a proud eminence that overlooks the world; but  
 , in his sublime elevation, he is far less human, while  
 cely more divine. If such men are polished shafts  
 nple of the Ages, they may also resemble the mar-  
 ir coldness and insensibility. That men of great  
 ial powers and attainments are liable to be dis-  
 nal and cold, is implied by Pope, who says, "It is  
 fortune of extraordinary geniuses, that their most  
 friends are more apt to admire than to love them."  
 e conceded that the social circle is rarely indebted  
 men for its chief attractions. Their Religion—if

that is at all conspicuous—is most likely to assume the form of a philosophical Deism, which is a kind of dead weight to the soul's aspirations after living fellowship and communion with the Divine. In fine, when the great object and aim of life is a polished intellectualism, the body is frequently enfeebled by the mental action, and the warm impulses of the human heart are restrained and chilled ; at the same time the individual is liable to become exacting, unsocial and irreligious.

The remaining sections of this essay—the III., embracing The Religious Idea of Life, and IV., comprehending the true, or Harmonic Idea of Life—will be published in our next issue.



### THE TEACHINGS OF THE AGES.\*

BY FRANCES HARRIET.

IT is impossible, in the space of a few pages, to do justice to a work like the present, not only involving, as it does, but interesting and penetrating the most vital questions of the age.

From the beginning, even until now, the author leads forth the Church of God, or the Tabernacle of Truth, through all its changes, Infancy, Childhood, Youth, out into the mature or Reasoning Age of the Present, or toward which the Present tends.

The first impression received from the work before us is the absolute freedom of the sphere from whence it emanates, and to which it attracts. This largeness of liberty is everywhere conspicuous. What it ever it claims, it freely accords, as it can afford to do ; standing, as it does, "on the broad platform of eternal principles." And the second is like unto it. It is the large and loving Humanity, that inspires every sentence, and illumines every line. But here we find evidence not only of a great Heart, overflowing with its Divine

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\* By A. C. Traveller ; Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

Love, but a great Mind, of far-reaching, deep-seeing, all-penetrating powers, enthroned in the sublime security of Reason, serene and self-poised. We can hardly tell which to admire most, the grandeur of the whole plan, or the fine art and delicate discrimination, in working out the details.

When Mind and Heart of this superior order are in conjunction, we may well expect those embodiments of power which are consecrated in the works of Immortal Genius. Nor are we disappointed in the present. The august conception of the Christian Democracy, simple in its principles, but grand in its scope and spirit, is embodied of Reason, clothed with Freedom, and inspired with Humanity. By this august Ideal the Christian sects, one by one, are measured. Defined by the severe hand of Justice none are worthy of the grand archetype; but the tenderer touch of Love finds *some good* IN ALL.

The work is eminently religious, and can spring from no other than a worshipful mind; but who has ever seen a sentiment like the following in any religious writer: "To the Organized Church were committed the Oracles of God, to hold in trust for the human family, until they should become of age to rightly understand and appropriate those rich treasures of wisdom; and for this reason the Church became, necessarily, the Moral-conservative power of the Nation. And all the various members of the human family *outside* of the Organized Church, constitute the Radical Power, which acts as an invigorating stimulus upon the Conservative, impelling it to continual effort, to indoctrinate and draw to itself the free elements of mind; while the former Power is influenced to resist the persuasions and arguments of the latter, with reasons drawn from its own independent stand-point. An increasing action and reaction is the result, which tends to promote a healthy moral condition in the community. And thus we learn from the teachings of Philosophy, that a dual power, analogous to that which holds the planets in their course, is required in the moral, as well as in the "material world."

That single paragraph, if rightly understood, would make an era in Liberalism, when a writer, avowedly Christian, has both the honesty and courage to declare that Free-thinkers, Infidels, so called, constitute an essential principle in the moral atmosphere.

In fine, the great leading subjects of the work, the Development,



Growth and Character of the True Religion, the Review of *Sects*, Woman, in her relations to the Church and State, the Catholics, the Mormons, Character and Claims of Spiritualism, and the lone *Exile* and final Restoration of the Jews, are here handled in a masterly manner. The book is full of prophecy. Here is a passage of that character :

"The different eras of human progress have left alike their physical and moral impress on the face of the earth and the character of its inhabitants. And we may logically assume that the progressive epochs of the future will be obedient to the same universal law of cause and effect ; and that as the Human Family approach Maturity, through the unfolding faculties of mind and heart, their labors and achievements, under the fuller guidance of reason and the moral sentiments, will be grander and grander—and the record of these, in their own order, will also be stamped upon animate and inanimate Nature in ineffaceable lines of beauty and power."

And thus we are led away into vast fields of thought, where all is new, and yet so native to the soul, we accept and claim it as our own. The severe simplicity and classic beauty of the style occasionally breaks forth into a burst of genuine poetry, and a long poem, like fragments of shredded stars, is sprinkled through the book. The following passage embodies one of these :

"Invitations to our Western Eden, to a land of Liberty and abundance, were sent abroad over the earth. Commerce bore them swiftly forward on the wings of the wind, wherever she unfurled the dear old Stars and Stripes, as a benediction to the Nations :

And as the message flew from man to man,  
From heart to heart a thrill electric ran ;  
They felt in every land beneath the sun  
The mystic chain that links mankind in one ;  
And emigrations mighty human tide  
Set toward our land from Peoples far and wide ;  
They came in thousands from the Celtic Isles,  
And from the Northman's rude and cold defiles,  
From dreamy Italy,—and Sunny Spain,—  
And many a German city, hill and plain,  
Commingling like the waters of the sea,  
And pledged themselves to God and Liberty."

Speaking of amusements, the author uses the following language :

"When Human Nature is better understood in our Schools of Divinity, the doors of the Opera and the Drama will be thrown open to the Christian Church, and then there will be less sectarian *canon* than at present, and more of the earnest spirit of true devotion.

"It has always been the aim of the Clergy to keep the religious sentiment of the laity at fever heat; and this is one of the philosophical reasons for the reaction which has taken place in the Church, and its present cold and lifeless state. Amusements are as needful to impart animation, and a healthy tone to the mind, as sunlight, air and exercise, are to invigorate and preserve the vitality of the body.

"And we must make a plea for the Dance, as well as the Song, because it, too, has been a prohibited recreation, when it should have been introduced into our Public Schools as an important part of the physical training of the young. It is a healthy, innocent and amusing exercise, which imparts both grace and agility to children, thus combining two desirable elements in their education—use and beauty; for by the dexterous movements of the limbs, such as may be acquired in the dance under a skillful teacher, many physical difficulties and dangers may be overcome, in after life, such as often attend the erratic course of adventurous youth. And when dancing shall be generally taught in our Public Schools, as a physical exercise, it will not be liable to the abuse of late hours, as it is at present, while regarded as merely a fashionable amusement. Graceful motion in the human form imparts to the observer a delight kindred to that experienced in looking upon soft floating clouds, or the play of Ocean's waves; and yet the pleasure is deeper, inasmuch as intelligent beauty affects the mind more intensely than the passive loveliness and grace of inanimate nature.

"And where are the faults?" gravely inquire the Critics. Certain of them who always keep "the rule and compasses in their pocket," may discover that in this book, "not one of the angles of the four corners is a right angle." They might find a shadow too much, or too little, among the matchless lights of Claude, or a fold awry in the simple drapery of Raphael; they might even, unawed by the august shade of Christopher Wren, or Michael Angelo, make out a flaw in the marbles of St. Paul's or St. Peter's—and so might a fly. Willingly we turn over to them the paltry work of fault-finding for its own sake, and picking flaws regardless of their investment. And we say to Mr. A. C. Traveller (or Madame, as the case may be, for there is no index in the name) you have chosen your stand-point well and wisely. Holding the New in your right hand, while the other, with affectionate veneration, clasps the Old—with a mind capable of comprehending the whole circle of Intelligences, and a heart quick to feel and know the whole circle of sympathies—acting

thus as Mediator and Interpreter between the Going and the Coming, it is impossible to overrate the advantages of your position ; and that you have mastered them, the work itse' will show.

The Bancrofts certainly deserve much credit for the liberal and elegant manner in which the work is set forth. We have in California our full share of intelligence, artistic genius and mental power ; and why may not we expect that our future San Francisco will afford facilities for publishing, liberal as may be found in Boston or New York, and be, indeed as well as in name, The ATHENS OF THE OCCIDENT.

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CRUSH NOT A FLOWER.

BY BELLE BUSH.

CRUSH not a flower of faith or hope  
That in another's heart may rise,  
But let the perfumed petals ope  
And waft their incense to the skies.

Say not 'tis vain of any dream  
Or fancy of the human brain,  
For out of it some lofty scheme  
May ripen into golden grain.

Laugh not to scorn the humblest plan  
A brother may have formed for good,  
For angels deeper see than men,—  
It may be wise when understood.

Say not to any care-worn heart,  
"You ne'er will reach the goal you seek ;"  
But act the kinder, nobler part,  
Give strength and courage to the weak.

Say not of any neighbor's field,  
He's planted where he should have sown,  
For God is patient, and the yield,  
Though rich or poor, is *all his own*.

Belvidere Seminary, July 20.

## HYMN FROM THE INNER LIFE.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

**H**EAVEN encircles all. The blest Immortals  
Near us, divine with Love's pure beauty stand ;  
Alluring us, through Faith's translucent portals,  
Into the Better Land.

The friends we mourn as lost have not departed ;  
They have but laid aside Earth's frail disguise ;  
On your dark way they pour, oh, lonely-hearted !  
The light of loving eyes.

The Saints and Seers, who made the old time glorious,  
Dwell, beautiful, within our human sphere :  
Serene they move o'er doubt and pain victorious ;—  
Christ, Plato, John, are here.

There lives no man, however crushed and lowly,  
Bound with the gyves—immured in darkest cell,  
But with him ministrant of influence holy,  
Some Seraph Friend doth dwell.

Each wondrous Thought, of Truth, or Love, or Duty,  
Flooding with sun-rise beams through Mind and Heart,  
Inspiring us with Wisdom and with Beauty,  
Some Angel Guest imparts.

No curtain hides from view the Spheres Elysian,  
But this poor shell of half-transparent dust ;  
And all that blinds our spiritual vision,  
Is pride, and hate, and lust.

Wouldst thou, oh ! friend beloved, with Christ see heaven ?—  
Grow perfect in the way of life he trod,  
To him that hath shall more and more be given,  
"The Pure in Heart see God."

## The Editor at Home.

### INDUSTRY AND MORALS.

NOT only is labor the chief means whereby the material interests of individuals and nations are advanced, but its relation to the moral development of a people is scarcely less apparent. It is difficult to conceive of anything more pernicious than *indolence*, and there are few creatures more despicable than the drones who prey upon the lives and labors of men of earnest thought and honest industry. Even the man who must look backward toward the meridian of his life has no rational excuse for suspending his efforts so long as his mental faculties remain and his physical powers are not seriously impaired. In fact, he can not wholly rest from his labors without positive injury to himself. When the early part of life has been devoted to industrial pursuits, the sudden relaxation of purpose, and the suspension of all effort, is not only unprofitable, but it is extremely dangerous. When such a man retires from the field of active labor, we are led, by a long course of observation; to anticipate a speedy termination of his career.

The fact already noted is susceptible of philosophical illustration. The nervous forces which were previously—in a greater or less degree—distributed throughout the body and equalized by the action of the will and the functions of the muscles, inevitably recede from the extremities of the nerves and the entire surface of the body. The strong reaction toward the nervous centers often results in congestion or paralysis, and thus the period of organic existence

is cut short. If after leading a life of constant activity for many years, a man determines to retire and seek a condition of undisturbed repose for the remainder of his days, he virtually resolves on a mild form of suicide, and may discover his error when quite too late. When the man in the instructive Scripture lesson concluded to take his case, because he had many goods laid up in store for many years, he was suddenly admonished that his days were numbered. Many similar examples have occurred within the compass of our observation, and we naturally conclude that, neither the order of Providence nor the laws of Nature permit a man to long outlive the period of his usefulness.

But if indolence is inexcusable in the decline of life, when the vital forces and fluids move and circulate with diminished intensity and volume, what apology can we offer for the young sluggards who must be repeatedly called in the morning, and who go to their labor—if they go at all—as slaves are scourged to the daily task, and who shrink from real work as felons recoil at the sight of the prison? We are quite sure that no young man can have a proper ambition who is even willing to lead a life of idleness. It is obvious that he not only lacks some of the more essential elements of a true manhood, but he is absolutely wanting in common honesty. In short his daily life is a practical fraud to the full extent that the brains and muscles of others are taxed for his support.

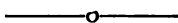
But the evil ends not here. Labor develops the faculties and increases our physical strength and endurance. Among the conditions necessary to sound health it is surely one of the most important. Without it the muscles lose their contractile power; the appetite is liable to fail; digestion is impaired; the circulation is disturbed and unequal; rest is rendered imperfect, and sleep is feverish and broken. When by a life of listless inactivity and thoughtless indulgence the conditions of health are thus interrupted, all the

manly powers decline, and like fruit that is blasted the man withers and falls before his time.

According to the Mosaic allegory, man was originally placed in the garden of Eden to "dress it and to keep it." According to the record horticulture was his business before the fall, and there can be no dangerous heresy in presuming that dressing and keeping a garden implies something like labor. Moreover, a scientific examination of the human body reveals nothing more clearly than the truth that man was made to labor. This is as obvious to the naturalist as that birds were made to fly and fishes to swim. The old theory of the theologians, that presumes labor to be an unmitigated curse, is utterly exploded. On the contrary, it is one of the greatest possible blessings. It is indispensable to the physical development of the young; it furnishes healthful exercise and profitable occupation for all; it makes the rugged earth beautiful and fruitful; it is the chief source of the wealth of nations, and the great civilizer of rude races and barbarous tribes.

It is not our purpose in this connection to indulge in serious argument against the fanciful idea of man's primitive state, which leaves us to infer that, if he had not fallen, the world would have been peopled with idlers for ever. This monstrous conception not only promotes indolence, but it leads to vice. No one wishes to be subject to a life-long curse; hence those who regard labor in this light, avoid it as much as possible, and those who have no honorable occupation are first to get into mischief. The man who does nothing, either to benefit himself or others, is sure to be mortgaged to Satan for all he is worth. Shall we not then rid the world of this false notion that labor is a reproach and a curse? Let all men know and feel that idlers, in the most important sense, are *paupers*; that slothful men and women, who perform no labor for the common welfare, are miserable vampires who extract the life-blood of the Race. On the other hand, let this lesson be deeply engraved upon

the popular mind and heart: Useful labor alone develops the beneficent arts, and there is something like true worship in earnest WORK. While indolence is a reproach and a shame to any people, the industries of common life—the hand hardened by honest toil, and the face bronzed by the mid-day sun—are always respectable and honorable.



## THE CRITICS ON TRIAL.

**W**E have many superficial pretenders to the art of criticism, especially in this country, who are so easily deceived, that they furnish frequent sources of amusement to persons of more intelligence and discrimination. The following paragraph presents an illustrative example :

On several occasions, as is well known, Dickens and Wilkie Collins wrote a short story together. "On one of these occasions," said Mr. Collins recently, "we agreed to exchange styles, so as to puzzle the critics; Mr. Dickens was to adopt my style, and I was to imitate his. The plan succeeded perfectly, and it was amusing to see the reviewers point out a passage of mine as an example of Dickens' peculiar vein, and in the next sentence comment on a paragraph of Dickens' as a sample of Wilkie Collins' sensational style."—*Graphic*.

Our own observation and experience of similar cases have been both entertaining and instructive. For many years we were familiar with the late CARLOS D. STUART, a ready and versatile writer in both prose and verse. Occasionally, when not more profitably employed, we indulged in a course of experiment at the expense of the press. As we neither edited the *Danbury News*, nor preached in Plymouth Church, it was not the custom of the editorial profession to quote everything we said, whether wise or otherwise. For this indifference to our claims we, now and then, amused ourselves by punishing the offenders after a fashion that may be briefly described. When in the mood Stuart would dash off a dozen



or more short paragraphs, to each of which some distinguished name was attached. The names of Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, Shakspeare, Lord Bacon, Hume, Burke, Swift, Gibbon, Macaulay, Sir Walter Scott, Addison, Irving, Channing, and others being used. These paragraphs were published, either in the *New York Sun*, the *Evening Mirror* or some other paper, when they straightway performed the circuit of the press. The journalistic faith of the country, and the respect for illustrious names, was something beautiful to behold. It was easy to see that principles and ideas as well as promisory notes must have an approved indorser to give them currency. *Magni nominis umbra* is all that is required.

One day, when this journalistic credulity and ignorance were the subject of some playful observations, one of the Solomons of the press—who just then entered the sanctum—boasted that he could detect the characteristics of the style of each and all the more prominent English and American authors. It was only necessary to repeat a brief passage from any one of them, and he would instantly give the name of the real author. It was thereupon proposed to subject his powers to an experimental test. But instead of depending on the memory of what others had written—and with a view of rendering the experiment the more satisfactory—the creative powers of the mind were employed, and the passages were all improvised for the occasion. Among others, that we do not now recall, the present writer submitted the following:

Beauty may be a comely mask that invites to mischief. If roses adorn the path of the dissolute man, there is a hidden thorn that wounds the hand that plucks them.

The reader is left to form his judgment of the critic's capacity, and he may also imagine the quickening influence imparted to our own self-estimation when we were emphati-

cally told that, "*any blockhead who ever read Shakspeare would know that he was the author of that passage!*"

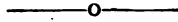
We can not resist the inclination to give another example of the manner in which members of the press and representatives of the people are sometimes deceived. The case came under our own personal observation, and is quite too good to be lost. Mr. Stuart was one day preparing his leader for the *Evening Mirror*—on a popular theme that afforded a fine opportunity for the exercise of his powers. After treating his subject at some length, and in a grave and thoughtful style, he observed that he was very forcibly reminded of the language of the illustrious Pericles, which seemed to be singularly appropriate to the occasion. Assuming to quote the words of the great Athenian, he proceeded in a strain of lofty and impassioned eloquence to the close of his article.

Mr. B\*\*\*\*, Editor of a prominent Metropolitan Journal, was at Albany at the time, and a representative in the legislative Assembly. He had no particular friendship for Mr. Stuart, and probably would not thought of quoting a line from him under any circumstances. It happened, a day or two after, that Mr. B. was seized with *cacæthes loquendi*, and made a speech of some length in the Assembly. The subject under discussion was one that afforded an opportunity for a display of patriotic devotion to the interests of the people. With the spread eagle in his mind's eye, the orator spoke with uncommon emphasis. The glowing incandescence of his thoughts and words flashed from his countenance, and kindled on the tongue. He had finished his argument—was approaching the close of his peroration—when he said, in substance :

'Sir, I can not leave this subject without recalling an oration of the great Pericles, the Athenian orator and statesman, delivered before the ancient court of the Areopagus. His words are suited to my purpose, and are far more elo-

quent and impressive than any language I could even hope to command.'

He then closed by quoting Pericles—*a la* Stuart in the *Evening Mirror*. Deeply impressed, the Assembly then adjourned; but the ghost of the noble Athenian made no sign.



### CREMATION AND THE RESURRECTION.

WE are indebted to a Jewish story for the sublime conception of leaving this world in a chariot of fire. But this idea is likely to be most popular in cold countries. It may be easy to convert a man to cremation, if you will dress him in summer clothes and turn him out of doors when the atmosphere is at zero. The argument for this expurgatory process grows weaker in the degree that the mercury approaches the top of the thermometrical scale. During the recent warm weather we noticed that the advocates of cremation relaxed their efforts, and seemed quite demoralized. Refrigerators instead of furnaces were in demand, and ice was preferred to fire.

But the advocates of burning have at length met with a powerful antagonist in the Bishop of Lincoln. Not long since his Reverence delivered a discourse on the subject, in Westminster Abbey. The ground of the Bishop's opposition is singular enough, and is worthy of the antediluvians. He is said to have expressed the opinion that "*cremation would imperil the doctrine of the Resurrection, and so produce the most disastrous consequences.*" He seems to think that the ordeal of fire would reduce our mortal part to such a sublimated state, that there would be no possible chance of finding it hereafter. How could a man be expected to discover himself after he had been completely dissipated into thin air—flesh, bones and viscera? And then, if the action of fire may be supposed to imperil the resurrection to another life, will not the Bishop's hell subvert immor-

ty by destroying the unhappy population of the whole theological torrid zone?

Here it occurs to us that there are purely material processes, scarcely less dangerous to the resurrection, as believed in by the old gentleman with the crosier. Some time the statement went the rounds of the press, that an apple tree, growing by the grave of Roger Williams, had taken down a tap-root to his mortal remains after a supply of phosphates; that the root followed the spinal column to termination, and there divided, sending branches down the limbs to the ends of the toes. It was found that the tree had taken up and assimilated all his mortal substance, leaving the smallest vestige of a bone to encourage the health of the church.

Now, it is very evident that the liberal Reformer who settled Rhode Island had been resurrected, but not at all in the orthodox fashion. He was more progressive than the church, and could not wait for Gabriel to sound his trumpet. He came up very early—that is certain—and was able to climb a tree! In Spring he appeared, and in

‘The opening blooms diffused his sweets around.’

Autumn he was visible in the ripened fruit, and was devoured by cannibals who had no idea of what they were doing. Now, may we not conclude that apple trees stand in the way of the life to come? Is not the resurrection, on any sound theological basis, rendered impossible by these mischievous freaks of Nature? How can poor Roger ever find the stuff he was made of, after he has been pared and stewed up to the very core; stewed, baked in pies, and served in dumplings; ground up in a cider-mill, distilled and swallowed in dime drams by all the village tipplers?

Well, the subject is obscure, and the problem difficult of solution. We must get some doctor of the popular divinity, of large caliber, to unmuzzle on this question, that we may be enabled to determine the chances of Brother Williams in the resurrection.

## THE GREAT EPIDEMIC DELUSION.

WE copy the concluding portion of a literary notice of Dr. Frederic R. Marvin's lecture on "Epidemic Delusions" from the *Graphic*.

When men ceased to believe in witchcraft, witches ceased to exist; a little ridicule and a great deal of indifference accomplished in a few years what centuries of persecution failed to effect. . . . When we learn to dismiss Spiritualism the ghosts will go out like the flame of a candle. Whenever rationalism and science have overcome ignorance and superstition, epidemic delusions have disappeared.

The real phenomena, comprehended under the head of Witchcraft, were doubtless spiritual in their nature and origin. The reasons why the mysterious operations were long ago suspended, are obvious enough. The truth is, our pious ancestors were too ignorant and stupid to comprehend the subject, and the Spirits were too merciful to longer subject the mediums to persecution and death; and so they concluded to postpone the whole matter until the people were suitably prepared for its advent, by the progress of general knowledge and the further triumphs of religious liberty.

Some twenty-five years since the Spirits renewed their efforts in solemn earnest. It used to be said that they could only influence women and children; but now they pull the gray beards, and boldly dispute the skepticism of the savans. There is a new excitement under powdered wigs, and scientific materialism trembles in its dusty abodes. The Spirits have the advantage of "the inside track," and are

moving with irresistible momentum on the earthworks of the positive philosophers. If we can interpret the mystical hand-writing on the wall, it implies the speedy conquest of the world.

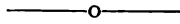
But it is worthy of notice that, just now, the Solomon of the *Graphic* thinks it is only necessary "to dismiss Spiritualism" and the ghosts will all vanish like the dissolving views. But this conceited scribe does not condescend to inform the public how this is to be done. Spiritualism has already demonstrated the fact that it will not be dismissed at the bidding of any one. The Spirits come without invitation, and will never retire. The crucifix imposes no restraint; prayers and consecrated water are powerless. Science is no antidote for this epidemic, which is just now raging most fearfully in scientific society, and running like a prairie fire over Europe.

Perhaps we may be allowed to suggest, that to be well informed the *Graphic* should exchange with some respectable foreign journals. The Sadducee who attempts to write down Spiritualism, in the interest of that paper, does not appear to be aware that Prof. Crookes, F. R. S., the veteran Editor of the *London Journal of Science*, Professor A. R. Wallace, Professor Varley, and other Fellows of the Royal Society, have the delusion in its most aggravated form. At last "ignorance and superstition" have had the audacity to invade the very temple of Science. They seem determined to "overcome" the Royal Academy. The *Graphic* recommends a *cheap cure* to others—he seems impressed that the patients will all get well if they are only let alone. Had he not better use this remedy in his own practice, and stop meddling with the subject?

Perhaps the most unaccountable and incurable of all the modern delusions is the curious crotchet, or perverse conceit, that there is *no truth* in Spiritualism. But it is a satisfaction to know that this strange delusion will never become epidemic in this world—because the fools of this particular

class are very scarce. In praying for the poor heathen, the deluded Spiritualists and all benighted peoples, let those who sit in darkness, in Park Place, be kindly remembered.

Attend, O Spirits! Come, diffuse your light,  
Croly is captious and will for ever write.



### MATERIAL AND MORAL INFLUENCES.

ALL worlds have their atmospheres ; and the more volatile and ethereal parts of all inferior objects on their surfaces, are perpetually exhaled, like the incense of flowers. Those subtile elements are invisible ; but they are not less substantial in their essential nature while they are far more powerful in their silent action. Indeed, all the more potent agents in the natural world are invisible, save in their effects. Every one of the simple elements is doubtless represented in the great atmospheric sea that surrounds our orb ; and even the densest forms of matter are susceptible of being so widely diffused and so finely attenuated as to become impalpable and imponderable. Immersed in this ethereal ocean—composed of the subtile emanations from the earth and its forms, living and dead—we are constantly liable to be influenced by intellectual powers and moral qualities as well as by physical elements and forces.

Let us illustrate this point. A man with an infectious disease cannot appear in our streets, and other public places, without endangering the health of many citizens, by the morbid and pestilential emanations from his body. Nor are the principles and laws which govern the intellectual and moral economy of human nature less potent and unerring. We may be sure, that, wherever a moral pestilence—

owed with personality and locomotion—is permitted to  
ear in the market place, the social circle, or the sanctu-  
there is an accompanying influence that inevitably low-  
he general tone of society, and the moral health of the  
munity is impaired. The capacity for original thought,  
strength of the moral sentiment, and all noble resolu-  
s may thus be enfeebled and depraved.

ersons of acute mental perceptions and moral sensibili-  
detect the essential attributes and peculiar character-  
s of others as soon as they are fairly within the circle  
eir atmospheric emanations. Most men and women of  
vated minds and refined habits. have an intuitive con-  
sness of the fundamental difference in the minds and  
als of persons whom they meet in social life and in the  
sactions of business. Every public speaker is conscious  
ing influenced by the subtile emanations from the mul-  
le. These are so dissimilar, at divers times and places,  
on one occasion he experiences and manifests a great  
tal illumination—enabling him to rise into the highest  
en of thought—while under other circumstances an op-  
sive influence, like a leaden weight, rests on all his fac-  
s. Sometimes the mere presence of a stranger, with  
m we have never spoken, inspires the mind with serene  
pleasurable emotions, while others make us feel rest-  
and unhappy.

ome people carry about with them a strange suggestive  
er, whereby they impregnate the souls of others. Under  
influence the mind suddenly becomes prolific ; our fac-  
s are excited, and we are drawn out in conversation ;  
e at the approach of other persons we instinctively re-  
within ourselves. Their frigid or fiery natures shut up  
avenues to the sensitive mind and heart, as the cold  
t winds close the flowers ; or we are made to feel that  
come to consume us with their burning breath, and the  
lating storm of unbridled passions.



## EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

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### I.

#### ORIGIN OF THE AEROLITES.

THE various terrestrial and atmospheric phenomena depending on the action of heat, light, electric ~~ity~~ and magnetism, are comprehended in the science of Meteorology. The subject presents some difficult problems which the philosophers have not been able to solve to our entire satisfaction. The sources of the *Aërolites*, and the manner of their formation, are among the mysteries that science has not yet clearly unveiled. Some have conjectured that they are thrown up from terrestrial volcanoes above the atmosphere of the Earth, which is extremely improbable, while others have supposed that they are projected from the Moon by volcanic action. Laplace entertained this opinion; and it is certainly far more reasonable than the hypothesis that ascribes them to a terrestrial source. The lunar attraction and atmosphere would oppose much less resistance to the propelling force and the momentum of the moving body, than the atmosphere and gravitation of the earth. Moreover, the chemical constituents of the *Aërolites* are not altogether such as to favor the theory of a terrestrial origin.

Perhaps the most prevalent opinion among the philosophers of the present day, is that these mysterious meteors originate—as to the source of the elements that enter into their composition—in masses of matter existing in the planetary spaces, and held for a time in equipoise by opposite attractions; and only descending to the earth when our

planet chances to meet them in the line of its orbit. On coming within the sphere of the earth's attraction, the increasing momentum of the falling body, and the resistance of the condensed atmosphere, would naturally produce intense combustion, by which the chaotic matter would be partially or wholly consumed. When the consumption of the igneous mass is entire, the bolis, or fire-ball, is not accompanied by the descent of meteoric stones.

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## II.

### LEADERS AND FOLLOWERS.

**I**T has been a mistaken idea with the advocates of various political, moral and religious, systems, and with almost all Reformers, that their respective theories comprehend all that either human or Divine Wisdom can desire or furnish for the world's advancement. Each in his turn has regarded his own idea or system as the incarnation of all conceivable excellence and, perhaps, as involving the utmost limit of human progress. To say nothing of the absurd pretensions of political parties and factions, there is scarcely an organization in all Christendom that has not virtually assumed this lofty position, as is apparent from the vain and arrogant manner in which they assert and defend their dogmas.

An appeal to history would enable us to prove all this in such a manner as to leave no reasonable ground for controversy. The followers of Calvin, Luther, Wesley, Swedenborg and Murry, all appear to take it for granted that their respective leaders accomplished the whole work of the Reformation, and that it only remains for them to follow their guides with unquestioning faith. We entertain the opinion that the Reformation will be finished when the common Humanity is perfected ; and it may be a long time

first if those who should be leaders are satisfied to be followers. The man who makes a real discovery in science or a new invention in the arts; who wisely lays the foundations of better social and political institutions, or gives an organized form and a practical application to the world's best idea,

“Leads the great host; while those who simply talk  
Of what men *did*, are laggards in the rear.”

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### III.

#### WHERE THE PRESSURE EXISTS.

IT is as true of the mind as of the body that proper exercise prevents the otherwise inevitable suspension of our powers. Above all things, we dread such a state of mental stagnation as the poet had in mind, when he referred to those empty writers and tame aspirants for fame, who are only able to

“Strain from hard-bound brains eight lines a year.”

Those who do not choose to work the mental machinery on the low-pressure principle, may find it prudent to employ a safety-valve as a means of preventing sudden explosions. But the press is accustomed to find a much larger number of such valves than the nature of the case really requires. We suspect there may be several antiquated journalists and prosy writers of books—whose valves are always open—who never were in the slightest danger of rupture from any such cause. They are far more likely to collapse, because they are hollow. What emanates from them, illustrates the effects of pressure in the gastric rather than in the cerebral region. In such a case we should forego *composition*, and prescribe mandrake.

## IV.

## DISCOUNTING TITLES.

EN. Charles Lee, of the Revolutionary Army, appears to have had a more than democratic contempt for the custom of fastening titles to the names of civilians. In a letter addressed to Patrick Henry, he says :

There is a barbarism crept in among us that shocks me extremely—mean those tinsel epithets with which we are bespattered—his excellency and his honor; the honorable president of some honorarium convention. This fulsome, nauseating cant may be well adapted to barbarous monarchies, or to gratify the unadulterated pride of the magnifici in pompous aristocracies, but in a free, manly commonwealth it is quite abominable. For my part, I would as lief chew bitter aloes as be crammed with your excellency, with which I am daily pestered. How much more true was there in the simplicity of address among the Romans: Lucius Tullius Cicero, Decimus Brutus Inspirator, or Caius Marcellus, than in his Excellency Major-General Noodle, or the Honorable Doodle. My objections are perhaps trivial and whimsical, but not help stating them. Therefore, should I sometimes address you without tacking on 'your excellency,' you must not esteem it a mark of personal or official disrespect, but the reverse."

## V.

## HARD ON THE HEAVY WEIGHTS.

[ R. Bruce, in his "Classic and Historic Portraits," refers to the danger of accumulating too much grease on the back of the portrait, whose citizens had great respect for muscle and a natural abhorrence of adipose substance. Of late years we have been in rather close relations to the "heavy weights;" and we should dislike exceedingly to have our

oleagenous elements eliminated by the Spartan method, as indicated in the following paragraph :

“The ancient Spartans paid as much attention to the rearing of men as the cattle breeders of modern England do to the breeding of cattle. They took charge of the firmness and looseness of men's flesh, and regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful, in a free State, for any citizen to extend his body. Those who dared to grow too fat or too soft for the military exercise, or the service of Sparta, were soundly whipped. In one particular instance, that of Naucelis, the son of Polybus, the offender was brought before the Ephori, and the meeting of the whole people of Sparta, at which his unlawful fatness was publicly exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass, and give up his culpable mode of living, which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than of Lacedemon.”

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## VI.

### WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN CABUL.

**A**N extraordinary custom prevails among the Vizres, a powerful tribe, occupying an extensive district in Cabul, among the mountains, between Persia and India. It is said to be a female prerogative there, to reverse what the opponents of Woman's Rights regard as the natural order of things. The women choose their husbands, and the poor men have not so much as the liberty of saying no. The matrimonial business is prosecuted after the following fashion : If a woman sees a man she is pleased with, she sends the drummer of the camp to pin her handkerchief to his cap, with the pin she used to fasten her hair. The drummer watches his opportunity, and does this in public, naming the woman. If the man is worth enough to pay the price demanded by her father he has no alternative but to marry her.

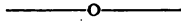
## VII.

## DEATH AND LIFE.

DEATH is but a negative aspect or transient shadow of a Life that has no end. If we smite the fossiliferous rocks they reveal the still-life the ages have embalmed in stony sepulchers. Life dwells in all things and every where—in all simple elements and plastic forms, and in the spaces which, to our observation, are vacant. Even the empty shells upon the shore are full of mystical voices that chant a never-dying music. Never for a day was the spirit of Life imprisoned or restrained by rocky bars. Wherever death is, there life claims an instant resurrection, and the power of ceaseless activity. Why should we doubt and agonize over buried hopes? And yet the pale mourner goes down into the valley, to weep by the fresh graves. The chilly atmosphere encircles him, and falls on the quivering heart. There, in solemn silence, “under the daisies,” he learns

“The sad, sad lesson of loving.”

When the affections are chilled, the mind obscured by doubts, and we are gloomy in spirit, all the world seems dark; and yet we never wake but to find the flush of Morning in the sky. The forms of a life that is ever new are constantly multiplied. Youth blushes in the rose; the blue eye looks up out of the violet-beds; there is “beauty for ashes,” and life and joy are everlasting.



THE GREAT VICTORY.—Life is a battle, and there are many heroes unknown to fame, of whose unobtrusive deeds and silent sufferings history may make no record. How many have achieved the noblest conquests, only the recording Angel may know. *A true life is the greatest earthly victory.* On this field of common warfare let us not fail or be defeated.

S. B. B.

## EARNEST WORDS ON EDUCATION.

SHALL WE DO SOMETHING, OR KEEP ON TALKING?

MISS BELLE BUSH—whose poetic inspirations have illuminated so many of these pages, touching the hearts and awakening the aspirations of a multitude of readers—has recently made an earnest and forcible appeal to the spiritual public, first in behalf of those who need larger opportunities and improved methods of instruction, and then, in the interest of the School of which herself and her sister, MISS E. L. BUSH, are the Principals. This appeal should at once arrest the attention of our people, and speedily lead to practical results. The progress we have made in the science of Man since Spiritualism poured its flood of light over and through all the faculties, affections and passions of human nature, has enabled us to perceive the great defects in the present scholastic training of the young, and should, ere this, have prompted and qualified us to commence a radical reformation of the whole system.

Every man who keeps in sight of the living world must realize that our education is not suited to the time. While the schools are chiefly concerned to preserve their static state, the age moves on, under the inspiration of a more practical idea of life. Many of our learned men seem to be utterly disqualified for the actual business of this world. Outside of the range of their particular studies, they often make startling exhibitions of their ignorance. There are examples of crudite and dignified stupidity that are scarcely to be credited. In our youth we remember to have heard of a very learned professor who had suddenly taken to farming.

who was slow to recognize the necessity of mending of his agricultural implements, so long as the remain-ones were in good condition. When at length he was able to comprehend the nature of the case, and was about setting off with a broken plow, to get it repaired, the Professor's wife—wishing to obviate the necessity of an immediate journey to town, made the brilliant suggestion, that in the present, the men might plow with the cart !

That was, obviously, an extreme case, and, for aught we know, may have been apocryphal ; but we do know that our system of education is not sufficiently practical—it does not prepare men for the world in which they must live. Cramming the head with text-books is not *educating the faculty*.

On the contrary, it often oppresses the brain, and enfeebles all the powers of the mind. So much musty lore is more likely to produce a catarrh than to develop genius. Filling a man with dead languages may qualify him for a defence in a grave-yard, but certainly not for free intercourse and successful business among the men of the living world.

Filling a man with old ideas, that ought to be obsolete, if they are not, is simply starting him in an ancient groove, and leaving him to run quietly backward into the Dark Ages.

We have men among us who can call a horse in a dozen different tongues, while they have much less knowledge of the animal than the man who puts his shoes on. Now, it is to be observed, that real knowledge has respect to the elements, forms, properties and uses of *things*, rather than the learning of *names* ; languages being chiefly serviceable as instrumentalities for acquiring knowledge, and as means for oral and written expression of emotions and ideas. In our knowledge of the products of the earth, and of the means of increasing their growth and preservation, we have the physical elements of subsistence. But we find no reverence in Sanscrit ; there is nothing esculent in Hebrew words ; and a man would starve in Babel while even swine



flourish in clover-beds and corn-fields. The old college course, without the mitigating circumstances of modern Science, Art, Female Sophomores and the Boat Club, was something terrible to contemplate. It ruined many respectable constitutions. After the four or more years of imprisonment, the students returned to the world, emasculated in body and mind, and two out of three of them were never heard of after they graduated. Of course, there were, here and there, examples of great native power—men strong enough to overcome the bad influences of the University; but still the richly-endowed institutions sent forth a multitude of learned imbeciles, many of whom only remain as dead weights, to block the wheels of progress.

Instead of much learned lumber, and the memory overtaxed, we want a system that shall call all the faculties into normal and vigorous action. It is well known that many men and women of the best minds have been—in their school days—regarded as below the average standard of intelligence, because they could not remember and repeat the contents of their class-books, literally; and yet it is not in the nature of a truly great and original mind to make a mere parrot of itself. A retentive memory of words is seldom accompanied by a clear comprehension of principles. To memorize with ease is the convenient gift of common minds, while greater powers and functions characterize the noblest intellects. Our education should exercise and develop all the faculties. The teacher should take his pupils into the great fields of Nature, and then, by a course of familiar lectures, illustrate his subject by the constant use of natural specimens, artificial instruments, and the practical application of each lesson to some interest or purpose in life. Thus the whole business of the student would become at once a healthful exercise and a most fascinating amusement. Let us have done with a system that diminishes vitality by exhausting the brain; that deforms the body by restraining its freedom, and keeping it in

nped positions ; that converts the school-room into a on—a system, in short, that turns out formulists, drones dyspeptics. It is time to inaugurate a system that will o supremely attractive that there will be no more tru s ; none to play sick, and no more lying—to get dis sed before the time.

We are in need of some model schools, fashioned after best ideals, and we must have them. They should pos extensive grounds for an Agricultural Department, Bot cal Gardens, and Work Shops, where all the principal des may be learned. Every boy—at the same time he acquiring his knowledge of the Arts, Sciences and Mo Languages—should also become a scientific and prac l agriculturist, and a master of some useful trade or ession. The girls should first conquer the Chemistry he Kitchen ; then master the immeasurable art of mak every article of a lady's wardrobe, except, perhaps, he es ; and, finally, they may learn Bookkeeping, Banking, egraphy, Photography, or any other occupation that is in the measure of their strength, and suited to their es.

ow, we can think of no better place for such a school n Belvidere, Warren County, New Jersey. It is one of most picturesque locations in the whole country, and is rpassed for the purity of its waters and the salubrity of tmosphere. It is connected by rail and steam with the le continent. It is on the Delaware, and at about an al distance from New York and Philadelphia, and yet far igh removed to be free from the corrupting influence of lern fashion and dissipation. There is the place to build the Model Industrial University. There is something e than a corner-stone there already. Some years since SES E. L. and BELLE BUSH laid the foundation. They an with little or no means save their own strong faith od and Man, a willingness to labor faithfully, and an est desire to be largely useful. They have prospered,

and established a school that is a credit to their business enterprise and their liberal views of education. Indeed, such unwavering trust ; such devotion to an unselfish purpose ; such cheerful and untiring industry, must always win an honorable success. The Seminary is already widely known, and has patrons in distant States and Territories.

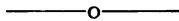
And now the worthy Proprietors would extend the field of its usefulness—make suitable additions to its present valuable lands, erect other buildings, and so enlarge the facilities as to offer the best opportunities to large numbers. Here is a chance for a *profitable investment*—using the terms in their higher sense. All the while, for years, the Misses Bush and their associates have—as far as they were able—been educating some of the poorer of their pupils, either at inadequate prices, or at their own cost. Their benevolent work has been prosecuted with a steady purpose, and a silent, unobtrusive energy, that are at once truly remarkable and worthy of all praise.

Spiritualists and Reformers are now supporting a great number of Teachers and Institutions whose merits are at least questionable. Why not establish a College of our own which shall recognize and actualize our advanced ideas? Let Belvidere Seminary be speedily converted into a first class University, fashioned somewhat after the plan here suggested, if no better one can be devised. Let it be amply endowed, and in addition to its present Principals let others be called to the important work of training our children. There are several very competent persons who should find a place and congenial occupation in such an institution. The chair of Mathematics would be well filled by the present able preceptor, PROF. A. F. EWELL ; the important chair of Athopological Science should by all means be assigned to PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, of the Boston University ; JOHN A. WEISSE, M. D., would honor the chair of Philology ; MISS BELLE BUSH would fill the Professorship of Belles Lettres with equal grace, dignity and ability ; PROF. A. EISWALD of Georgia, or MISS EMMA A. WOOD, of Washington, might

be called to preside over the department of Modern Languages; PROF. LAURA M. BRONSON would make Elocution an easy acquisition. PROF. A. T. DEANE would be wanted in the higher English branches; and for the department of Agriculture and Horticulture, some one of the distinguished pupils of the late Professor Mapes might be obtained.

But we must pause here in our suggestions. We have already extended this article far beyond the limits of our first intention, and have only space for these very important questions: 1. Who will supply the money for additional lands and buildings? 2. Who will furnish the necessary library and apparatus for illustrating the Arts and Sciences? 3. And who will endow the several Professorships?

There are a large number of wealthy Spiritualists who must soon make some sensible use of their money; or, perhaps, they may leave it as a bone of contention between unscrupulous executors, voracious lawyers and an indolent posterity—rendered still more useless and profligate by the possession of too much money.



#### SHALL THE QUARTERLY BE SUSTAINED?

WE have more than once informed our Readers that the JOURNAL does not pay its way. Our boasted 13,000,000 of believers in this country do not furnish means sufficient to cover the cash expenses of one periodical adapted to the thoughtful and scholarly class of minds. Does this fact involve an impeachment of our intelligence, or does it demonstrate the absence of the liberality that characterizes other classes who make less pretensions to progress? Will our friends now consider this matter seriously? Do you want the Quarterly to continue after the close of this volume? If you do, let the answer be expressed *in deed*. The best solution of all questions, will be one united effort to extend our circulation. Let every subscriber obtain another, and our list will be doubled. Is it too much to ask this little effort at your hands? We have ten patrons who take ten copies each; if we had one hundred to do the same, our continuance would be assured.

### LETTER FROM M. LEYMARIE.

THE REVUE SPIRITE SENDS A REPORTER TO RESIDE HERE.

WE have received the subjoined letter from M. LEYMARIE, of the *Revue Spirite*, Paris, France; and through MONSIEUR AGRAMONTE, we are also in receipt of several superior photographs of Spirits, taken at the haunted chambers of M. Buguet, at the French capitol. These pictures are, on the whole, the best illustrations of Spirit-photography that have been submitted to our inspection; and our cordial acknowledgments are due to the learned conductor of the *Revue* and his gentlemanly agent for their kindness, which we shall be most happy to reciprocate on any convenient occasion.

Our readers will perceive that M. Agramonte comes to this country to reside, that he may personally observe and report the current facts of Spiritualism, and communicate to the *Revue* the latest news respecting the progress of the Spiritual Reformation in this country. France has the honor of initiating this enterprise, and has set us a worthy example. Shall we not follow, and do what we may to establish more intimate relations and a systematic international intercourse?

Personally we shall have great pleasure in anything we may be able to do to promote the objects to be accomplished through the agency of M. Agramonte, for whom we solicit a most cordial reception and generous hospitality. We trust our mediums, of every class, will be pleased to extend every convenient opportunity to the accredited representative of the *Revue Spirite*.

Here follows a translation of M. Leymarie's letter

## TO BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

PARIS, June 2, 1874.

MR. EDITOR :

M. Agramonte, our reporter, leaves here to reside in New York ; receive him kindly, I pray you, and in our name obtain him an entrance to all the interesting seances that take place in your great and important city.

Through M. Agramonte our relations will be better sustained ; placed by you *en rapport* with the principal mediums of your city, our reporter will give us a more correct account of the remarkable facts of the conferences, and the new publications which impress so grand a movement on Spiritism in the New World, than we can have through our translator.

I have read BRITTAN'S JOURNAL, and the interest it presents proves to us how thoroughly its Editor-in-Chief is a man of movement—of progress—intelligent and distinguished writer. We have faithfully addressed the *Revue Spirite* to you each month, but no longer receive BRITTAN'S JOURNAL. Is this an oversight?

To you we offer our sincerest wishes. What you may do for M. Agramonte we will do for any person coming to Paris with a letter of introduction from you.

In the name of the Society, accept our fraternal and sympathetic salutation.

P. G. LEYMARIE.

The spiritual idea appears to be making rapid progress in France. Phenomena of a most convincing character are constantly recurring. Until recently the unbelieving class have dogmatically maintained that the visible appearance of Spirits was entirely *subjective*, and to be attributed to some abnormal action of the brain, or derangement of the visual organ. But now, that the solar ray and the electric light reveal their shadows, and leave their images in the camera—thus scientifically demonstrating their objective existence—the skeptics look demure and are silent.

The JOURNAL is regularly mailed to the *Revue Spirite*, Rue De Lillie, No. 7, Paris, France.—EDITOR.

## Authors and Books.

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### WOLFE'S MODERN SPIRITUALISM.\*

A MAN of unusual vigor, strong common sense and with a *vital* experience has evidently written this book. He does not appear to be writing for fame, or to preserve a literary reputation. If this were the Author's purpose, he would sometimes weigh his words with more care, and express his views on doubtful questions with greater circumspection. To make a bold, clear record of a living experience and a profound conviction was the evident purpose of the author ; and that this object is fairly realized, in the work before us, will admit of no controversy. We often have occasion to regret that so many weaklings undertake to represent the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. Their feeble endeavors at once excite our compassion and the contempt of a learned opposition. This renders it doubly refreshing to meet, now and then, with one who is able to take hold of the subject in a rational way, and with a muscular grasp. We are pleased to recognize the presence of such a party in the author of this book.

Dr. Wolfe brings to the investigation of Spiritualism an active and vigorous intellect, freed from the shackles of ancient superstitions and modern orthodoxy. He is self-centered in a rational skepticism, but determined to possess the truth at whatever sacrifice of time, means, and previous convictions. His manner of dealing with the subject is direct and forcible ; his treatment of adverse views and opinions, ready and fearless ; his criticisms are incisive rather than logical ; general conclusions are sometimes left to rest on individual

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\* "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism, by N. D. Wolfe, M. D., Cincinnati, 1874.

experience, popular apprehension, or, otherwise, on inadequate evidence. The style of the book is the author's revelation of himself—and we are presented with a man of strong convictions and impetuous temperament. He has a wholesome hatred of all sacred shams and pious frauds ; and he uncovers persons and things with remarkable facility, neither wasting words in idle compliments nor time in useless ceremony.

The author's investigation of the Spiritual Phenomena appears to have been chiefly conducted through the mediumship of Mr. J. V. MANSFIELD and Mrs. MARY J. HOLLIS. Of the former he speaks in terms of most unqualified confidence, both in respect to the genuineness of his peculiar mediumship, and his strict integrity as a man. His testimony is the more valuable, because it comes from a man naturally disposed to be critical, whose wits had been sharpened by observation and experience ; and because it is deliberately given after a protracted and most intimate acquaintance, in the course of which—to use his own language—"I have been, for months at a time, to him almost as a shadow to the substance." After his extended discussion of the high claims of Mr. Mansfield to public respect and confidence, the author thus introduces Mrs. Hollis to the readers of his book :

"She was born on the 24th of April, 1837, in Jeffersonville, Indiana, of wealthy and educated parents. She was the first-born of her mother's family, and was married, I believe, in her seventeenth year. In her early childhood she was slow to receive a school education ; and was an exemplary member of the Episcopal Church, until she began to see Spirits and talk with them. When this occurred, she gradually lost faith in the gown and surplice, and ceased to be a fashionable worshiper. With a spotless reputation, she has taken the vows of dedicating her life to the service of the Spirit-world."—(P. 120.)

After general observations on the subject of Witchcraft, the early physical manifestations through the Fox family, and a narration of his correspondence with Spirits through Mr. Mansfield, our author proceeds to an analysis of the pretensions of several mediums, chiefly trance-speakers, whose claims he handles with great freedom, and, in some instances, with marked severity. He boldly questions the phenomena of the trance, and, in one or two cases at least, on evidence that may be accepted as conclusive. He recognizes the dis-



tinguished ability of Mr. Thomas Gales Forster, Miss Lizzie Doten, and Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, but is sure those persons are every way equal to the production of the best things they are accustomed to ascribe to the inspiration of the Spirits. Hence the entrancement is presumed to be *feigned*, and at once an unnecessary and foolish device. Of the last of the three mediums named above, the author says :

"Few have attained more distinction for their eloquence than Miss Emma Hardinge. This woman has great power on the rostrum ; all who have heard her admit this. But she is a woman of fine education and superior culture. As an elocutionist, she had distinction before she became a speaker on the spiritual platform. In her social relations, her conversational powers are quite equal to any of her forensic efforts"—(P. 75.)

Of the most gifted of all the female inspirational speakers of our time, Dr. Wolfe has also formed a flattering estimate, and we here quote his testimony respecting Miss LIZZIE DOTEN :

"One of New England's most accomplished women. This lady is a fine intuitionist, and grasps the subtle truths of the Great Harmonia with the power of a master's mind, and weaves them into a fadeless wreath of song. The fiber of this woman's brain is akin to that of Emerson and Holmes. She crystallizes her thoughts, and utters them with an energy that makes them cut their way into the understanding of men."—(Pp. 76, 77.)

The author's opinion of the capacity of Mr. Thomas Gales Forster is clearly expressed in the following extract :

"Mr. Forster is not only a man of fine education, but he is 'well read,' in the legitimate sense of the term ; that is, gives a thoughtful digestion to everything he reads. His memory is wonderful, and never fails to supply data, when required to elucidate a point or fortify an argument. He is not a ready debater, owing to the detestable habit of speaking with his eyes closed ; but he is always massive in argument, and solid in fact. As a speaker he is more logical than Clay, and but little less ponderous and weighty than Webster. His blows are heavy and slow, but they tell every time on his subject. Rather sluggish in his intellectual habit, he requires an occasion to develop his strength. He is familiar with the classics, and has read Scripture to some purpose, as he exhibits, upon suitable occasions, an intimate knowledge of the Sacred Writings, even such as the most learned commentators might aspire to emulate."—(Pp. 75, 76.)

Now, Dr. Wolfe presumes that the persons, of whom he expresses

these very complimentary opinions, all practice a *fraud* upon the community. But we discover no warrant for this sweeping inference, either in the author's premises or in any evidence he has been pleased to submit to his readers. A conclusion that involves so grave an impeachment of these distinguished individuals, and, indeed, of many other excellent persons, ought not to be accepted without something better than such presumptive evidence as may be found to rest at last on nothing better than a suspicion at once ungenerous and unjust. Let us simplify the form of this very questionable logic and doubtful conclusion. Here are our author's premises :

1. The persons referred to deliver very eloquent and able discourses, which they ascribe, in a most important sense, to the inspiring agency of Spirits.
2. The persons referred to are fully equal to the task of producing such discourses, without spiritual assistance.
3. Conclusion—The parties themselves produce their own discourses, and the pretended spiritual entrancement has no foundation in fact.

This is the syllogistic form of the argument. It is specious, but unsound, as will appear from a critical analysis of its several propositions. 1. The first proposition in the syllogism is admitted to be true. 2. The second proposition—regarding the innate capacity of the persons named to produce their discourses without foreign aid, and under the existing circumstances—is assumed without evidence ; it is intrinsically questionable, and may be utterly false. 3. If both the major and minor propositions were demonstrated to be true, the fact would never justify the conclusion. If not ; why not ? I answer, because the conclusion does not legitimately follow from the acceptance of the minor proposition, or from the premises entire. We may demonstrate the capacity of one to produce any given result, and yet do nothing to settle the question that relates to the actual transaction. Our author may be capable of writing this critique, but the question of actual authorship must be settled by other evidence. Suppose we could prove that Dr. Wolfe is capable of producing the "*Novum Organon*" and "*Paradise Lost* ;" would that unsettle the claims of Lord Bacon and John Milton ! No ; never. The capacity to do a thing, and the *fuit accompli*, admit of a funda-

mental difference, and require an intelligent distinction. We admit our ability to climb in at a window at midnight, but should a juror attempt to convict us of burglary on such evidence, he would perhaps be sent to the lunatic asylum.

In this connection, it seems proper to observe, that while it is eminently proper to scrutinize all the phases of mediumship, both the physiological and the psychological phenomena, in the cases under review, are matters of *personal experience*, of the precise nature of which no outside observer can form an intelligent judgment from mere appearances, and without consultation with the persons themselves. *They* can best decide how far sensation, consciousness and voluntary motion are modified or suspended in themselves by some occult power. Dr. Wolfe may be able to give a very clear general diagnosis of a case, but he can not see a pain, and would never think of disputing the patient if he said he was suffering from either colic or rheumatism. It follows, therefore, that until the veracity of such persons can be impeached on other and better evidence, we are not authorized to dispute their statements in any matter of their own experience.

The correspondence of Josephine Bonaparte—embracing some thirty letters—addressed to the author, will doubtless interest the general reader. Though the Empress does not always use the purest English, her letters are a prominent feature in the book. She appears to believe in Kardec's philosophy, and predicts the reincarnation and second advent of her husband, in the year 1902, when he will come to redeem his "country from obscenity and bigotry." Prompted by Marshal Ney, she reveals the free-love secrets of the family, and makes certain curious explanations. We extract the following from Letter No. XI. :

"When there is entire compatibility of temperaments, and an interior love, these relations are well ; but, if that does not exist, then no such intimacy should be maintained, as resultant organizations will suffer from inharmony and discord. The Spirit, however highly developed it may be, can not express itself through an imperfect matrix. Those who are thus wrongly begotten may struggle and writhe under their unfortunate conditions, but they will ever suffer, while in the form, the penalties of the violated laws of the conjugal relation.

"So, in this instance, my daughter loved Napoleon ; but there was not that mutual *adaptation* for a perfect expression of the procreative law. Therefore,

Louis is not an entire success. The flowers drink in the dew and sunlight, and become more beautiful and lovely. So should the soul-love and heart-sympathy be attracted. If the Emperor had been to Hortense as the sun is to the flowers, their offspring would have been all that was desired, and the necessity for another Napoleon being born in France obviated."

Dr. Wolfe succeeded in awakening an interest in the minds of Mr. F. B. Plimpton, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, Hon. Wm. M. Corry, and Col. Don Piatt, Editor of *The Capitol*. After an investigation of the phenomena, as exhibited in the presence of Mrs. Hollis, those gentlemen made separate reports of their observations and conclusions. They are well known, candid and intelligent witnesses, whose explicit testimony serves to diversify the contents, and to deepen the interest of this remarkable book. The work is not free from conspicuous faults. We meet with grammatical errors, here and there, logical and rhetorical imperfections, a manifest want of the power of philosophical analysis and metaphysical discrimination, which may be attributed to the preponderance of the perceptive over the reflective faculties, and the dominating influence of a positive will and a mercurial temperament.

The author's style is characterized by remarkable independence of thought and freedom of expression. In our judgment he undervalues the mental phenomena of Spiritualism; and this is perhaps rendered inevitable by the peculiar constitution of the author's mind. He does not attempt anything like a scientific classification of its facts; but the work is full and clear in the recitation of its testimony to the reality of the physical phases of the Spiritual Phenomena. It is, on the whole, a very valuable contribution to our literature, and will convince more people of the truth of Spiritualism than any work that has appeared in the last five years.

Reviews of Lester's "Life of Charles Sumner," Babbitt's "Health Guide," etc., are inevitably crowded out of this number, but will appear in our issue for October.

## FOREIGN SPIRITUAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE recent reports from all parts of North and South America, Europe, Africa and Asia, prove that Spiritualism is pursuing its noiseless way, in spite of every resistance and every denial. Never, in the history of man, has there been such a movement as this—so irresistible and universal. Its very enemies are doing it service. Clergymen and men of science acknowledge themselves witnesses. Mexico and Montevideo, Brazil, Chili and Peru, follow in the same track with us. In England Spiritualism finds a place among the highest, not excepting the Queen and ex-Empress of France. In Russia the priests attack it violently, without allowing reply. Many tracts against it are circulated among the people, yet the most intelligent part of the nation are enlightened believers.

At Brussels, Liege, Ostend, etc., there are circles doing admirable work: The *Messenger Spirite* of Liege is a good, outspoken paper, published semi-monthly, sustained by all the societies of the province. Switzerland is wheeling into line; also Greece and Constantinople. Spain is marching with firm steps, and in Italy the white flag of the Spirits is unfurled. In Turin there is the *Annales de Spiritismo*. In Austria the *Licht des Jenseits* is a brave sheet. At Pesth, in Hungary, is a good society, which has a very interesting journal. At Leipzig is the *Spiritisch-Rationalistische-Zeitschrift*, belonging to a society composed of Russians, Germans and English; and yet some people try to convince themselves that the thing is now dead, knowing it never was more intensely alive.

Some very interesting developments of Spirit materialization in London are attracting great attention. The *Revue Spirite* of Paris has a copy of a diary of Prince Emile de Sayn Wittgenstein, Aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, who had gone to England expressly to investigate these materializations. In one *séance*, medium Mr. Williams, the Spirit of John King, was materialized. He held a Spirit-lamp so as to reveal himself perfectly. This lamp the per-

sons present handled and examined ; it was like a bit of polished crystal, transparent and oval, about two-by-three inches. It was heavy, warm to the touch, and hard as stone ; within it a shining kernel, formed by some substance unknown. The Prince went into the cabinet, and saw the medium asleep in his chair, while John King stood erect, entirely in the light. The whole company—five in all—might have gone by turns, but the Spirit, greatly disappointed, could not get sufficient force, and the medium was becoming exhausted. The Spirit asked them to wait until he could return to Williams the fluids he had taken from him—told them he had drawn some from them all, but what they had involuntarily given him he should not return to them. The *séance* lasted more than an hour.

The same gentlemen were at a *séance* in Mr. Luxmore's house, medium, Miss Cook, where a Spirit, Katie King, was materialized, coming into the room, going around to each one, talking and laughing with them. Seeming to take a great fancy for Prince W——; at his request she wrote him a letter, asking paper, pen and ink of Mr. Luxmore. Selecting the kind she wanted, and a pencil, she wrote rapidly, the paper being in the air, without support. After asking his permission to address him by a term of endearment—*My dear Emile—I will not forget my promise to come to Germany ; I shall see you again, before long. Ever your friend, ANNIE MORGAN.* So signed, because, as she said, that was her name in the time of Queen Elizabeth. She afterwards told him she could not go to Germany until she had left her medium, Miss Cook, which would be in a few months. The Spirits promise the increase of similar phenomena.

I find, in the *Revue Spirite*, of Paris, a very interesting account of spirit photography ; some friend of the writer is mentioned who received an admirable likeness of his dead wife. Some very interesting and remarkable specimens were obtained in Washington a short time since, through the mediumship of Mr. Evans. The plates were prepared in presence of Col. Florence, of the *Sunday Gazette*. On some were given written messages ; on others photograms, and among them one of John C. Calhoun—an excellent likeness—with a message to Col. Florence. These photograms were obtained at night, with no light save an oil lamp, and were very remarkable. The mediums—father and son—are well known to Col. Florence and others, as persons to be thoroughly trusted, in every way.

There are, in various parts of France, circles formed for the instruction and relief of unhappy Spirits, in which the proceedings, as given in the *Revue*, are interesting—explaining how by our thoughts, words and actions here, we act on our fluids either for good or evil, such action determining the measure of our happiness or unhappiness in the Spirit-world ;—showing, in some instances, how a person who, in this world, has thought only of himself, or has been absorbed in his own affairs, so impairs and isolates his fluids that, in that other world, it is impossible for him to associate with other Spirits, sometimes to the extent of being in utter seclusion and darkness; his fluids having been so isolated that they repel all other Spirits, even those who would come near him. He has by the absorption of his thoughts dried up in himself all his faculties of conception of exterior things.

According to the promise of the materialized spirit, John King, when with his medium in Holland, there have been manifestations there which daily increase in power.

A letter to the *Revue Spirite* from Madame de Veh, giving an account of Katie King's last séance in London, adds one more to the witnesses of this beautiful Spirit-materialization.

The *Revue Spirite* of Paris sends us excellent Spirit-photographs from the studio of the medium, M. Buguet. All material manifestations appear to be increasing in foreign countries as well as in our own, thus opposing materialism in Spiritualism to the materialism outside of it.

The one hundred and thirty-ninth anniversary of the birth of Mesmer was celebrated in Paris on May 23, 1874, by the *Société Magnétique*. A large number of believers were gathered together, Baron du Potet, Honorary President of the Society, presiding. The occasion was marked by great good feeling and cordiality—toasts and speeches as usual at such banquets, Baron du Potet responding very happily to a toast to Mesmer. Many other speeches were made, also a report of the work accomplished by the Society—medals of gold and bronze, as also diplomas, were given, and a toast to the union of Magnetism and Spiritism was most warmly received. Two members of the Society were sent to offer the alliance to the Parisian Society of Spiritists.

EMMA A. WOOD.

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## SPIRITUAL SCIENCE

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THE TRUMPETS OF THE ANGELS ARE THE VOICES OF THE INFORMERS.

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1874.



# BRITTAN'S QUARTERLY JOURNAL.

## VOLUME II.

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## THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

**M**ATERIAL things and human institutions are upheld and governed by spiritual powers. When the forces of the inner life are withdrawn visible forms perish, either in the sudden throes of revolution or by the slow process of disintegration. Not a few historic names have been rendered illustrious by the coöperation of spiritual beings in human affairs. In Jewish history we have such remarkable examples, as Moses, Joshua, Saul and David. Alexander the Great consulted the oracle in the temple of Jupiter Ammon. When approaching the famous Capitol of the Asiatic Empire he was warned of the speedy termination of his career. Disregarding the admonition he went his way to Babylon, where he suddenly died at the close of a banquet. Before the battle of Philippi a spectral figure, or spirit, of colossal proportions, appeared to Marcus Junius Brutus and informed him of his impending fate. Constantine was commanded to conquer by the symbol of the new Religion, and he saw the flaming Cross in the heavens. Mahomet received the visits of a spirit, that he believed to

be the angel Gabriel, and he recognized the presence and assistance of celestial warriors in the conquest of Arabia. By this spiritual coöperation he was enabled to shake the strongest monarchies in Europe, and to make his influence felt throughout the world.

The spiritual powers have been no less active in more modern times, of which we may cite historical examples. It was by their interposition that the inspired shepherd girl was made the worthy subject of this sketch. Oliver Cromwell was a subject of spiritual visitation in his youth. A mysterious female, of unusual size and majestic mien, came to his bedside and informed him that the child, once so near being devoured by an ape, was born to rule the State. "The Man of Destiny" was invincible while he faithfully followed the light that was given him. Josephine was the *genus loci* of his heart and home, whose presence established the conditions necessary to his spiritual guidance. When that star was veiled he wandered, and his "charmed life" was ended. Left alone—abandoned by his Spirit-guides—the fortunes of war soon left him a prisoner to die in exile. Through a similar agency Louis Napoleon became master of France, and firmly held the reins of government so long as he obeyed the promptings of his spiritual monitors. But he made a fatal mistake at last. To quiet the restless temper of the people he was urged into a war against his better judgment. He had received spiritual advice at the Tuileries. The first Napoleon came to him—through Daniel Dunglass Home—with words of instruction and warning. But at length he yielded to the pressure of the national impulse. Then came destruction like a whirlwind, and he was left to spend his last days in contemplating the ruins of his empire. The Spirits also came to Abraham Lincoln. Their influence had much to do in shaping the war-policy of the government; they dictated the Emancipation Proclamation; and left on the mind of the late President the shadow of his approaching martyrdom.

JEANNE D'ARC, the spotless shepherd girl, came from the solitudes of the forest that environed her native village of Domremy, to be the grave counsellor of a king, and the defender of her country. The shepherds of Bethlehem were honored by an Angel's visit, and the proclamation of "glad tidings to all people;" and this fair shepherdess—at once so comely in person, exalted in spirit, and divinely beautiful in her life; with the freshness and bloom of the hills and valleys on her cheek, and the fire of genius in her eye\*—likewise professed to commune with departed saints and heroes; to have visions of immortal realities, and to hear the voices of angelic ministers. And why may they not have spoken to her? If they addressed those who watched their flocks on the plains of Judea, surely this pure-hearted and divinely-gifted shepherdess of Domremy was not beneath their regard. She also was called by Providence, being inspired with the gift of prophecy, and quickened by an infusion of the subtle principles of a spiritual life. Such was the virgin Evangelist, whose footprints are "beautiful on the mountains of Lorraine."

In the early part of the fifteenth century France, suffering from internal commotion and the want of a strong government, seemed likely to fall a prey to the hostile Britons, who had already made the conquest of several provinces. At length, in 1428, under the command of the Duke of Bedford, the English closely besieged Orleans, a city of great importance to the national cause. In the emergency Charles VII. was irresolute, while his enemies, flushed with victory, displayed so much vigor that he had little or no hope of making a successful resistance. The critical hour had arrived when he must strike a decisive blow, or attempt

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\*"An authentic portrait, yet extant, shows that she possessed a face and figure of exquisite loveliness; a countenance to which a beaming eye, and a tender expression of melancholy, imparted an interest, which rendered her fascination irresistible."—*Cyclopedia of History*.

to draw off what remained of his military force into some distant province. After so many disasters, to abandon his position was to complete the history of a lost cause.

A deep sense of the humiliation that must follow his retreat caused him to hesitate, and in the solemn pause relief came from an unexpected source. The spirit of prophecy taught the Maid of Orleans that she was to be instrumental in restoring the nationality of France. She believed; and suddenly emerging from the quiet seclusion of her pastoral life, she went forth to battle against the enemies of her king and country. Rising thus from an obscure position, in the humbler walks of life, she at once assumed the direction of public affairs, and became the chief inspiring agent of the French people. The king of England was ready to lay his hand on the scepter of France. The shadow of a great cross was in the path of the fair chieftain, but she was too heroic either to falter or turn aside. Never regarding her personal safety, she cheerfully obeyed the summons, but with the calm consciousness that she must uphold the throne and deliver her people by the sacrifice of herself.

The early life of Joan had served, in no small degree, to develop her spiritual perceptions. Leading the life of a shepherdess, she had many opportunities to commune with Nature. She was inclined to spend much time in meditation, and often manifested a calm but deep religious feeling. When the young people of the neighborhood were engaged in their youthful amusements, she frequently sought the solitude of the groves, where she listened to the minor music of the winds and waters, or spent her time in weaving floral chaplets for the saints whose actual guardianship she constantly realized. Her peaceful life, away from the selfish strifes of the world, and the conscious presence of watchful spirits, so quickened her faculties and opened the interior avenues of perception that, at the early age of fifteen, she had become so mediumistic as to be able to converse with the Spirits. It is recorded that one day while



she was walking in the garden she was addressed by an audible voice which she attributed to St. Michael. What evidence she had that it was the particular saint named we have no means of knowing ; but it would appear that from and after that experience she often conversed with the inhabitants of the Spirit World.

Early in 1429, before the fair shepherdess of Domremy had completed her eighteenth year, she was so powerfully moved by the Spirits that watched over the destinies of France, that she sought an audience of Baudricourt, the Governor of Vancouleurs, to whom she appealed in the following significant address :

“ Know, O Captain, master, that God, within a short time past, has several times made known, and commanded, that I should go to the dauphin who should be, and is the true king of France, and that he would put soldiers under my charge, and that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct the king to Rheims to be consecrated.”

The Governor, naturally concluding that the young woman's mind was disordered, sent her away. But the invisible power, that inspired her soul and governed her movements, did not appear to recognize the paramount authority of his Excellency. In a few days she returned, and thus addressed him in language of earnest entreaty :

“ In God's name send me quickly, for this day the dauphin has met with a great misfortune near Orleans, and he will rally and experience a still greater one if you do not send me to him soon.”

This proved to be a revelation of the facts as they actually occurred on that very day at a distance of three hundred miles from the presence of the prophetess. Joan had faithfully reported to the Governor the result of the battle of Rouvrai St. Denis. When Baudricourt, through other channels, received authentic intelligence from the seat of war, the precise agreement of the essential facts with the previous announcement of the Seeress, filled him with a

strange surprise. He had been apprehensive that he might expose himself to severe censure, and the ridicule of the populace, should he listen to a crazy girl, who vainly imagined that she was a providential character. But the demonstration of her spiritual telegraphic powers, added to her constant importunities, finally prevailed, and she was permitted to undertake her perilous mission. She was furnished with a simple escort, consisting of two gentlemen commissioned to conduct her to the King. At first they exhibited an unwillingness to undertake the service, knowing that the country through which they must travel was in a state of anarchy, and that robbery, rapine, and murder were of frequent occurrence. Joan, however, displayed the greatest intrepidity, feeling assured that the invisible powers that governed her destiny would shield her until she could accomplish the object of her mission.

The journey occupied eleven days, and was unattended by any serious accident. On arriving at Chinon she forwarded to the King the dispatches which she bore from the Governor. Charles hesitated to receive her, but after due deliberation and consultation with the council of State she was admitted to his presence. With a view of testing her peculiar powers Charles disguised himself in plain garments and mingled with the multitude. When approached he protested that he was not the King. But disregarding his words and passing by his courtiers, she fell at his feet, and proposed to raise the siege and conduct him to his coronation at Rheims. To remove the last doubts that haunted the mind of Charles she made confidential disclosures to him in presence of his confessor and several other witnesses. The King was overwhelmed with the evidence of her supra-mortal knowledge, and openly declared—confirming his statement by an oath—that the information imparted could have been known to no person on earth but himself. To avoid, as far as possible, the consequences of an adverse judgment on the part of the people, Charles

caused her to appear for further examination before the Parliament. Her inquisitors were not prepared to recognize her claims, but the trial proved that she was no mere enthusiast ; they soon discovered that she was endowed with superior wisdom, and at last they were convinced that she was divinely inspired.

The King hesitated no longer, since it was evident that a higher power had already sanctioned the mission of the inspired heroine. He caused her to be properly equipped with everything except a sword, which was left to her own selection. She had learned from the Spirits that in the crypt of an old cavalier, in the Church of St. Catherine, was a sword she had never seen. No mortal was aware of its existence. This weapon she demanded, and would have no other. A messenger was accordingly dispatched to the tomb—with full directions from Joan—where he found the sword in the place she had described. The consecrated weapon was placed in her hands, and she received her commission as a military chieftain at the hands of the King.

The brave and beautiful Joan lost no time in making ready for her march. Soon after her arrival at Orleans—at mid-day, while she was sleeping—there was a sudden commotion, and she was aroused by the noise of the rapid movement of armed men. A small detachment of French soldiers had made a reckless advance upon the enemy and had been repulsed. The virgin chief rushed to the scene, rallied the retreating soldiers, and led them to an assault that resulted in the capture of a fort. She had infused something of her spirit into the men, who seemed to be inspired with a new assurance of victory. Soon after placing herself at the head of the troops she stormed one of the principal fortifications of the enemy. In the midst of the fight a strange panic seized the soldiery ; the lines were broken and a portion of her troops became demoralized. It was a moment of great peril, and the heroism displayed on the occasion was truly sublime. We may well imagine that the old cav-

alier, whose bones were in the tomb of the Church of St. Catherine, was there in spirit to nerve the delicate hand that grasped his chosen weapon. Rushing forward with a spirit that was electrical in its effect upon the retreating soldiers, the Maid of Orleans, with her own hand, planted her standard in the breach. The assault was renewed with redoubled energy, and the fort was captured. A few days later, after morning prayers, she stormed and carried the last stronghold of the enemy, and then marched in triumph into the city, to the great joy of the people, who received her with universal acclamation.

One after another the inferior posts of the enemy, in the neighborhood of Orleans, were surrendered. But Gergeau, a fortified city, resisted the victorious march of the French; and here our heroine was wounded. She was scaling a wall, and while standing at the top of a ladder, with the King's standard in one hand and the sword of St. Catherine in the other, she was pierced by an arrow; and then a stone, hurled from above, struck her helmet. The blow was so violent that she fell to the ground. Instantly rising, she shouted aloud to the soldiers: "Friends! come on! Our Lord has condemned the English. They are ours. *Bon courage!*"

The powers of the Spirit World, through the mediumship of this fair young girl, had turned back the tide of war. With the termination of the siege of Orleans—if the resolution of the English did not waver—it is certain that the fortunes of the contending parties were more equally balanced. The Duke of Bedford realized the necessity for increasing the active force at his command. In a few days he succeeded in raising six thousand additional men and sent them to the field to repair the shattered ranks of his army. The new preparations for carrying on this aggressive war did not fail to awaken serious apprehensions in the minds of the French Generals; but Joan's loftier spirit was undismayed. When her officers inquired what should be done to meet

new complications and an impending crisis, she answered in these emphatic words :

“We must fight the English if they hang down from the clouds, and we must furnish ourselves with good spurs in order to pursue them.”

It was in this spirit that she led the way to Rheims. The King followed with the army, but exercised no authority over its movements. All orders emanated from the inspired Commander. The line of march was through a hostile country, but the inhabitants offered no resistance. At length, at the head of her army, she entered Rheims, while the garrison retired in an opposite direction. Charles was acknowledged King. Thus with courage equal to the most trying situations ; with an unwavering faith in the achievement of a providential purpose ; and with the sublime enthusiasm of a Christian Apostle, she led the armies of France to victory and her King to his throne. Having placed the crown on the head of its rightful possessor, she felt a profound consciousness that her mission was accomplished. The occasion of the coronation was one of singular interest. The great joy of the people was tempered by an impressive solemnity. Joan, herself, held the sword over the King's head during the ceremony. At the close of the services of consecration she prostrated herself before the King, and, with a voice almost stifled by conflicting emotions, thus addressed him :

“At length, gentle King, the pleasure of God is executed, whose will it was that you should come to Rheims, to receive the consecration that was due you, to show that you are the true King, and he to whom the kingdom ought to belong.”

She now expressed an earnest desire to return to the quiet scenes of childhood, and petitioned the King to be released from all further participation in public affairs. But Charles had been so impressed by her prowess that he was unwilling to dispense with her services. To a question of

Count Dunois, respecting the possibilities of her future, she replied in the following language :

"I only know that God has given me no command except to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct the King to Rheims ; and in the doubt that he has anything more for me to do, the King will please me by permitting me to return to the home of my parents, to resume my former condition."

The King, in recognition of her services, decreed that no taxes should be imposed upon her native village of Domremy. He conferred a coat of arms and titles of nobility on her family, giving to the heroic maiden the title of "The Virgin." Joan made a fatal mistake in yielding to the pleasure of the King and the popular desire that she should remain in public life. She disobeyed the voice of her spiritual monitor that she might serve her royal master, who at last did not prove himself worthy of her unselfish devotion. In an attack on Paris the virgin warrior displayed her usual courage, but was severely wounded and left for some time in a ditch. And still the noble girl whose hand upheld a tottering throne ; to whom royalty was indebted for crown and scepter, was to be kept in the military service by her selfish king. And thus she was cruelly sacrificed. In her next battle, while defending the town of Compiegne, she was taken prisoner by the Count of Luxembourg, of Burgundy, who resigned his precious charge to the tender mercies of the English, but with the understanding that she should be treated as a prisoner of war.\*

As if to prepare the public mind for the commission of one of the most dastardly and inhuman deeds that ever blackened the page of authentic history, her enemies circulated malicious calumnies. She was falsely accused of crimes ; appeals were made to popular prejudice and the

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\* The Duke of Bedford, in his exultation over the capture of Joan, caused the event to be celebrated by the chanting of the *Te Deum* ; and by his orders the news was carried, by special messengers, through all the Provinces.

foulest superstitions ; and she was charged with heresy, perjury, intercourse with diabolical agents, and turned over to the Inquisition. It was a Church tribunal that found the Maid of Orleans guilty of sorcery, and every other nameless and graceless offense against its despotic authority. That institution, in the insulted name of Jesus, convicted her, and sanctioned the great crime of burning her at the stake.

The noblest virtues and graces that ever adorned human nature had been beautifully exemplified in her life. Not a single deed of cruelty, a word of irreverence, or so much as a feeling of selfishness could be justly charged to her account. Nevertheless, she was reviled as an apostate, and remorselessly condemned by her heartless inquisitors. She accepted the crown of martyrdom with cheerful grace and religious resignation—apparently as cordially as she had placed the crown of France on the head of her King. On the character of the Duke of Bedford—third son of Henry IV. of England—rests the foul stain of causing her execution in the public market-place at Rouen. When the torch was applied to the faggots, she betrayed no weakness. Those who crucified her looked in vain for some sign of irresolution or feeling of displeasure ; but her solemn purpose to meet death with composure was unshaken, and the serenity of her mind undisturbed. Thus ran the pure current of her life toward the shoreless ocean,

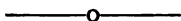
“ Like a clear streamlet o’er its jagged bed,  
That by no torture can be hushed asleep.”

The beautiful and noble Joan did not die ; but, robed with flaming fire, went up to her immortality ! Her last moments were spent in prayer, and the name of Jesus was on her lip when the remorseless flames stifled her utterance. A purer spirit never ascended to the Father. The scene was impressive beyond description. An English soldier, who had avowed his readiness to add fuel to the burn-

ing pile, was smitten and overwhelmed by the moral grandeur of this last conquest—THE VICTORY OVER DEATH!—and turning away from the thrilling spectacle, in deep contrition, he declared, that from the ashes of the martyr a dove with white pinions went up to heaven!

Many years after—on the spot consecrated by the death of this Spiritual Apostle—an imposing monument was erected to her memory, bearing an exquisite inscription, of which the following is a translation :

“The royal crown is defended by the Virgin’s sword ;  
Under the Virgin’s sword the lilies safely flourish.”



### AMONG THE SHADOWS.

BY BELLA D. HIXON.

WE know the light and bloom will come again,  
For even through the darkness and the cold  
We catch some sweet, fair gleams of God’s own spring ;  
Yet faint—*so* faint ! and hearts, you know, grow old ;  
And eyes grow dim with all their wild, hot tears,  
While waiting for the soft, low Southern wind ;  
For though we may be trained to grasp the grand,  
May walk with lofty brows new truths to find,  
We are but mortal, and we all must know  
Some days of heartache—of rebellious pain ;  
Days when we falter in the cruel cold,  
E’en though we know the sun will shine again.  
Sometimes our hands drop weakly from their task ;  
And veiled by clouds of darkest doubt and dread,  
We shrink and shiver, and like children moan,  
Affrighted by the gloom that hangs o’er head.  
Yet we remember how in seasons past,  
The warmth and fragrance freighted all the air ;  
Then, in the very eagerness of pain,  
We look once more : and lo ! *the sky is fair !*



## SEMIRAMIS.

A SKETCH FROM BEYOND.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

**N**AKED sweet and rosy, beneath the shadow of the fragrant and beautiful Taborna tree, lay an infant of scarcely three years. It was the goddess-born Semiramis, said to be deserted by her mother, Derceto, and left to perish in the wilds. Even at this tender age the child wore a royal beauty. She was looking earnestly away, as if waiting the approach of some friend ; and the look was strained and fixed, as if the little heart had been troubled by some unusual terror, or anxiety, in the delay of expected comfort, or relief ; and in her large, dark, far-seeing eyes, there was a light that seemed to penetrate the deep and sublime distance of future power.

But presently the marble cheek becomes warm and animated by a rapturous expression ; and kindling beams of joy awaken and inspire the radiant eyes. A white wing cleaves the distant air ; and the child hails it with a sweet cry of welcome ; and springing to her feet, with a vigorous action, she clapped her little hands, cooing sweetly, as the very doves, that had come to feed her. Stretching out her hand with a grasping eagerness, she seized the sweet fruit of the *enseté* or Assyrian Banana tree, which the foremost brought, and devoured it greedily, as if she had been suffering both from hunger and thirst ; and every one of the flock dropped a similar offering to her feet, or bore it to her hand. While she was thus engaged her little brothers withdrew to a short distance and left her undisturbed.

But when her hunger was appeased, they flew round and

round her, cooing and kissing her, and fanning her soft cheek with their roseate wings, while the child's features and motions became animated with the sportive spirit proper to her age. The little Muses were also her play-fellows. And what were these doves, and by whom were they appointed to the mysterious offices we have seen. History is silent, giving only the bare fact. But we know that birds, from their highly vitalized temperament, are exceedingly sensitive to spiritual influences, and in some instances have been connected with their most startling phenomena. It may be, then, something more than a myth, that this babe of the desert was watched and fed by ministers appointed and controlled by spiritual powers.

And thus she lived a full year, growing in the grandeur of that wide horizon, and lofty sky ; and her character naturally took the large mold, into which it had been so wantonly thrown. Of human beings she had no knowledge whatever. The only mothers or friends she knew, were the doves, who came to feed her by day and cover her by night. Every evening as soon as the night chills came on, they brought the long leaves of the krihaha, and spread them carefully over her, cooing meanwhile, till the soft silken curve of the dark lashes lay penciled on the alabaster cheek.

She had never heard human language ; but she talked, in her way, to the birds, and other small animals, that sometimes visited her. Everything seemed to feel her insulated and friendless condition ; and the shyest creatures, won by her artless and unconscious magnetism, became gentle and tame in her presence. She delighted in all beautiful things. The lovely grass-green plumage of the turacco or crown bird, the graceful form of the hyrens, and the splendor of the golden eagle, were all objects of intimate and familiar love. Even the shy and savage civet made friends with her ; the beautiful Zomba, a kind of Angora sheep, would come at her call ; and the wild ibex sometimes came down from his mountain fastnesses to pay her a visit. She knew all their

voices, and understood all their language. But of all these creatures, the doves alone won from her that all-trusting love, which the mother-office, by whomsoever filled, invariably awakens. These birds, indeed, seemed to have a far higher intelligence than others of their kind; and they doubtless did; or their native instincts were quickened and refined by inspiration. In the morning they led her out into the bright sunshine; but when the noonday heat came on, with soft, sweet cooings, they led her back into the friendly shadows. By their own example they taught her to bathe in the pebbly rivulet from a spring near by. When she saw with what a keen zest they dashed the water with their crimson feet, and shimmered it over their snowy wings she too, but carefully, for her position had made her cautious, would step in; and then they would frolic together, sometimes for half an hour, the child and birds equally refreshed and equally delighted. In all these ministrations one old dove always took the lead; and she, by common consent, was recognized as *the* mother. She led the way on all occasions; and in any unusual event, all looked to her for counsel, and patiently awaited her decisions.

And the instinct, or inspiration, of the birds also told them what would please the child. They brought her delicate shells from the distant sea; and many a lovely flower that could not grow in the desert they bore her in their shining beaks. And seeing how well these objects delighted her, they became more zealous in their pursuit. They gathered for her from the *kuara* tree the black-eyed crimson bean, which in the name of carat, is still used in the East for weighing gold and diamonds; and bright pebbles, and many a curious thing, found their way to her little bower. True to her human instincts she had made herself a play-house, adorned with many a lovely thing, which she had either gathered herself, or received from her wingéd friends.

Even then was developing a latent consciousness of the grand destiny that awaited her. It might be seen in the

suddenly outbeaming power of the deep eye, and in the more than mortal majesty of the whole mien. Had it not been so, she could not have lived in this unnatural condition—in a place so wide—so silent—so alone.

A stranger step approached. It was Simmas, one of the shepherds of Ninus, the young king of Assyria, who, having lost from his flock a tame ibex, was out seeking it. This beautiful and intelligent animal was a great favorite with the royal family, and highly prized by his master; and he had now been in pursuit of it several days, dreading to return without the favorite, lest he should fall under the ban of the royal anger. But what was his surprise to see the precious animal he sought, feeding from the hand of a little child. Curiosity restrained his steps, and a wonderful scene presented itself. The doves approached, and the mother dove, advancing, marched into the water. This was the signal for an immense frolic, the child, meanwhile, trying to drag the ibex into the inviting stream; but failing in this, dashed in herself, and was laved, and sprinkled, and fanned, by her loving nurses; while the intelligence and good understanding between the parties, were obvious features of the scene. Simmas stood still a little way off, hardly daring to breathe, lest he should break the spell of enchantment, almost doubting whether the child, herself, might not be a little *peri*, or some wandering spirit of the air, who had, by chance, alighted on the earth. Could it be that a mortal babe lived alone in the Desert, or at least beyond the reach of all human protection? Scarcely knowing how to break in upon a scene so lovely, he threw a small pebble to attract attention.

Did the light sound strike on the child's heart with a premonition of change? Instantly she rose from the water, and stood a moment, looking the intruder, who now drew near, full in the face, with an expression of mingled wonder and terror. She was chained to the earth, and for a moment deprived of speech, or motion. But when, with a gentle gesture, he came nearer, she was roused. She stood back. She

lifted her small right hand with a forbidding motion, while the other was strongly clenched. Every feature—every line of her perfect form—became rigid with a will to resist. It was the instinctive sense of self-protection that thus clothed and crowned her with a more than royal power. The strong man trembled in the presence of the inspired babe. For some time he really dared not approach her, lest he should cause some injury, by the terrible and disproportioned excitement. But at length he succeeded in capturing her unhurt; and taking her in his arms, he bore her to his cabin, which was only a few miles off. She did not scream, or cry, or make the least resistance; but she was so pale and cold he was really afraid she would die.

"And hast thou found another lamb, dropped in the wild?" asked the gentle-eyed Naomi, as he bore his burden into the midst.

"A lamb truly;" he answered, removing his garment from the face of the child; and when he told her how and where he had found her, Naomi exclaimed; "The heavens have given her to our arms. Let us praise the gods for their good gift, by rearing her as our own."

To this Simmas gladly consented; for the sweet majesty of the child had not only won his heart, but held him in a kind of awe. The little face had been hidden under the shepherd's arm; but when she heard the soft voice of Naomi whispering: "O, sweet! O, lovely!" she ventured to look around; and the moment her eyes met the gentle ones that looked on her so kindly, she held out her little arms with an awaking look, which might have been instinct—or memory—or both. And when the little children, and the creeping baby came around her with their loving prattle, and their winning natural sympathies, she pressed her sweet mouth to them, one after another, kissing them and cooing for very joy. But it was the mother arms she most wanted; and for months it seemed as if this innate longing could scarcely be appeased. Whenever Baby was asleep or otherwise en-

tertained, she would creep to Naomi's bosom, and lay her head on the bare breast, with a true baby love. And sometimes to the little Esiel would be sorely jealous, and square his lip wofully, to see a strange baby in his place.

And here, too, came the doves, visiting her daily, for some time, bringing her many a sweet gift of fruit and flower. But at length, having apparently assured themselves of her safety, their visits became less frequent, and were finally withdrawn altogether ; but they were never forgotten, and many a sweet story did the little one tell, of her dwelling in the desert, and the loving ministers that had so long guarded her life, and directed her steps. But although she was endowed with quick sympathies, and was at times frolicsome and joyous almost to wildness, yet, on the whole, she could not be called a social child, though her gift of language, from the moment when she first heard the sound of speech, unfolded with preternatural rapidity. Her intellect lay deep, and was not called forth on common occasions ; but there were times when she would astonish the simple shepherds by her strangely mature meanings.

Simmas and Naomi often talked together of these peculiarities ; but they never could exactly agree on the subject. because one looked simply at the surface and the other looked beneath. "Say what you will," said Naomi one day, "I know the child has royal blood in her. I see it and feel it in all her actions ; and some day, depend on it, she will prove her birthright."

"All your own way," returned Simmas, "but if she ever is a queen, she will be a good one, for she is obedient and respectful, and very kind to the children ; though she has her strange ways that we do not understand."

And one of these strange ways, doubtless, was the seeming necessity of occasional solitude. With great physical activity she delighted in its exercise, and was always ready to assist Naomi in her household operations, and especially in the care of sick sheep, or young lambs, for which she

seemed to have a special gift. But when her work was done she always sought seclusion. After the rainy season was over, she, in common with all animate nature, rejoiced in the sunbeams. On the beautiful banks of the Tigris she had found a secluded bower, which she adorned with all her treasures, and kept sacred to herself. Near by was a sunny slope, reaching down to the river, whose murmuring waters had for her a strange weird music, that wiled her away out of the sphere of sight and sense, into the pure air which only high natures can reach and breathe. With folded and reverent perception, she entered into the broad, the grand, the vast ; and, in devout idea, beheld all the Possible. In the clear sweet mornings here she would lie, absorbing the golden light and the quickening air, until every fiber of her system became overcharged with magnetism, hereafter to be evolved in works of power, which no other single person in all the ages has ever achieved.

Then again she would creep into the deepest shadow, and, almost without breathing, listen to the musical water, until her whole being was resolved into the single sense of hearing. And in it all was a voice, that seemed calling her up, out, away into a sense of immeasurable greatness. At length there seemed to be an intelligence in these sounds, which, when any question oppressed her mind, would shape words in reply ; and circumstances of interest or importance were frequently thus preaudited.

In short, though governed externally by the same treatment, she appeared as different from the shepherd's children, as if she had belonged to wholly another race. Naomi, with her quick womanly instincts, was the first to perceive this. Without the least particle of envy or jealousy, she was really prouder of her desert foundling than of any of her own children.

"O, if her mother could only see her !" she would often exclaim, as she parted the bright brown hair from the broad forehead, and looked into the eyes—wells of living light—

until her own sight was well nigh lost in their depths. And then she would say: "Who was her mother; and how did she lose her beautiful babe?" Report had said, and History repeats the story—that the inhuman mother had forsaken and left her infant to perish in the wild. But the heart of Naomi rejected this testimony altogether, and she often said: "A child like Semiramis no mother ever *could* forsake." And she was right. Derceto was a woman of rare gifts, as the mother of Semiramis must have been. In her the maternal instinct was extremely strong, and so passionately fond was she of her child that the father, in a fit of absurd jealousy, stole it away at night with his own hands, because he could trust no other, and left it alone in the desert. How unconsciously bad men sometimes carry forward, and assist in establishing, the Divine plans and purposes.

"I know not what to make of the little waif," said Naomi one day to her husband; "for though she is by far the best child I have, she sometimes looks at me so strangely, I am afraid of her. Depend on it, father, she is made for no common things. I look to see her a queen yet."

Then Simmas laughed and said, "it is surprising how women will let their fancies run away with them. She is a nice child surely; and I have always been thankful that I found her; but she is nothing so handsome as our Zora, and no king, or even prince, comes to woo her but only the simple shepherd, Hanan."

"I can see Zora," answered Naomi, "and I can see Semiramis. They are both children to make a mother proud; but their looks are as different as their ways. Zora is a good little girl, but the queen is not in her." And this conversation illustrates the difference between the crude externalized perception of man, and the finer spiritual insight of woman.

Under these loving ministries the young Semiramis grew in grace and beauty until her fifteenth year, when she became conscious of an approaching crisis and the necessity



of solitude grew daily more apparent and imperative, and when not otherwise engaged she almost entirely dwelt in her bower. One day as she lay listlessly watching the motion of the leaves, and the balls of the button-wood, as they swung in the wind, and saw the wandering Rose of Jericho sweeping away over the plain, with thoughts and feelings as free and boundless, she suddenly became quiet and reposeful, and at length she fell asleep.

Reclining on a couch of hyacinthine blossoms, her head pillowed on one beautiful arm, over which swept the rich waves of her nut-brown hair, vailing neck and bosom with its wavy mazes, lay the sweet sleeper, her whole form redolent and inspired with out-breathing bloom and beauty. Now over-wearied with her search into the unsearchable, her slumber was profound. Lilacs, oleanders and sweet jasmine shrubs, mingled their breath and beauty around her. The air was odorous with blossoms, and sweet with the presence of henna ; and the damask rose that blossomed beside her was not tenderer than the blooms of her waxen cheek.

A horseman, whose richly caparisoned steed indicated a person of distinction, had alighted at the entrance of this secluded spot, and with careful steps he drew near, for he had seen sometimes from the distant highway a bright form flitting among the blossoms, and would fain invoke a nearer view. Lifting cautiously the light trellis-work of jessamine and clematis that hid the entrance, he looked within. Was she really a descended daughter of Heaven, that her serene sleep was clothed with such a halo of divine beauty ; or could it be that one of mortal mold was ever made so fair ? He was chained to earth by one overwhelming sense of profound and passionate joy ; yet chastened with a feeling of reverence ; for he verily thought he beheld a divinity.

But when the sleeping eyes slowly opened, and he saw in them the responsive depths of a true woman's soul, he could no longer control himself, but tearing the trellis away he entered the bower, and stood face to face with the wonder-

ing girl, who had risen, modestly waiting his approach. The noble person, now in the first fine flush of manhood, the majestic air and the sweet persuasive eloquence of his unutterable admiration, all conspired to invest him with fascination, rich, sweet and altogether new ; and Semiramis, half abashed, half astonished, and wholly charmed, stood before him, now gazing into his face with a sense of simple wonder, now dropping her eyes with the tenderest bloom of blushes. All the mystery of her young life, with its undeveloped depths of latent passion, deeper than the riddle of the sphinx, sweeter than the singing of winds or waves, sublimer than the story of the stars, sprang into her heart, pulsed in every vein, melted through her eyes, and made her whole being radiant with the power of all-informing, all inspiring love. And well worthy was Menones, the young Lord of Nineveh, to be its interpreter.

There were moments which seemed to hold the depth of years—of ages—within the compass of a signet ring, and then there was little to be explained on either side. Clasp- ing the new-found treasure reverently to his heart, Menones bore her in his arms to the cabin of Simmas, and besought of him the gift of her hand in marriage. This was very generously accorded, although the good shepherd, who had seen his approach, very innocently thought that the magnet was to be found in the graces of his favorite daughter.

The young couple tenderly loved each other ; but their happiness was of short duration. From the very first Menones had a profound presentiment of approaching loss, and he sought to veil the charms of his young wife in the deepest seclusion. If possible he would have hidden her very existence from the knowledge of Ninus. But

“ There is a destiny that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them as we may ; ”

and of no one was this ever more true than of Semiramis.

But a few months after their marriage, Ninus had planned

the reduction of Bactria, a city of ancient Persia, and had already crossed the river Oxus with that intent. Menones being summoned to his aid, thought to leave his young wife in the protection of her reputed father, but she insisted on accompanying him, and very unwillingly he permitted her to go. But from that hour Menones never smiled. A dark prevision of coming ill continually overshadowed him. But notwithstanding this, his young wife began to exhibit the highest power of generalship, in the management and conduct of the siege ; and by her wise and prudent advice, she hastened the operations of the king, and finally took the city.

On their return Ninus celebrated his victory by a great festival, which was to include a hunt of seven days in the royal Paradise. The king himself went in person, with all his royal array of chariots and plumed horses, to escort the young heroine on her first appearance at court. He brought her jewels and changes of garments—of imperial richness—and he led with his own hand, a snow-white palfrey for her use. All the harness and housing of the noble animal were profusely adorned with the finest silk and the purest gold. He was a brave steed, and all who saw him said he should have as brave a rider. Menones, who was alarmed for the safety of his wife, had protested against her precious person being thus exposed to danger. But making a step of the king's extended hand, with a light leap she sprang into the saddle, and beckoned Menones to take his place by her side ; but the king—as he gallantly lifted the silken reins—was mounted, and beside her in a moment ; the body guard closely surrounded them, and the hapless husband was pushed back into the crowd.

With dilated nostrils, fiery eyes and hoof that spurned the earth, the white palfrey sprang to the path ; but he met a stronger and truer hand than he expected, for he was checked with a force that brought him fairly to his haunches,

and then he obeyed the rein gently as the gentlest ; and all might see she was mistress of her place.

The horse was worthy of the queenly form he bore ; and he seemed to take pride in his rich adornments. With proudly arching neck, he champed his bit of beaten gold, and shook his tall white ostrich plumes that were bound together by a star of sapphires, which made the frontlet ; and in every motion he yielded to the royal grace of his rider, with a grace as royal. Never under the sun was there seen a lovelier sight ; and there were hearts there that wanted to be still, that they might more completely behold its beauty. And when they moved off with such a stately grace, shouts and cheers saluted them, and continued to resound during the whole ride. But there was one heart had received its death-blow ; and was not Semiramis conscious of this ? Yes, and her own heart responded with a pang, which all the pomp could not allay ; and if her wish could have brought that aching heart to her side, she would have felt it worth more than all the splendors.

For the first time in her life the young Semiramis was ushered into royal halls ; but she entered them quietly, as into her native sphere, unawed and undazzled by the gorgeous array. Led by the hand of Ninus she passed the lofty portals, guarded on either hand by gigantic brazen bulls and rampant lions ; and the way led through halls paneled with porphyry and alabaster, richly sculptured, or painted of the most gorgeous colors, while the very floors they trod on, composed of similar pannels, seemed inlaid with richest gems.

Led by her royal host, Semiramis was seated on a couch of gold, draped with silken cushions, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, and set with precious stones. In this, the grand reception room, the richness of the Orient seemed exhausted, in the vast array of sculpture, embroidery, silk and cloth of gold. And the light from one large window in the roof, mellowed and enriched by draperies of the rich-

est purple, heavily embroidered, with golden thread, fell on the sculptured couches, and enameled floors, the golden goblets and the jeweled vases, and the thousand ornaments of carved ivory, ebony and mother-of-pearl, softening their splendor, but enhancing their richness.

Menones followed with a heavy heart ; for in this royal rival he too truly read his own doom. But the young Semiramis beheld with flashing eyes her kingly conquest ; and though she tenderly loved her husband, she could not be insensible to the triumph she had achieved ; and her beauty grew grander every moment. Still she sought every opportunity to speak kindly to Menones, and strove to detain him by her side ; for she saw how he was suffering. But he only smiled a sickly smile ; for his heart was already broken. He took little notice, indeed, of the king's daughter, the beautiful young Sosanna, who had been instructed to woo him ; and in vain she lavished on him all her blandishments.

Not by menials was Semiramis served ; but the king's own hand placed before her the plate of gold, and presented the goblet flashing with gems, hardly richer than the sparkling palm-wine. And it was he who led her through the blooming gardens, and the sculptured halls, stopping now and then to read for her the histories that were carved in their lofty pannels.

Of all that could attract the eye, enchant the ear, or captivate the soul, nothing was left untried. Flattery in the finest and most seductive forms assailed the heart of Semiramis. Painters and sculptors on bended knee sketched her charms ; and minstrels poured into melodious song—sweet praises of her beauty. But beneath all of this there was an aching void, which nothing but a look of responsive love could reach or fill. The eye of Menones continually shrunk from hers ; and a thousand times she wished herself safe at home in her own simple and peaceful bower ; for the dark look of her husband distressed and alarmed her. At length, oppressed beyond endurance, by a terrible premoni-

tion of impending ill, at an early hour—greatly to the relief of Menones—she proposed to retire. It was in vain that Ninus protested against this, urging them to remain at the palace until after the great hunt, which was to terminate the festivities. She was resolute : and thus, wrenching from their host an unwilling assent, they withdrew ; but not before Ninus had privately besought Menones for his beautiful young wife, offering to give his daughter Sosanna in exchange. This was the final blow. That night was to Menones the last of earth. Overwhelmed with a view of his impending loss, he refused to live any longer, drank the poison which he had kept prepared, and a few hours after, a corpse was shrouded in his late happy home—a horrible and ghastly spectacle, after the splendors and triumphs of yesterday ; and the ninth wave of misery rolled over the young head that had, but a moment before, borne itself so royally.

The first effect of this blow was a torpor of the whole system, almost amounting to paralysis. She was stupefied—stunned—both in heart and mind. This condition continued about ten days ; and then there was a strong and sudden reaction. She came out of it a changed being. She knew that bulletins expressing great concern and care for her health had been dispatched from the palace with every hour in the day, to the great satisfaction of Naomi, who had taken the position of chief nurse by the pillow of her dear foster child ; and at length she consented to see her royal suitor. But how changed. Out of the fire that passed over her there had suddenly grown up a statelier power, and a grander beauty. The simple-hearted and gay young girl had passed into the resolved, self-poised, and self-conscious woman. The king stood silent and awe-struck before her, and she was the first to speak.

“I am not insensible,” she began, “to the grace your royal favor would confer ; but I must speak the truth. I am not, as you must see, what I was a few days ago. I loved my

husband ; and my heart bled with his. How long it was I know not, but the time seemed drawn into ages. There was no stirring of nerve or muscle—no sound or sign of suffering—but only one deep void of blank despair. With all the life I had I prayed to die. If I could have seized a dagger, or poison, or even clutched at my own throat, I would have torn out my vitals piecemeal—anything to ease that straining horrible ache.

“How I came to sleep I know not ; but I forgot myself—forgot my loss—forgot even my desire to die. And then a bright being came and took me by the hand, and led me away, out into a wide field of peace and beauty ; and, as he turned his eyes full upon me, I saw it was Menones, and fearing he would escape, I sought to detain him. But he smiled a sweet smile and said gently : ‘Not now. There are great works to be done ; and then thou shalt enter with me into the joys of the true life.’ In a moment he was gone ; and then I stood alone with my works. Splendid achievements passed in review before me. Towers, temples and cities came at my call ; and conquered nations bowed at my feet and sued for mercy. I invoked the generous Earth, and she answered with teeming harvests. Waste places were gladdened with the presence and the blessing of water. And when I looked abroad and beheld them all I said : ‘I will live to compass and call them forth, and make them an everlasting remembrance in the earth.’” She paused a moment, and then resumed :

“And now, Ninus, Builder of Nineveh and king of Assyria, I have heard and listened to thy suit ; but tell me now as thy soul liveth, shall I be free to achieve all this and whatever else my destiny sets before me.” And he answered : “As my soul liveth, thou shalt be free. By the Eternal One, whose throne is in the mystic circle of the Heavens, I swear not only to permit, but to aid and strengthen thee in all thy works.” And as he spoke his whole countenance became suffused with the outblooming

ments of her wisdom and her benevolence. To render roads passable and communication easy, she hollowed mountains and filled up vallies ; and on the chief road of her dominions she raised an obelisk 130 feet high, covered to the summit with historical sculpture, and cuneiform inscriptions. She called forth, encouraged and rewarded genius of whatever kind. She had an instinctive sense of the presence of latent power, and knew just how to address it. She established a school of Art on the most liberal and generous basis ; and in all works of design she enjoined a strict and careful study of Nature ; and to this circumstance is owing the grand national character of Assyrian Art. It drank from the fountain head of life, and sent forth streams to enrich the world ; for its characters may be traced wherever Art is known, through Egyptian, Indian, and even the matchless Art of Greece.

Nor was she indifferent to the claims of Science. She drew around herself men distinguished for knowledge and wisdom, and especially for their advancement in Astronomy and the kindred sciences ; and she built a lofty observatory for the study of the stars. She built Babylon and several other cities. She constructed a lake to receive the overflow of the Euphrates, and had the water conveyed to barren deserts and arid plains. She tunneled the Euphrates ; and the remains of the work show that the Assyrians had some knowledge of the arch. The building of ships, the invention of flowing robes, and the spinning of cotton, are all attributed to her. She was never idle, and her achievements were always on the grandest scale. Her history seems more like a story of weird enchantments than the details of tangible fact ; and yet, to this day, they hold their place in the memory of man, with all the positive power of unadorned truth. Nor was she less distinguished as a warrior. She subdued Egypt, and reduced Ethiopia to subjection, and finally extending her arms beyond the Ganges, she made war on Stabrobates, king of India. Had she no other dis-



tion her achievements as a general would entitle her to a high rank among the boldest and the bravest who have led, or conquered armies.

In fine, no other woman and no man in the whole range of history was ever distinguished by powers so many and varied—by a comprehension at once so broad and so fine, and by achievements that were grouped on so vast a scale.

But at length, full of years and renown, she resigned the scepter into the hands her of son, Nynias, and prepared for the last charge, which her failing strength admonished her would soon occur. She brought all the forces of her yet undimmed intellect into a calm philosophical view and review of her past life, and her present position. And so several months passed by, each one leaving her calmer, gentler and more resigned to the Divine Will, or the inexorable decree of Fate.

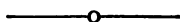
It was a glorious day in the just opening sunny season, when, by her own request, she was borne to a beautiful bower that fronted the west. The favorite shrubs, the lilac and sweet jasmine were in full bloom ; and for a while she seemed to enjoy the delicate beauty and the delicious fragrance, which the vernal season had called forth. Perceiving that the sun was low she dismissed her attendants, signifying her desire to be left alone.

Scarcely had the last echo of their retreating steps died on the ear, when the clustering myrtle bough, blooming near, was brushed aside by an intruding wing, and the old mother-dove perched on her pale hand, at the same time dropping a green leaf from her beak.

"And I expected thee, O, my first best mother !" said Semiramis in a voice scarcely audible. Taking up the leaf as she spoke, she recognized it as having been broken from a nyosotis she herself had planted on the tomb of Ninon.

"Tell him I am ready," she said, stroking the bird's head. After tears fell on its snowy plumage ; and for a moment she was silent. The dove, meanwhile, arched her neck lov-

ingly and caressed her as in the olden time. Then, after looking earnestly in the fading eyes, she soared away toward the west, until at length her form was lost in the bright beams of the sinking sun. At that very moment the struggling soul escaped, and all that was mortal of Semiramis slept the sweet sleep of death.



## OCTOBER.

BY BELLE BUSH.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO EVA.

NOW is Autumn's fairest Moon,  
And the royal, purple noon  
Of all earthly glory :  
Now let cares drift far away  
While each wonder-working day  
Tells to us its story.

Sung amid a thousand hills,  
Hymned by "Silver-throated" rills  
Through the meadows straying,  
This sweet poem of the year  
Mellows all the atmosphere,  
Charm on charm displaying.

Scarfs of gold and crimson rest  
On each mountain's pluméd crest  
In a dewy splendor,  
While o'er all earth's dainty things  
Nature spreads out gauzy wings  
As of each most tender.

Hills on which we fondly gaze,  
'Neath a soft, encircling haze,  
All day long seem dreaming.

Curtained from our curious eyes,  
Beauty gives us glad surprise,  
    Through each vista gleaming.

Now her turrets seem to rise  
Fair as dreams of paradise  
    On our vision stealing,  
Then they float and pass away  
Into darkness and decay,  
    Death alone revealing.

Now from every tree-top wave  
Leafy banners, gay or grave,  
    Nature's mood betraying ;  
Then their faded, wasted forms,  
Rent by strife of wind or storms,  
    Fall, no use betraying.

Sleeping on the forest floor,  
Rustling by my humble door  
    Withered leaves are lying,  
Sweeping over distant seas,  
Making harps of all the trees,—  
    Autumn winds are sighing.

Leaves! what say you to my heart?  
Winds! what melancholy art  
    Wakes ye into sighing?  
Wherefore, when we hear your moans,  
Thrill our hearts with echo-tones,  
    Chord to chord replying?

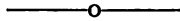
Leaves! ah! well I know your power,  
Winds! ye have a wondrous dower,  
    All the past revealing ;  
Faded hopes, like Autumn leaves,  
Strew life's pathway : Nature grieves—  
    *One with us in feeling.*

But there is a glory born  
 With our life's empurpled morn  
                     Stronger than all grieving;  
 Aye, and brighter than the days  
 Scarfed in gold and purple haze—  
                     'Tis of Faith's fair weaving.

Leaves may fall and quick winds sigh,  
 All forms of beauty droop and die,  
                     Still Faith to us replying,  
 Mounts upward singing toward Love's gate,  
 And bids us calmly work and wait,  
                     All cause for grief denying.

Ah! if the Autumn of our days  
 Finds but the soft and mellow haze  
                     Our fading joys concealing,  
 Then will our hearts be full of peace,  
 And every hour bring rich increase—  
                     A life of use revealing.

BELVIDERE SEMINARY, Oct. 11th, 1874.



WHY SUPPRESS THE NAME? The Pittsburgh, (Pa.) *Evening Telegraph* makes a lengthy extract from our pages, crediting the same to "*the Spiritualistic Journal*." We are pleased to notice a growing disposition—on the part of many journalists—to contribute to the diffusion of spiritual knowledge; but as all spiritual papers—and several that are not very spiritual—are, in common parlance, said to be spiritualistic journals, the *Telegraph's* peculiar method of giving credit will not be likely to promote our interests. He may as well quote from any daily paper—devoted merely to the secular pursuits and interests of the people—and give credit to the *Commercial Paper*; the *Materialistic Journal*; or, save space by omitting to give credit at all. If the Editor of the *Telegraph* should say a good word for *the man who publishes the paper in New York*, we should not feel at liberty to make a personal application of his remarks.

## DR. MARVIN ON MEDIOMANIA.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

"It is a sad thing that in the Nineteenth Century one can find occasion to write such Lectures as these."—*Dr. F. R. Marvin.*

**I**N these rather suggestive words the author begins his preface, and we feel assured that, on this point at least, his views will elicit a most emphatic response, far and wide as his book may be read. It *is* sad to think that in the full blaze of the meridian glory of the "nineteenth century"—bathing the whole civilized world with a flood of light, and fringing the retreating shadows of the old barbarism with golden promises—even one man, belonging to any of the learned professions, can be found whose mournful ignorance more than actualizes the story of the venerable Rip of the famous Van Winkle family. Sad, indeed, it is, that a man whose profession affords special opportunities to experiment on poor human nature should be so entirely oblivious of the world's progress for the last thirty years.

There is really nothing in these Lectures that would justify the occupation of one of our pages, for the mere purpose of a brief review or a summary judgment of their contents. Their only importance is derived from the author's relations. We are reminded that he may claim—by virtue of his diploma—a certain distinction among men; and occupying a professor's chair in an institution, ostensibly designed for the medical education of women, it may be sup-

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\* The Philosophy of Spiritualism and the Pathology and Treatment of Mediomania. Two Lectures, by Frederic R. Marvin, M. D., Professor of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence in the New York Free Medical College for Women. New York : Asa K. Butts & Co., Publishers.

posed that this writer, in some sense, represents the true interests of modern Science, and the liberal spirit that comes to open the doors of her temple to Woman. It is mainly for these reasons that we pause, in the midst of more serious labors, to consider the spurious claims of a Quoxotic adventurer in the fields of scientific literature, the muddy current of whose thought finds its appropriate channel somewhere beneath the lower level of sober criticism.

The author begins his confused treatise on "the Philosophy of Spiritualism" by boldly denouncing Materialism; thus awakening, in the mind of the thoughtful reader, the expectation that he designed to regard Spiritualism as a scientific philosophy, standing on a solid basis of fact and law, and disputing the progress of the scientific Materialism that robs the Universe of God and Man of his immortality!

But, suddenly, our author's vision was obscured. Darkness, deep as the eclipse that enshrouds the day, fell upon him, and he could see nothing clearly. Immediately things became so mixed in his mind that, before getting through with his first paragraph, he could perceive no difference between the two systems, except that the one was the *inside* of the other. Then and there it was revealed to him—"*Spiritualism is the heart of Materialism.*" Well, this view of the subject, though not quite as clear as demonstration, is not so humiliating to our pride, since it involves the conclusion that Spiritualism is, after all, the most vital part of that system which modestly lays claim to all the science and philosophy of the Age.

But very soon the author—losing sight of Spiritualism as the very heart of this world's philosophy—disappeared in something more terrible than the chaos of Moses, which, it will be remembered, was "without form and void." Amidst the fearful agitation of conflicting forces and commingling elements he, now and then, came up *de profundis* to the surface for a moment—as a whale rises to spout—and anon went down into the abyssmal regions where he explored all

things from atoms to souls. In his perilous researches he discovered several things that we had long suspected had something more than an imaginary existence. We have not the space to enumerate all his curious discoveries. Among the more remarkable things that may be regarded as forever settled to the general satisfaction of mankind, we may mention the following: "The thoracic and abdominal viscera will not perform their functions in a dead body; and the gases—nitrogen, oxygen and carbonic acid—are not to be recognized as conscious souls!

The Doctor next proceeds to controvert certain views of the late Judge Edmonds, and, in his own graceful way, uncovers the attributes of horses and cats. After diligently comparing the capabilities of these quadrupeds with the natural powers of man, he arrives at the conclusion—alas for the fondest hopes of maternity!—that "the horse is more likely to experience the joys of Paradise" than human beings who die in infancy.\*

After discussing the idolatries of the ancient nations, he goes after the "revelations of consciousness," strange hallucinations and diabolical delusions, in a manner that might startle the inmates of the lunatic asylum. And here he runs a reckless tilt against something which he suspects is Spiritualism. He is now quite sure he is on the right track. The heart of the whole matter palpitates at his touch, and great truths cast their inspiring shadows over his prescient soul. The restless elements of his mental constitution are strongly agitated, and from the microcosmical vortex "*mediomania*" is evolved in all of its amazing features and aspects. By a masterly induction the Doctor traces the phenomena to *uterine causes*, and establishes—only to his own satisfaction—the identity of *mediomania* and Spiritualism. This appears to have been the supreme moment in the author's life, and pregnant with the issues of deathless fame

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\* The reader is requested to see page 12 of the Author's treatise.

and that mundane immortality which depends upon great achievements.

It is apparently with a solemn sense of his responsibility as a teacher of science and morality, that our author announces his discoveries in the following remarkable passages from his book :

"I dread to treat no form of insanity more than utromania, for of all derangements it is the most violent and persistent, and yet it is a very common disorder. The angle at which the womb is suspended in the pelvis frequently settles the whole question of sanity or insanity. Tilt the organ a little forward—introvert it, and immediately the patient forsakes her home, embraces some strange or ultra ism—Mormonism, Mesmerism, Fourierism, Socialism, oftener Spiritualism. She becomes possessed by the idea that she has some startling mission in the world. She forsakes her home, her children, and her duty, to mount the rostrum and proclaim the peculiar virtues of free love, elective affinity, or the reincarnation of souls."

"Religious revivals, spiritual *séances*, and Romish pilgrimages seldom fail to result in epidemics of sexual impropriety. The lives of saints, priests, ecstasies, devotees and media, are so many records of sexual derangement. St. Theresa and St. Catherine de Siene, who, in nightly trances, believed themselves folded in the arms of Jesus, were nymphomaniacs ; and the love festivals, holy loves, and seraphim-kisses, are believed by physiologists to have indicated points of union between religion and sexual erethism." \*

Well, we feared it might come to this at last. The earliest of the materialistic expounders of spiritual phenomena discovered the Rappings in the great toe joints of the medium. With a laudable desire to protect the people from base delusions, they traveled about the country, giving illustrations by dislocating their superior toes—all for the truth's sake and a shilling at the door. Then came the famous Buffalo Doctors with higher views and aims. They demonstrated—to the satisfaction of as many as believed—that the

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\* These extracts may be found on pp. 47 and 54 of Dr. Marvin's Book.



Rappings were in the *knees* of the medium. But at length the spirit of progress, and the passion for new discoveries, has led to such sublime altitudes that we must accept our author's testimony rather than attempt to follow so bold an investigator.

The author declaims incoherently against Materialism, and yet his views—as frequently and variously expressed in these lectures—admit of no other conclusion but that he is covertly defending the very doctrine he pretends to dispute and denounce. Let us select several brief passages for illustration, admonishing the reader that we omit many others of similar import :

1. "There never was and there never will be more force in the Universe than there is to-day. The utilization of force by the brain is thought—this utilization is the function of that part of the brain which we call the cerebrum. Here we arrive at the scientific soul—it is *nervous energy*." (pp. 27, 28.)

2. "Thought, like light and heat, is a mode of motion. When the brain dies thought goes where motion goes when the wheel stops." (p. 32.)

3. Intellection . . . is entirely controlled, so far as we know, by states of matter ; it is evidently *a function of matter*. (Ibid.)

4. "What does the individual transmit to his child? . . . Nothing is bequeathed but flesh and blood." (pp. 43, 44.)

1. Now as the author does not believe that any function of mind can possibly occur after the material organ of the faculty is destroyed, what will have become of his "scientific soul"—which is defined to be "*nervous energy*"—when the nerves are gone? Can nervous energy exist without nerves? No. Our author does not admit the existence of the force, nor the possible occurrence of the function in the absence of the organic conditions of its development. Thus he extinguishes his "scientific soul" and upholds the Materialism he pretends to controvert. 2. If the individual intelligence is forever destroyed by the decomposition of the brain, as Dr. Marvin affirms, then our identity is lost and conscious exis-

tence terminates. Pray what is this but the baldest Materialism? 3. Again, if intellection, or the apprehension of ideas, is a function of matter, in certain organized forms, then the disorganization of such material bodies must involve the extinction of this power of apprehension; and it follows, per consequence and inevitably, that our individuality must be as perishable as the changing forms of the natural world. Here again we find the author doing such service as he is able in the interest of the old Materialism. 4. Once more: If we bequeath only "flesh and blood" to our children; if no spiritual elements are transmitted in the organic life of offspring, it follows, *ex necessitate*, that men beget only brutes—all children are animals, and nothing more. This is a Materialism gross enough to satisfy the lowest and most sensuous nature that ever assumed human shape.

And here the old sadness, that so oppressed the author's mind at the beginning of his lectures, comes over us with redoubled power. And is it a sadness that admits of alleviation in any promise of better things to come from the same source? Alas, no! We have the only alternative solution that this Professor of Psychological Medicine has to offer of the most vital question of the Ages. Such is his disposition of millions of facts of the deepest significance—facts of daily occurrence among all nations and races. It is evident that his limited knowledge and superficial thought do not enable him to comprehend the sublime philosophy of Spiritualism. The Alpha of its inspired Polyglot is to him the doubtful sign of "an unknown tongue." At best he can only expectorate at the subject, and then leave it in bad odor. But we are reminded that no creature can either reverse the laws of its nature, or transcend the limits of its innate capacity. Owls and bats love darkness; ground moles never study the stars; and every living thing has a natural right to be and to remain in its own appropriate sphere. We must learn the lesson, that while it is the privilege of the eagle to soar, it may be no less the province of meaner things to crawl.

Dr. Marvin quotes from several authors, of more or less eminence, and thus shows that he has occasionally been at the tables of more affluent minds. But the reader of average intelligence will not fail to discover, that he has no power to properly assimilate what he has read. The ideas of other authors do not enter into his mental constitution with any vitalizing power. The gathered pieces, whether crumbs or bones, have not been materially modified by the chemistry of his mind. Such mental pabulum remains unchanged. He carries the fragments with him as personal effects; they may be soiled, more and more, as often as transferred; but still they discover no traces of a power of mental digestion in the party who gets them for nothing and peddles them for a price.\*

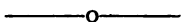
It is well known that several of our mediums are very robust men, weighing from one hundred and eighty to two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and as the organic conditions of mediumship—as defined in the book under review—do not, and cannot exist in such persons, it yet remains for the author to account for their susceptibility. But let us here dismiss this mere pretender to a knowledge of a very grave subject. In ascribing the Spiritual Phenomena to uterine derangements, Dr. Marvin discovers a frivolous disposition; he dishonors a noble profession, and offers a deliberate insult to the common intelligence of the Age. We are surprised that the Free Medical College for Women, in this city, will even tolerate—in the chair of Psycholog-

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\* In reviewing this hash of scientific scraps, preposterous assumptions, offensive egotism and irreverence—rags of the gross Materialism, now ready to tumble into the grave opened by Spiritualism for its everlasting repose—the *N. Y. Tribune*, in a sympathetic spirit, says: "His sincerity is unquestionable, and there may be grounds for much that he adduces against 'the Spiritual Philosophy.' . . . His books are able and well calculated to set people to thinking in wholesome directions." But anodynes are out of place at the inquest. In these considerate and complimentary words to the old Materialism—in the very hour of its dissolution—there is something inexpressibly touching. To exceed this, under all the circumstances, one must throw a sop at Cerberus after the dog is dead.

ical Medicine—a man who only trifles with the great problems of life and immortality!—questions that demand of him an honest statement and a logical explanation. It is time for all such pseudo-scientific expounders of Spiritual Phenomena to stop airing their egotism and to engage in prayer. The poet Dryden has furnished a form that is singularly appropriate :

“Some tempest rise,       ?  
And blow out all the stars that light the skies,  
To shroud our shame.”



## SPIRITUALISTIC PHILOSOPHY IN AMERICA.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

BY GEORGE SEXTON, M. A., M. D., LL, D.

**A**MONG those who profess an interest in Spiritualism are many who are only in pursuit of some new sensation. Others are mere idlers, lounging about the loopholes of Angeldom, watching day and night, and from year to year, the telegraphic signals of its mystical tongues. Others still want to possess themselves of its Arcana for very questionable purposes. These are mostly people who can not distinguish a new Gospel from the tricks of the juggler and the traps of mere mercenaries. Such men degrade the subject by base alliances. They keep it on exhibition in the market where all earthly and corruptible things are exposed to sale. With such people its progress is only a kind of scrub-race with scientific materialism, theological dogmatism, popular infidelity, and every species of empiricism. There is no disguising the fact that Spiritualism has suffered a kind of crucifixion from this cause, both in Europe and America.

The subjoined article, entitled as above, appeared in the last issue of the London *Christian Spiritualist*, conducted by Dr. George Sexton, F.R.G.S., of London, and Honorary Fellow of the Royal Italian Academy of Science. Under the present editorial management the

*Spiritualist* nobly represents the higher phases of the Spiritual Philosophy and the graces of its literature. Indeed, we are chiefly indebted to Dr. Sexton, William Howitt, and Gerald Massey for labors which have separated Spiritualism—in the mind of the English public—from its forced and unnatural relations with selfish objects and mercenary schemes.

It is refreshing, when one is weary of mere platitudes, and has no taste for the insipidity and froth of a shallow fanaticism—to meet with such teachers. They belong to the spiritual Illuminati of our time. They help us to take broad and liberal views of Nature and Man, and to calmly interpret the interior mysteries of Being. The high office of public instructor is honored by their labors. Dr. Sexton is such a teacher, with whom the progress of Spiritualism is something of immeasurable import. He reverently approaches its profound problems—treats the whole subject with becoming dignity—and is an able interpreter of its living tongues. His scholarly pen illuminates whatever it touches. The Editor of the *Spiritualist* is no mammon worshiper, and will not prostitute his paper to purposes that are merely commercial. We sincerely hope his journal may find many patrons in the United States. Instead of following the lead of others (for sweet charity's sake they shall be nameless in this place) into degrading fellowship with all meaner things, Dr. Sexton has done much to lift Spiritualism from and above the low sphere of unsanctified passions and selfish pursuits, to higher levels, where it may be calmly viewed in the clear light and pure atmosphere of its own divine life.

EDITOR B. J.

#### FROM THE LONDON CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

Every cultivated Spiritualist must admit that the great mass of spiritualistic literature, both in this country and in America, is of such a character that, although possessing a considerable amount of interest for the time, is yet hardly likely to take a place which shall render it permanent in the world of books. Dealing as it does mostly with phenomena, frequently of a most trivial character, it is, no doubt, admirably adapted to satisfy the wants of a great number of inquirers, but most certainly is in no way capable of meeting the

condition of the thinker. Spiritualism is both a science and a philosophy, and as such allows scope for the exercise of the very highest powers of the human mind. There is certainly no branch of knowledge with which we are acquainted that affords such an excellent opportunity for the display of the deepest and profoundest thoughts of which man is capable. It combines the realism of physical science with the most perfect knowledge of the ideal, based upon the Invisible and stretching out to the Infinite. Yet most of its literature is of so evanescent a character, that it is only adapted for popular reading, and not likely either to interest the philosopher of to-day or to take a permanent position in the language.

To a great extent, perhaps, this is unavoidable. A large number of the persons who read our journals belong to the popular classes, and are not, therefore, fitted either by education or culture to ponder over the profound problems involved in the Spiritualistic Philosophy. There is, however, yet another class—every day becoming larger—for whom Spiritualism has a deep and profound meaning, in connection with the very highest themes that fall within the range of human thought. Just at the present time, when we are again confronted with the old problems upon which the ancients bestowed such persistent and well-directed thought ; when modern science has compelled us to face the difficulties of ontology, and to stand appalled before the ever-recurring question of Being, Spiritualism should have something to say upon topics which lie largely within her special domain, and upon which she is calculated to shed a light that can be obtained from no other source. It is high time, therefore, that her leading disciples took this matter into consideration and showed the philosophers of the age the great truths which she has revealed, and which are calculated to revolutionize so many of the idle speculations of the time, whether coming to us in the form of atheistic theories to account for the existence of the phenomena of the external universe, or ma-

terialistic hypotheses for explaining the philosophy of mind. Few, indeed, are the works in connection with modern Spiritualism which take this position, and right glad are we to see that a want, which has been so long felt by all educated and cultivated Spiritualists, is now being admirably supplied.

In January, 1873, appeared in America a new Quarterly, entitled "BRITTAN'S JOURNAL of Spiritual Science, Literature, Art and Inspiration," which has continued up to the present time, and the object of which was to deal with the important and difficult questions before named. Dr. Brittan was well known as the author of one of the most marvellous books to which this age has given birth, entitled "Man and his Relations," a work which has long been out of print, but a new edition of which, we are happy to learn, will be speedily forthcoming. His name, therefore, was a guarantee that any journal brought out under his control would not only worthily represent Spiritualism, but would be conducted in a manner that would entitle it to rank with the productions of the most profound thinkers.

We have perused with unalloyed pleasure each number of this Journal as it has appeared, and have before us now the last one issued, and we find that its merits have been ably sustained, and the high purpose with which it started in no way diminished. In its pages have appeared essays, displaying the profoundest thought upon the subjects dealt with, calculated to place the Spiritualistic Philosophy in such a form as to render it acceptable to the most cultivated minds, and to give a permanent interest to the Journal itself. We can not help thinking that the Tyndalls, the Huxleys, the Spencers, the Leweses, the Mills, the Bains, *et hoc genus omne*, would, after a careful perusal of some of these papers, have seen good ground, if not for changing, at least for modifying their opinions. In the current number we would draw especial attention to an article on "Intellectual and Moral Forces," by Judge Dille; another on "God and Special Providences," by the late Judge Edmonds;

a masterly Lecture on "The State of Children after Death," by the late W. S. Courtney . . . . . and a paper on the "Ideas of Life," by the Editor ; all of which display profound thought, and deserve not simply to be read, but to be carefully digested.

Here follows an extract from Judge Dille's article on "Intellectual and Moral Forces ;" and then Dr. Sexton concludes his article with the following paragraph, containing an important suggestion which we must take into serious consideration. ED.

We have not space to make further extracts from this admirable Journal, but strongly urge upon our readers to procure it for themselves. One suggestion we have to offer to the Editor, which is, that he should make arrangements for the publication of his Magazine in this country [England] simultaneously with its issue in America, feeling, as we do, quite sure that such a course would conduce greatly both to the circulation of the Journal itself, and to the advancement of the cause which it represents.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We most cordially agree with Dr. Sexton in his estimate of the Spiritual Literature of our time. Much of it is but the foam on the deep river of spiritual life and thought. The public mind—deeply agitated by a profound idea—like the contents of a boiling caldron may be purified by forcing the scum to the surface. Many people value the river, not for its unfathomed depths; not for the majestic sweep and irresistible power of its waters; nor yet for its fertilizing influence, and the forms of beauty that live and bloom along its banks ; but rather for the conspicuous trifles that float on the surface. They gather the worthless drift and are satisfied. But we must do what we can to cultivate a higher taste, and to establish a literature which shall worthily represent the great Reformation of the Nineteenth Century. Such a literature is the noblest and most enduring memorial of any people. Of the monuments of the Greeks and Romans only their languages and their literature are immortal.



## KARDEC'S BOOK OF MEDIUMS.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

In offering to the public a translation of a work by so celebrated an author as Allan Kardec, and one so much beloved among Spiritists in foreign countries, not only for his scientific attainments in spirit studies, but for his purity of life and character, I feel my own incompetency, . . . but for the assistance received from the Spirits . . . I have endeavored to render faithfully the exact meaning of the original, and I can truly say the work of translating has been a labor of love. . . .  
—*Translator's Preface.*

THE mere observation of such external phenomena as address the mind, through the ordinary channels of sensation, requires but a comparatively low order of mental development. Even animals are capable of observing many physical facts and fortuitous occurrences, and their conduct and habits are variously modified by such observations. A vast majority of the human race are—in their capacity for observation—closely allied to the brute creation. The man who says, "*I will not believe unless I can see, hear and handle,*" clearly reveals the low degree of his mental development and moral life. Unconsciously he assumes his appropriate place on the low level of physical perception and animal instinct. The man who announces his readiness to believe *when his reason is convinced*, rises to the more exalted plane of intellectual perception and activity. But only the man who—in addition to a rational conviction—requires the con-

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\* Experimental Spiritism : Book on Mediums ; or, Guide for Mediums and Invocators ; containing the Special Instruction of the Spirits on the Theory of all kinds of Manifestations ; the means of communicating with the Invisible World ; the Development of Mediumship ; the Difficulties and the Dangers that are to be encountered in the Practice of Spiritism : by Allan Kardec. Translated by Mrs. Emma A. Wood. Boston : Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, 1874.

currence of intuition and the light of his inner consciousness, furnishes the demonstration that he has fairly risen to the superior dignity of his spiritual manhood.

In the investigation of Spiritualism the people who live on the first or lowest plane of intelligence must inevitably grope in darkness, and for this reason they are constantly liable to stumble by the way. They are unable either to interpret or comprehend the high and solemn realities of the hidden life. They are chiefly attracted to the subject as a curious exhibition, and can scarcely discriminate between a clever juggler and a good medium. The invisible entities; the subtle forces and intricate laws, that develop and regulate all the outward effects of inward and spiritual causes, constitute a mystical book, closed and clasped with many seals which they have no power to break. Such people read little and think less; but they look after the Spiritual Manifestations with the same enthusiasm that children go out to see trained monkeys, or expectant young women to get their fortunes told. Such people certainly need a guide—perhaps they require *a master*. If the uncertain footsteps of early childhood should be wisely directed, it is no less proper to lead feeble minds until they can go alone, and to illuminate their way out of darkness into the light and liberty of clearer views, manly strength and all noble achievements.

Among the foreign authors who have shed a great light on the obscure problems of the Spiritual Philosophy, and the many details of its phenomenal illustrations, ALLAN KARDEC has achieved a wide and lasting preëminence. It is not strange that he has acquired a powerful influence over the Spiritists of Continental Europe; that he is regarded as the founder of the system, and the recognized master of innumerable disciples. While we have not the least faith in his doctrine of individual reïncarnation, we must recognize the great ability of the Author. At all times he approaches the subject with the seriousness that characterizes a truly religious nature, and with the calm deliberation of the moral

philosopher. Among his followers are many enthusiasts who would do well to imitate the independent thought and dispassionate judgment of their master. Had he accepted any man or spirit as an infallible guide and arbitrarily subjected his reason to some human authority, he would neither have developed his own superior faculties, nor acquired this accredited mastery in the realm of ideas. The founders of the different systems of religion and philosophy that have exerted a world-wide influence, were self-reliant and unfettered. They were men of original ideas who fearlessly asserted their independence, and by this noble daring impressed mankind. But their disciples, instead of really imitating the examples of such masters, meanly bow down before the shadow of an illustrious name. It is not the truth they revere; not a living and present Savior is worshiped; but sacred memories and effigies of the gods of history.

In the space allotted to this review we can give no adequate idea of the contents of this remarkable book. Allan Kardec was a philosopher of unusual insight, and he touches the subject of this treatise only to illuminate its darkest passages. He is an all-explaining spirit. He anticipates the numerous questions that arise in the mind of every investigator. If he does not always command our acquiescence, his answers, as a rule, are clear, direct and forcible. They are readily comprehended—even by a novitiate—and yet they are often so profound as to satisfy the critical judgment of the enlightened student of spiritual science. The book is a treasury of knowledge and should be generally and carefully read. Its appearance is most opportune, now that the spirit of sober inquiry moves the secular press and is rapidly pervading the entire community. The most experienced observer of Spiritual Phenomena will find in it many suggestions of great practical importance, while we can scarcely estimate its value to those who may be about entering upon the investigation. To all such this work will prove to be a spiritual light-house in the open sea of speculation, reveal-

ing the dangers to which they are exposed, and lighting up the way of safety to a fair haven of spiritual repose.

Now, while we recognize no man as master, and take no book as an unerring authority, we most cordially accept all great minds as lights of the world. The generations of men come and go, and he alone is wise who walks in the light, reverent and thankful before God, but self-centered in his own individuality. The spirit of rational inquiry,—concerning the grand realities of this sublime philosophy, this living faith and spiritual worship—is fast becoming universal. Men no longer approach the subject timidly. Skepticism gives place to a rational conviction. One need not pause to find and to interview the living expounders of Spiritualism; he may pursue the subject at once and find his questions answered in the volume before us. Allan Kardec's *Book of Mediums* is, on the whole, the best guide-book to be had. Its author walks confidently into Shadow-Land, bearing in his hand a flaming torch to light the way for all who would explore this realm of mystery.

We can not leave this subject without a brief reference to the work of the translator, which is believed to be worthy of the highest commendation. An acquaintance with a foreign tongue, however familiar, is not sufficient to insure a felicitous translation of a book. Very much depends on the general knowledge, mental culture, refined literary taste, and the special acquirements of the translator in the direction of the author's studies. In these respects, Mrs. Wood—who is already most favorably known to the readers of this JOURNAL—possesses unusual qualifications; and we hazard nothing in saying that her services, in this capacity, would be invaluable to any English or American house engaged in the republication of French literature.

Messrs. Colby and Rich have added materially to the attractions of this book, by the accessories of fine tinted paper, beautiful typography, and an elegant binding.

## IDEAS OF LIFE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

### III.

#### THE RELIGIOUS IDEA OF LIFE.

**B**UT in this classification I must not omit those who entertain the idea, that it is only necessary to exercise the *Religious Sentiment*. If one has room for but a single idea, and that is permitted to engross all his faculties and his whole time, he can scarcely adopt one that is fraught with greater danger to the well-being of society than the one under review. Those who cherish this notion certainly have no better conception of the real nature of man, and the true aims of life, than those whose cases we have already considered. Such persons are usually characterized by a kind of imaginary omniscience that precludes the acquisition of knowledge by all ordinary processes. Accordingly, the body and mind are neglected and abused. They observe the laws of Moses—following “*the letter*” with scrupulous exactness to the death—while they violate the laws of their own constitutions. The Religion of such people, instead of being directed by Reason and modified by a proper knowledge of the attributes, relations and duties of man, degenerates into a miserable and degrading superstition. Such men torture their bodies and starve their intellects to save their souls. We find them spiritually lean, dejected, miserable, and barren of all divine gifts, graces and uses. If they are not cold, bigoted, austere, intolerant and vindictive, they are wild enthusiasts whose souls are inflated with a kind of inflammable gas that burns with

a strange unearthly light. With such men faith sustains no relation to science, but it is closely allied to superstition; and the zeal that exhausts the worshiper with its fervor, is "not according to knowledge."

The world has witnessed many—alas, too many!—melancholy illustrations of this mistaken idea of life. Think of the austere manners, the unnatural restraints, the severe modes of discipline, painful rites and gloomy abstractions which have formed the religion of so many men. The notion that the body must be literally crucified and the intellect dwarfed for all time, that the religious element in human nature may have unlimited sway, is absurd and dangerous to the last degree. It impairs all the functions of the body, and renders health and life insecure. It dissipates and deranges the vital forces; it produces physical debility, paralysis, congestion, melancholy, insanity and death; and these evils are transmitted to succeeding generations. The vital elements, the prevailing philosophies, and the practical life of the world, have all been poisoned by pious madmen. Not a few have withdrawn from all civilized society, and spent their lives in caves and mountains, away from the responsibilities and the evils they had not the manhood to meet. It is a morbid alienation of Reason, with a sickly disgust of life and all temporal interests, that leads to these extremes. Neither Nature nor the Divine Wisdom can furnish the incentives to action, when men thus disregard their relations to this life, and treat the gifts of God with pious scorn.

The asceticism that prevailed in the early church, and the corporeal inflictions that men in different ages have voluntarily suffered, witness to us how sadly the noblest powers and privileges may be perverted. Thousands shut themselves up in lonely cells and gloomy caverns, away from the clear light and pure air. It is said that old Roger Bacon lived two years in a hole under a church wall, and at last dug his own grave with his finger-nails; and all

that he might escape from the world and show his supreme contempt of physical suffering. Simeon Stylites, a native of Syria, and celebrated as the pillar-saint—made a martyr of himself by living for thirty-seven long years on top of a pillar, gradually increasing the height of his pedestal as he became lean in body and sublimated in soul. At length, having obtained the elevation—corporeal and spiritual—of some *sixty feet*, he acquired a great reputation as an oracle and became the head of a sect. There may be no more pillar-saints;—it is to be hoped there are few who live, like church mice, under a wall; and yet there are many victims of their own melancholy whims—men whose disgust of this laboring world proceeds from a love of indolence, and a disposition to nurse the gloomy phantoms of a disordered imagination.

There is no end to the follies and cruelties which ignorant men have perpetrated in the name of Religion. Not only have they violated the most essential laws of health and life, in themselves, but they have everywhere resisted science, step by step; they have anathematized the greatest teachers and benefactors of mankind; they have fostered the foulest superstitions and upheld the despotisms of the world; they have spurned all Nature as an unholy thing, and made merchandise of our hopes of Heaven. And these things have all been done under the pretense of serving God and saving souls. They indicate that, among the constituents of human nature, the religious element is, perhaps, the most dangerous when not wisely directed; and that it is alike destructive of physical health, temporal prosperity, and true morality.

I will illustrate the *immoral* tendency of Religion, when misdirected, by a fact which came under my own observation. Two brothers resided in Worcester County, Mass., and were proprietors of adjoining farms. One was a devout member of an orthodox church, and gave much time to

formal prayer and other religious exercises. The other was Deistical in his views, and was called an infidel, notwithstanding he was a worthy and excellent man. On one occasion the pious brother left his large crop of wheat, as it was left by the reapers, and went off to a seven-days' protracted meeting. During his absence a storm commenced, and continued so long that the grain began to vegetate. The entire harvest was destroyed for all ordinary purposes. Before spring that devout saint, being out of wheat, helped himself from his infidel brother's granary without a *quid pro quo*, and without leave or license. He never rendered any equivalent. True, it may be said—if that be any extenuation—that *he only took it from his brother*—it was all in the family ; but I submit, that the church member's religion was destructive of his morality.

The spirit of the opposition to Nature and Science which characterized the blind religionists of past ages, finds an amusing illustration in the conduct of Pope Callixtus. About the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Turkish arms had just reduced the great empire, the comet of 1456 made its appearance, and by its long train spread consternation through all Europe. It was supposed that it might have some mysterious connection with the Turks ; and the idea widely prevailed that comets were ominous of war, pestilence, famine and other great disasters. The occasion seemed to call on the Pope for some signal demonstration of his power and devotion. Accordingly, a special religious service was decreed, in which his Holiness damned the Turks and the comet. Since that event we have repeatedly heard of the Turks, but the comet doubtless keeps at a prudent distance from the seat of Papal authority.

That we cannot safely depend on this principle alone—the religious element in human nature—to regulate the conduct of men, must be obvious to all persons who have looked into the religious history of the world. Wherever



the reasoning faculties have not been developed by suitable mental culture and discipline, the religious sentiment has usually coöperated with the baser passions and become the scourge of mankind. The practice of sacrificing human beings to propitiate the favor of the gods, originated in this union of the religious principle with the baser propensities. The history of many nations is deeply stained with the evidence on this point. It was the custom of the Romans, for a long time, to sacrifice many of their prisoners of war. Cæsar, on one occasion, offered three hundred men. The Gauls also reared their altars for human sacrifices, and amid the gloom of the old forests the Druidical priesthood performed the bloody rite. To turn the tide of victory in their favor, the Carthageneans, after being defeated in battle, seized two hundred children of the noblest families and put them to death. At the consecration of the great temple of Mexico, it is recorded that the reigning King sacrificed more than sixty thousand prisoners; and the royal Montezuma, though surrounded by many of the arts of refined life, was accustomed to make an annual offering of twenty thousand men to the Sun. Nor are these cruelties all thus far removed in respect to time. The wail of expiring humanity comes up from the islands of the South Sea, and the Pacific Ocean; it rises from the burning sands of Central Africa, from the temple of India's great idol, and from beneath the wheels of his ponderous car. We might summon a cloud of witnesses that no man could number, whose experience illustrates the dangerous tendencies of the Religious Sentiment when not directed by Reason. We might invoke the shades of thirty thousand widows who annually expired on the funeral pyre; call up the infant spirits from the Ganges, and the tender babes that perished in the burning arms of the Phœnician Moloch. The ghastly witnesses come by thousands—all bloody and mutilated—from the dungeons and racks of the Inquisition; from the tragic scenes of St. Bartholomew's Day; and from all the

battle-fields of the Crusaders, to admonish us that mental culture, and the exercise of enlightened reason, as well as a fervent spirit of devotion, are necessary to save the world.

#### IV.

##### THE HARMONIC IDEA OF LIFE.

Finally, what is the true idea of life? This is a question of great interest and magnitude, but in this connection it must be briefly answered. Those who are acquainted with the philosophy of motion know very well, that if two or more opposite equal forces are brought to bear on the same object, the body thus acted upon will preserve its position. But if these forces be *unequal*—if one be stronger than its opposite, by any appreciable degree—the body will of necessity be moved out of its place. The planets pursue their courses, and the sublime order of the Universe is secured by opposite forces in equilibrium. A similar law governs the human world and all objects that are subject to the action of moral forces. Man is not controlled by a single impulse. There are opposite forces in his constitution, and these must be nicely balanced to preserve the essential rectitude of his life. When this condition is wanting the moral equilibrium is disturbed, and there can be no true happiness for man. Paul discovered that when “the law of his members” obtained a temporary advantage, he was forced out of his moral orbit and “led into captivity.” Thus, in proportion as any one of these integral elements or faculties of human nature acquires an undue ascendancy over the man, it determines his moral inclination, influences all his thoughts and deeds, and, in some sense, fixes his earthly destiny. It is obvious that for every faculty, affection, passion and appetite, there is an appropriate exercise and a divine use. Each has necessary stimulants, natural restraints, and proper limitations. In order to produce organic harmony, all the faculties must exist

and have their normal action. The corporeal instrument through which each is manifested, in the vital, sensorial, mental and moral functions of our being, must be perfected.

We require new, more comprehensive and perfect modes of physical exercise, intellectual culture, and moral discipline than have yet been comprehended in the institutions of the world. The existing customs of society ; our imperfect system of education (it only aims to develop the particular class of faculties which qualify the individual for his specific avocation) and, indeed, our whole manner of life —*all* contribute to interrupt the organic harmony, while they fail to indemnify humanity for so great a sacrifice. We want a great Normal University, wherein all the slumbering powers of the young mind and heart may be aroused and developed by appropriate incentives and exercises. The organic defects of childhood must be repaired, removed, or, what is better, *prevented* ; and the whole being, physical, mental and spiritual, rounded up into the symmetrical proportions of a perfected Manhood. This is surely possible, or the great Prophets and Poets of all ages were utopian enthusiasts, and the common Humanity a melancholy failure.

It is only by a wise reference to the great law of Harmony, in all things, that we can rationally hope to realize the Divine Order among men, and the consequent reign of "Peace on Earth." That sublime estate may be near us all, in one sense, and yet I am painfully reminded that in another and more vital sense, it may be afar off, and invisible, even from the other side of Jordan. Death reigns over the carnally-minded everywhere. Only the pure and divinely-illuminated souls see divine things, and rest together in heavenly places. Not until we give earnest heed to our manner of life ; not, indeed, until we learn to translate the Divine law into the language of feeling, thought, and action, can we realize "the desire of all nations." Not till then will the all-sufficient Redeemer come to our wait-

ing souls. We may as well expect organic perfection and physical strength from an occasional fit of the ague, or from a nightmare, as to depend on a periodical spasm of the emotional nature to translate the world. Lunatics have no special power to bring the New Jerusalem down to earth. Heaven is never to be found in the fever that consumes the tissues, and the frenzy that burns in the brain, and maddens the soul. Nor is salvation made secure to those who are only—

“Chilled by a cold abnormal piety.”

The world is peopled in part by mere automatons in human form, whose line of life is cast in a narrow groove. They move mechanically, and with great apparent circumspection. They go straight on, without turning either to the right or left, because they are in a deep rut, and have not the energy to get out. Great sinners are always people of undoubted spirit. It requires some voluntary effort to commit a great wrong, and many cheap transgressors only fall short in this line because they are unequal to the task. If, then, the vices of such people are not at all conspicuous, it may be for the very reason that they are too indolent to break the commandments. There are no discords in the realms of silence, and peace is sure to reign when all action is suspended. But it is not the soulless harmony of sluggishness and death that is to realize the true idea of Life. It is the grand

“Harmony not understood,”

of pure emotions, of great thoughts, liberal purposes and noble deeds, for which we strive and wait. This is the salvation we must work out for ourselves. The occasion demands not self-denial alone, but industry as well. The proper aims and honorable ends of life are never in the track of the man who ignobly shrinks from present responsibilities. The highest objects of human existence are not to

be secured by neglecting present duties and our relations to this world. On the contrary, we must preserve our earthly connections unbroken and unimpaired. The tree springs up from the region of silence and darkness, and its roots take hold of the solid earth; but its branches wave gracefully in the ether, while its fruits ripen in the full glory of the sunshine. In like manner our growth must be normal on every plane of life, and we must root while we aspire.

The true dignity of manhood does not consist in merely standing upright; it does not depend on our being clothed with buckram; nor yet on the constant preservation of one's equilibrium. If we have so broad a base, so many unyielding supports without, and are so completely self-centered within that we cannot fall, there is surely no merit in standing. The storms do not shake the pyramids, and our equipoise may be a moral necessity. True morality never did, and never can rest on the cold, unyielding basis of physical and moral insensibility. There are men so dead to true human feeling that they come not within the sphere of temptation. Their purity may be measured by the thermometrical scale. There is no hot blood in their veins—no inflammation of the mind—no unconquerable passion of the heart. Of course such natures stand erect—on their sense of propriety—as do marble statues on their pedestals. But there is neither grace, dignity, nor virtue in their rectitude. A mere gate-post may stand still in a perpendicular position, because it is so firmly set in common earth that it cannot tip over. The town-pump is not flexible and will not bend when the wind blows. And are there not human beings who, in respect to sensibility and passion, may be compared to inanimate objects? The stoic who has smothered his natural instincts is no longer a man. The hoary ascetic who has outlived his passions may rejoice in his rectitude; but he has no moral character. Morality is only predicable of natures that have been tried and have triumphed. The woman who was once firm in the hour of

temptation may be more deserving than the whole school of Zeno. The man who has conquered a single strong appetite—has become master of a ruling passion—is crowned with a glory that forever outshines the frigid and passionless purity of the great congregation of self-emasculated saints.

Icebergs are pure, but they are cold ; the marbles of the Parthenon are chaste, but they are passionless ; and beings in human shape may be clear as rock crystal and as impenetrable. The flowers bloom in all mild and sunny climes ; but the Simoon sweeps over the desert sands, and its hot breath consumes the scanty herbage. In like manner the higher graces and nobler virtues flourish in living beauty, in temperate and well-balanced souls. Some people stand up as firmly as Egyptian obelisks, and for similar reasons. Others, in the moral relation, have a natural tendency to horizontal instead of perpendicular. There may be as little personal merit in the one case as the other. Mere immobility is not an evidence of true human greatness ; if it were so, even granite blocks might take the palm from demi-gods. Pompey's statue stood firmly on its base in Rome when great Cæsar fell. It requires more power to recover one's equilibrium when once it is lost, than to preserve it when it already exists ; and hence the man who falls and rises again may possibly be greater, in his day, than he who has never fallen.

It is not the present fitful experience of mortals, but the deliberate purpose and the ultimate issues of human life that must determine the essential character. Had the Lucifer of the Poets risen from his bottomless perdition, he would have demonstrated the true nobility of his nature. And the fabled "Angels that kept not their first estate"—had they been represented as coming up out of the pit, renewed and glorified by the force of a moral conviction and the exercise of a resolute will, they, too, would have illustrated the latent divine power of reformation in the fallen ;

and thus rendered the whole conception truly sublime. To comprehend the beauty and glory of a great moral character we must conceive of a nature whose sensibilities are all quick and unimpaired. It must be one in whom the animal instincts have their proper place and normal exercise. His nature must be sensitive to the influences of both good and evil, as the needle is to the magnet. He must realize the full force of the passions in their imperative demands. The unquenchable fires must be aglow in his heart; the subtile currents of nervous power wildly play over every smitten fiber, and the arterial tides flow so impetuously as to crimson the warm flesh. When the tempter comes in the most seductive shape—comes to try and prove such a man—the ordeal must awaken both hope and apprehension. If he rises above the circumstances that threaten his overthrow; if he stands erect in the supreme majesty of his moral individuality, he compels us to recognize the—

“Divinity that shapes our ends.”

If the inhabitants of the Celestial Paradise are above all moral imperfections; if they are forever beyond the reach of temptation, and, therefore, cannot fall from their sublime estate; they can, after all, present no grander spectacle for the contemplation of men and angels than the revelation of a perfect manhood on earth. When a poor mortal nobly rises above his accidents, and—like a mountain in his firmness—stands secure where the wildest elements of ungovernable and delirious passion break over, beneath, and around him; when midnight darkness falls on his path, whom dire disaster—

“Followed fast and followed faster”—

when he is not dismayed by the gloom and desolation that enshroud the momentous issues of life—even as the mantle of the tempest covers the thunder-smitten pinnacles—we need look no further for a crowning illustration of true hero-

ism and moral greatness. Such a triumph over weakness, indolence and passion, is the greatest of all heroic achievements. This victory is comprehended in the sublime possibilities of human existence. This immortal strength, this Godlike elevation of soul and life are surely attainable, or the Prophet-bards of all ages have prophesied in vain.

The present system of education stands in the way of the true Idea of Life. Men have a particular training in their youth, designed to qualify them for specific duties and pursuits. This special education too often involves the sacrifice of individual harmony. I will briefly illustrate its effects. The education of the Lawyer naturally quickens his wits ; it renders him prolific of cunning devices, and may, possibly, lead him at last to a willing vindication of injustice and crime. The Clergyman is qualified to dogmatize, and often airs his reverence, and his creed, when he should be exercising his reason and studying the last record of scientific discovery. He limits the Divine forgiveness to the brief period of this mortal life. Ephemeral indeed ! since "all flesh is grass"—but he claims the eternal years as the opportunity to

—" Deal damnation round the land."

This special education of the parson sometimes makes him more familiar with his infernal pyrotechnics than with the poor of the parish. The educational course of the financier strengthens his acquisitiveness at the expense of his benevolence. The lust of gain too often makes him a sharper, whom honest men learn to fear. The fashionable training for Ladies fits them for the purposes of an ostentatious exhibition, in which fine clothes and jewelry have precedence over womanhood. The training of the athlete often degenerates into the spirit and practice of brutality ; while the discipline that fails to develop the individual power of self-reliance makes men mere paupers and vampires. Thus the growth of human nature is rendered abnormal. By



these processes the vital forces are unequally distributed. Certain faculties are pushed out into disproportionate and eccentric developments. And thus the symmetry of human nature and the harmony of our social life are rendered either uncertain or impossible.

What, then, is the true Idea of Life? This is my answer: THE HARMONIOUS BLENDING AND NATURAL EXERCISE OF ALL THE ELEMENTS AND FACULTIES OF HUMAN NATURE IN THE CHARACTER AND LIFE OF A COMPLETE MANHOOD. We must discipline and develop *the whole man*, corporeal, mental and spiritual. Equalize the forces and faculties of human nature and you will harmonize the organic functions and the outward life.

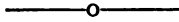
“It is not all of life to live.”

The true life comprehends far more than the mere facts of vital motion and sensation. It embraces immortal issues and infinite realities—reaching outward through all spheres of being, and inward to the great Spirit whose center is everywhere. The true life of man will be realized on earth when his nature and relations are harmonized. Such a life would realize the Christian's prayer for the establishment of a Divine Kingdom, wherein Man, like a sweet-toned lyre—swept by every wind of life—would fill Earth with the music of Heaven.

I have thus exposed the fundamental errors involved in the physical, intellectual and religious conceptions of human nature and human life. They are equally founded in ignorance of what constitutes a true Manhood. And now, at last, you have—as clearly defined as my limits will allow—the Harmonic conception—the speaker's Idea of the True Life. Live, then, O, Live!—not for any one object, but for all the great interests of the Present and the Future. It may be the work of many centuries, but sooner or later Man must translate the Celestial Harmonies by giving them suitable expression in his actual life on earth. If the Infi-

nite Spirit is immanent in his rational offspring, the Human Will may command the forces of Nature. And if you summon the "invisible powers of the air," they may answer your invocation. The power of subtile principles and the offices of divine ministers shall lift the world from the dark abyss. Thus the human Race will yet rise out of the tumultuous sea of its infirmities. Standing, at last, on the everlasting Rock, the Grand Man will tower away into the moral heavens like a shaft of burnished light; and the uplifted elements of moral discord and mortal strife will subside beneath the glory of his smile.

"Then shall the reign of Truth commence on Earth,  
And, starting fresh as from a second birth,  
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new Spring,  
Shall walk transparent like some holy thing.'



### SONG OF THE WEST WIND.

BY JENNIE LEE.

WHERE the blooming prairie broadens,  
Where the tall Sierra stands,  
And the "Star of Empire," westward,  
Shines o'er unshorn forest lands,  
And the notes of Progress, ringing,  
Echo to the ax's swinging,

We have wandered, O Æolus,  
Gathering tithes of all for thee;  
There the human step is forward  
And the human soul is free,  
And no pale *memento mori*  
Dims the light, or mars the story.

Not of tombs, or crumbling rock-work  
Wrought in pyramid or wall,



Not the Sphynx's storied silence  
Sing we, or of Statue tall ;  
But of Mind the loftiest arches,  
And of Life the grandest marches.

There the Rivers to the Oceans,  
Flowing East, and flowing West,  
Bind, with zones of liquid silver,  
Fair Columbia's virgin breast,  
And the common-place and Real  
Dim the loftiest Ideal.

Lakes that shine like emerald basins,  
Swelling into lordly seas,  
Their broad bosoms, stretching inland,  
Carry Commerce on the breeze ;  
And Mountains, mothers of the River,  
Arm with lightnings the Cloud's quiver.

Doubt not of the fabled Titans,  
Though their piles climbed up to Heaven ;  
For a genius full as potent  
To this people has been given ;  
And in spite of Despots' croaking,  
Still new power they are evoking.

Given but the sounding ax-call,  
And the obedient Woods retire ;  
While the lonely Wonder-Worker  
Muses by his pilgrim fire,  
Coming cities march before him,  
Ere the needful sleep steals o'er him.

He shall rise and sow them broadcast,  
North and South, and East and West,  
Till the broad and barring Oceans  
May compel him into rest ;  
Prompt at his call, Art, Science, spring,  
And Freedom soars on bolder wing.

We have laughed with Minniehaha,  
Resting by the gentle stream,  
While the Indian maiden's spirit  
Whispered softly in our dream.  
There we slept, meanwhile the noon-beams  
Had been gliding into moon-beams.

Paint the glorious Water-Thunder,\*  
Ye who dare to think, or speak,  
In the presence of his grandeur—  
Thoughts are feeble—words are weak—  
Foaming, whirling, roaring, dashing,  
Till the very Rocks seem crashing.

We have twined into his foam-wreath  
Plumes of spotless, liquid snow,  
Ere we rushed, with maddening pleasure,  
O'er the awful verge below :  
Silent we stand amid the roaring,  
That from the World's heart seems outpouring.

In the torrent-curtained cavern  
Where the sparry waters flow,  
We have lingered until Evening  
Kissed the lovely Lunar Bow—  
And the Day's dazzling splendor shone,  
Vailed with softness not its own.

Holding then our journey southward,  
We have blessed the Land of Penn,  
Lingering by that humble portal,  
Where the Equal Rights of Men  
Taught inspired, immortal Sages—  
Grandest truth of all the ages.

On the Rock of proud old Plymouth  
We have swept the Pilgrims' path,  
Leading through the frowning forest,  
When they fled the Bigot's wrath—

Seas behind, strange lands before them—  
Wintry skies and wild woods o'er them.

Still the Pines were singing anthems  
By that rough and rock-bound shore,  
While the booming waves responded,  
Answering as they did of yore—  
When, kneeling on the frozen sod,  
The exiles worshiped, praising God.

To the Land of Roger Williams  
Where the Wampanoag fell,  
And royally old Narragansett†  
Still rings out the Sachem's knell,  
We have lingered, breathing there  
Songs of freedom in the air.

Hurrying o'er the Plain of Seekonk,  
Still we held a listening ear  
For there came from o'er the water,  
Echoes of the old "What Cheer,"‡  
When the Indian brother, blest,  
Gave our Founder place of rest.

Course we up the broad Pacific,  
Where young California waits,  
And the guardians of her treasure  
Stand ajar the Golden Gates,  
As we enter, with a whisk, O,  
The sunny Bay of San Francisco.

Here we pause, oppressed with wonder,  
Almost doubting what appears  
In this large and piling city,  
Numbering scarce a score of years,  
Yet mature of look and bearing—  
Precocious beyond all comparing.

Sweeping round the fair horizon  
We have stirred the fleecy fold,  
Of the mist-wreaths, rainbow-tinted,  
Which her matchless hills enfold—  
New lights and shadows coming, going,  
From their airy scrolls outflowing.

In the vale of Mariposa  
Where the Forest Giants stand,  
Stretching upward unto Heaven—  
Wonders of this wondrous land—  
We have heard the whispers solemn  
Of each broad and sky-kissed column.

We have seen the Wife and Husband§  
Ages still more closely wed,  
And we kissed the Forest Beauty,  
Bowing her coquettish head ;  
Hovering sadly, tears we gather  
Round the fallen Forest Father.

With ancient Greece this life coëval,  
Through unknown ages flows,  
Ere from the clasping waves of Tiber  
Young Romulus arose,  
And on the Palatine's proud dome,  
Planted thy walls, Imperial Rome.

In thy caverns, Calaveras,  
We have heard the numbers grand,  
Where, in deep and solemn music,  
Sings the Water to the Land,  
And along thy rock-built ridges  
Tried to shake the granite bridges.

In thy vale, Yosemite,  
Mid the roaring torrent-band

Won with Beauty, awed by Grandeur,  
Silent and abashed we stand,  
Where thy fair flood, far and high,  
Seems outpouring from the sky.

Feathery mists and folding fleeces  
In thy robe of beauty bound,  
Iris'd with the hues of Heaven,  
With a golden girdle bound,  
Make the old rocks light and airy  
As the palaces of Faëry.

From the face of young Pohono||  
We have swept the bridal veil,  
And the Indian maiden's shadow  
Passed before us, fair and pale,  
Watching, ere we wander far,  
If we kiss sweet Ah-wi-yah. ¶

But the Iron Horse is snorting,  
And his stubborn neck is bowed,  
To the bit and curb obedient,  
By a conquest high and proud—  
Over the pine-robed mountains speed we ;  
Neither time nor distance heed we.

Girdled with magnetic iron,  
Brother Oceans now are bound,  
And Atlantic to Pacific  
Sends the brimming love-pledge round ;  
And the youthful Occidental  
Neighbors the old Oriental.

Noble work ! to noble uses  
Let thy power be consecrate !  
Ever forward !—ever upward !  
To the crown of Man's estate,  
And the highest freedom human  
Consecrates the name of Woman.

Through the Devil's Gorge we're rushing ;  
Whisper softly, brothers, when  
Close around us may be lurking  
The old Enemy of Men ;  
But of Satan do we reck, O,  
In the lovely vale of Echo ?

Greet we now the fair Wyoming  
Youngest of the starry band,  
Brighest of the constellation  
That shines o'er this lordly land.  
For **FULL FREEDOM**, form and spirit,  
All her children now inherit.

Who can tell the glorious Future  
That from this one act shall flow ;  
Outward from this humble center  
Broadening, world-wide circles grow,  
Bearing Plenty, Peace and Blessing—  
**EQUAL FREEDOM** all possessing.

Thou, bright new Star, look forth and guide us  
To thy manger's grassy fold, \* \*  
Whence the new-born Legislation  
Now comes forth, elate and bold ;  
With Freedom's cap and Woman's gown,  
O, she shall win, and wear the crown.

From the Salt Lake's rank corruption  
Haste we with a stifled breath  
Where the pestilential Mormon  
Taints the atmosphere with death—  
Over the sterile plains afar,  
To the fertile fields of Omaha.

But home voices now are calling,  
From beyond the ocean wide ;



In our haste, O, great Æolus!  
 We have lashed the foaming tide;  
 Thus we bear, exultant, free—  
 Love and loyalty to thee.

## NOTES TO SONG OF THE WEST WIND.

\* Niagara is an Indian word, that signifies "Water-Thunder."

† Mount Hope—a beautiful highland that juts into Narragansett Bay—was the royal seat of King Philip, Chief of the Wampanoags.

‡ Soon after Roger Williams, the venerated Founder of Rhode Island, had settled in the domain of the Plymouth Colony, they began to persecute him for his religious opinions, until his life became endangered. At this juncture he relates that an angel of the Lord appeared to him and told him to remove from the precincts of the Colony. In obedience to the voice, he, with his family, braved the terrors of winter in an unknown wilderness until, coming to the Plain of Seekonk, he there rested. But the angel appeared again and told him that he was still within the territory of his enemies, and bade him arise and cross the stream that lay before his door, and not to stop until he should hear the salutation of "Netop, what cheer?"—that is, "Brother, what cheer?"—a common form of salutation among the Narragansetts, and that there he should rest, and there he should abide. He obeyed, and lo! a noble-looking chief came down the hill-side, and standing on a point of rock, gave the promised signal, when Williams, doubting nothing, came to land, with his family and effects. And because he had been so obviously led by a Divine power, he named his new home Providence; and there he dwelt all his natural life, undisturbed, and on terms of the most intimate friendship with the Indian Chiefs and their people. The rock where the Chief stood is known as "What Cheer Rock"—to this day.

§ The names of Trees.

|| The Pohono Fall is also called The Bridal Vail.

¶ A lovely little lake.

• • The Christ power is always born in a manger.

ANCIENT WONDERWORKERS.—The wonders of Moses were duplicated, with some exceptions, by the Egyptian magicians. They tracked him so closely for a while, in the production of his so-called miracles, that the Jewish law-giver had but a small margin in his favor, and his claims to superiority appear to have been advocated with more than his usual modesty.

## WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

**S**OCRATES said to Alcibiades, "You will yet find, in our time, a multitude of people who will request of God real evils, while they think they are asking real goods." What was true in Athens is true in America. A multitude of men and women are asking, as a good, that the direst evil, among those that have oppressed the nations, shall continue to be cherished at the heart of this Republic. This evil has been rightly named the "subjection of women."

Many deceive themselves with the supposition that opposition to the ballot for woman is not advocacy of her subordination. They claim that her sphere should be broadened by education, that she should enjoy the benefits of the government, and stand on a level with man before the law, but object to her enfranchisement. It is strange that any who have studied the theory of a representative government can be so self-blinded and illogical. The ballot is the only safeguard of personal, legal, and civil rights. It is useless to talk of an equal career for any class that is bereft of the primary right of citizenship. That which is the test and guarantee of equality, and the bulwark of individual liberty, must be in the hands of every member of a commonwealth, or it ceases to be a republic. As long as a portion of the people are governed without their own consent, they are subjects, and the other portion, the free or self-governed class, act the part of rulers, more or less despotic according to the status of their civilization. To advocate educational, social, and legal justice for woman, and yet disclaim her right to the elective franchise, is to attempt to build a fair

and lofty edifice without laying the foundation stones. To favor the emancipation of woman from false conditions and underlying wrongs, and still leave her powerless to secure self-justice by that legitimate expression of her will, signified by the ballot, is but to lop off the outer branches of the tree of evil while the root and body remain untouched.

The right of self-government for all men was the ideal aimed at in this latest and greatest experiment of political genius, our young Republic. If women were omitted in the thought of the Revolutionary fathers, it must have been but an oversight, and owing to the immense burdens of the hour. Men in whose breasts were born anew the eternal principles of right, and who could hurl at an astonished world the defiant thunderbolts of outraged justice, knew too well the tenure of their lofty claim to exclude from it one half the human race. The hour approaches for the full application of their sublime affirmations. Some time since, the dusky sons of Africa marched through our streets to celebrate that grandest act of political justice the world has yet performed, the enfranchisement of the race. In an earlier age, Grecian and Roman generals were wont to return from fields of carnage and conquest leading, in triumphal procession, troops of trembling captives from freedom into bondage. Here the spirit of liberty came back from "the bivouac's fitful flame," leading a victim host from bondage into freedom. As they defiled, with steady and solemn tread, to the sound of music and the waving of banners, in this triumphal procession, there passed like a swift vision before the prophetic soul a foregleam of the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth the righteousness of enfranchised and ennobled womanhood. Blind eyes see, dumb voices speak, deaf ears hear; and for those who have brooded sadly over unredressed wrongs, for mothers who live the ignoble lives of subjects under the sway of their sons, for women held inferior to men of every rank, and forced to submit to unrighteous laws which they have no

power to change, the word of justice has gone forth and will not return void.

There is one objection to woman suffrage deeply imbedded in the popular mind, so subtle as to be almost undefinable, and yet so strong as to create a wide-spread and intense repugnance to the idea. It is planted in feeling rather than judgment, and the rodомontades which it inspires can be met by no appeal to the reasoning faculty. This feeling is that the peculiar charm of woman's nature would be marred or destroyed by her participation in public duties ; that the *poetry* of her being, that which one "feels in the beauty of woman, in the grace of her step, in the luster of her eye, in the melody of her voice, in her soft laughter, in her sigh, in the harmony of the rustling of her robes," would be lost to the world of sentiment if her gentle hand were to lay hold of the enginery of government. Many women as well as men feel that this would be unseemly, and lend a willing ear to public teachers who proclaim, as did Adolph L. Sanger, in 1870, at the Columbia College Law School Commencement, that woman's only holy trust is "the care and custody of a man's household, her sweet companionship in the rough struggles of life, the rearing and education of his children, her immeasurable sway over his affections, and her absolute power to influence and control his domestic happiness."

This gloss of poetic imagery hides an intense selfishness beneath its folds, that is no more lovely to the sight than was the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan." Within the glitter of gilded speech is sheathed the same spirit of domination that impelled these blunt Anglo-Saxon words from a rough lawyer's lips, at a late disgraceful trial in New York :—"As I understand, the law of our Bible is this : that man was made for God, and woman for man." This is simply a bald and repulsive statement of a barbaric theory that has ruled the world. It has been so emphasized in literature, and by the schools, and by press and pulpit, that even the classen-

slaved by it has been led to accept it. Kate, in obedience to her wedded master, Petruchio, said to her fellow-slave,

“Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign ;”

and too many modern ladies blindly consent to that despotic and degrading formula. And they consent to it because their entire education leads them to adopt the error that it is indelicate and unbecoming for a woman to be a self-reliant and self-directed being. Meek submission and clinging dependence are held up as among her greatest charms, and the innocence of ignorance as one of her chief attractions. “The perfection of a woman’s character,” says one, “is to be characterless ;” and the amiable weaknesses that attend this beatific state are borne with, while youth and beauty last, as we bear with the unconscious freaks of childhood. So absolute has been the demand of society that its daughters should be pretty nothings, that it was for a long time not uncommon in the learned circles of the Old World for gifted women to affect ignorance, in order to secure and retain the good opinion of the dominant class. The ridicule of wits and the coarse sneers of the populace led them to avoid the contemptuous *sobriquet* of “blue-stockings” by the concealment of their gifts. Even Madame De Stael, in her early girlhood, was rebuked by her fond father, M. Necker, for attention to literature, and she accordingly practised hiding all traces of brain-work whenever he was expected home. “Airy, fairy Lilian,” and “Dora, the child-wife,” have captivated the poetic imagination, and all the charms of rhetoric have been employed to ally lovely helplessness and graceful incapacity with womanhood.

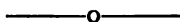
Hence it is easy to account for the fact that many women are opposed to woman suffrage. It is to their view unromantic. They fear that it is outside of feminine propriety. It offends their taste. Their “ideas of what an elegant and refined lady should be are too exalted” to permit so vigor-

ous a thought of justice to cross the brain as that of universal freedom. It will detract from the *delicatesse* in which they have been nurtured. It will be shocking to the sensibilities of "grave and reverend seigniors" whose approbation they crave. It will unsettle the security of their position in society. It will be thought graceless, immodest, and unwomanly for them to favor woman suffrage. These considerations, more than any question of right or wrong in the matter, have great weight with those who have been educated according to the popular standards, and who attune their little lives to the popular methods. A larger outlook will show them that whenever woman has nobly assumed unusual duties and responsibilities, she has become not less but more beautiful in her womanly character. Mary Patton safely steered her invalid husband's ship across the mighty seas in obedience to holiest affection; and Margaret Fuller's great heart beat with purest and tenderest love for parents, brother, sister, husband and child, during her massive life-work in two hemispheres. Graceful, radiant Madame Recamier gathered about her the poets, literati, statesmen, and conquerors of Europe, and the nameless charm of her presence was doubly enhanced by her public spirit, apt discourse, and wise counsel. In like manner, when the hour comes for woman to assume her political rights and duties, she will enter upon the path of true womanly development.

As her thought widens with the widening vista, the currents of a new and greater life will quicken her veins. The vast possibilities which lie in her pathway will rise up gradually before her awakened vision, and, casting off the bondage of conformity and the weakness of self-distrust, she will begin to live the true, full, noble life of which the Supreme Spirit has made her capable.

If in her narrow and slavish state she has been lovely and beloved, much more in the fullness of her stature will the benign and attractive qualities of her nature shine forth. If the homes of the past have been blessed by her presence

and ministrations while so dwarfed and fettered, how sacred will be the homes of the future when woman, clothed upon with the joy of freedom, the strength of intelligence, and the beauty of holiness shall become their guardian and queen.



## THE SUBTILTIES OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

NOT best with speaking lip, or soulful eye,  
Reach we the real lives of those most dear ;  
But by the force of some sweet mystery,  
Potent, but vague, in the soul's atmosphere.

This magic power stops not to measure space,  
But conquers distance like an angel free ;  
We feel a presence, sense a shadowy face,  
And know a soul bears our soul company.

I do believe these longings reach as far  
As Paradise, and woo the sainted dead  
From holier ways to where we groping are,  
With lonesome hearts, and sad prayers all unsaid.

Believing this, I fain would do my best  
In righteous living, making small complaint  
To mar the sweetness of their sacred rest,  
Who can but sorrow when we moan and faint.

For their dear sakes, and for my earthly friends  
Whom I do light or shadow, unawares,  
My life shall never sink to sordid ends,  
Nor make one soul who loves me grow less fair.

So bid me welcome when with noiseless feet  
I tread the flowery meadows of your thought,  
For only what is white, and pure, and sweet,  
Shall be by me upon your being wrought.

## THE ORIGIN OF SPIRIT.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE Spiritual Philosophy has not met with a perfectly harmonious growth. In most of its fundamental principles there is an astonishing unity. Whether the spirit-power writes crude and ungrammatical sentences with a piece of charcoal, on a pine board in the wilderness of the North-West, or rhetorical paragraphs on scented note in the homes of Eastern opulence ; from the New World of its birth, over all Europe and remotest Asia, in a hundred dialects, to the antipodes in Australia and New Zealand, its utterance is the same. In this is indicated its super-mortal origin, and that the power behind the conflicting phenomena,—which, like the flood-tide, underlies the innumerable surface-waves,—is of the Spirit World.

American Spiritualism may be regarded as a unit. It stands, and has ever stood, on a broad, rationalistic and scientific basis. But in Europe, especially in France, a different direction has been given to its investigation, and the result is an antagonism in the first proposition of spiritual science, which stands to-day as its most anomalous feature. If American Spiritualism leaves in abeyance the primary problem of the origin of spirit, the Kardec school, cut the Gordian knot by claiming that the human spirit has existed for the preceding eternity as it is to exist for the succeeding. It is a fragment of the Divine, and is eternal by its constitution. This view seems peculiarly pleasing to the Celtic race. France and Spain are its strongholds, and their dependencies in South and Central America, and Mexico, have received unquestioningly this doctrine. It re-



quires no scientific knowledge or training for its reception. It calls to its aid the imagination of metaphysics, and substitutes its conjectures for the more wearisome investigation of facts. It is a theory many thousands of years old, conceived in the very childhood of the Race,—a fact urged in its support, but really opposed; for we may accept this proposition as true: *The older an idea, the greater probability that it is false.*

It is not my purpose to point out the many vital objections to the doctrines of Preëxistence, and its extension in the Kardec theory of reincarnation. The one great objection which renders even allusion to all others unnecessary, is, that it substitutes *Miracle* for *Law*. It is a system of arbitrary dictatorship of a personal God immediately supervising the reincarnation of every individual spirit. In this it is directly opposed to the tendency of scientific thought of the day, and affiliates with the past centuries of theological nightmare and metaphysical dreams.

If there be a spiritual existence, that existence must be evolved and sustained by as fixed and determinate laws as our physical state. It cannot be bestowed; it must be inherent in the constitution of things. But it is objected, if spirit-beings have a beginning, they must have an end: If they are to exist forever in the future, they must have existed through the past eternity. We by no means grant that such is necessarily a correct conclusion, and it is not essential to disprove it, for the existence of man after death as a spirit by no means proves his immortality. At best, it is only inferential evidence. As long as there is not a shadow of proof that the spirit existed before the period of germinal growth, the question, however pleasing to the metaphysical mind, has no place in a positive study of the origin of spirit.

Physically and mentally, man is the culmination of the vast series of organic changes since the dawn of life. Organs faintly shadowed forth in them, or indifferently formed,

in him are perfected, balanced, and brought in harmony with the perfection of others. He thus is the perfected type of the animal world.

But we cannot limit this progress. Having reached its highest point in physical Man, it seeks a new channel through his spiritual nature. In the human form we observe no imperfectly-fashioned or illy-executed functions, prophesying more perfect performance; but in the mental realm we do find this state of things. Compared even with his own ideal, the man of profoundest thought is a child. The possibilities of God are his, and yet he actualizes how little! Nor is it possible for man, in the short space allotted to human life, to do more. Then what is gained by this long and never-remitting progress? What is gained by the mastodon taking the place of the saurians of the primeval slime, or man of the mastodon? If the production of mortal beings is the end, the process would be as perfect at one stage as another. We consider it perfect in proportion as the typical structure is attained, and that structure is one which most completely embodies the possibilities of the elements. Physically considered, man is the nearest approximation to this result. The great plan of creation, as revealed in animal life, comes to fruition in him. He is the result of countless millenniums of evolution.

But this progress must extend further. Having reached its terminus physically, it must take a new direction through man's spiritual being. There has been a continuous evolution from the earliest forms of life to man; and man is the means whereby the possibility of spirit existence is realized. Without this result creation is a failure; and man, with his instinctive longings, his noble aspirations, his infinite capabilities, is the veriest sham blotting the fair face of the world.

Immortality is the result and highest aim of creative energy, admitting of no mistakes. Man's spiritual state must surpass his mortal, which is its prototype—extending

and consummating the mortal life. Whether the separation takes place when drawing the first living breath, or after a full century, cannot have the least influence on the final growth and attainments of the spirit.

As the physical germ is originated and sustained by its parents, its spiritual portion is derived from their spiritual being. The physical and spiritual bodies are subject to a parallel growth, which continues until the death of the physical body breaks the silver cord which unites them.

That this view of the origin of spiritual beings has objections to meet, is not denied; but it must be admitted that it is the only safe ground on which to rest the new science of spirit. Materialists have studied physical matter, scorning the dreams of those who claimed to be Spiritualists. As long as spirit was considered distinct and foreign to matter, nothing accurate could be recorded. If superior to the laws of the world, spiritual science is impossible. Accepting this view, then the theory elaborated by the indefatigable Darwin, and originated by the profound Wallace, becomes the pedestal on which the temple of the New Science is reared, and the wonderful theory of correlation and persistency of force its tower of strength. Every flower that blooms, every insect that crawls, every bird that sings, has a new significance. Its acceptance necessitates a complete change in the nomenclature of Psychology. The New is as positive in its statement of facts as the physical sciences, studying its occult subject in the same critical manner. It frees it from tradition, superstition, and the clouds of ignorance; tears away its habiliments of myths, and although the spot of firm ground remaining is small, it there commences the conquest of the Unknown Spiritual Universe, which permeates, and is the vital reality of the Physical World.

## "LAW" AND SPIRITUALISM.

NOVELLAE INSTITUTIONES LEGIS SPIRITUALES.

BY HON. A. G. W. CARTER.

"The LAW, which is past depth  
To those that, without heed, plunge into it."  
TIMON OF ATHENS.

"Pity is the virtue of the LAW,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly." *Ibid.*

"The bloody book of LAW  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
After your own sense." OTHELLO.

"*When every case in LAW is right.*" KING LEAR.

IN the first half of the sixth century lived the Emperor JUSTINIAN, of the Roman Empire; and, in his reign, he collected together all the old, and the present prevailing laws of the Empire, into large tomes or volumes of that day, and called them the "Digests," or "Pandects." Of course, there being no art of printing, these laws, containing over five hundred decisions or judgments of the wisest and most astute lawyers, were inscribed upon great rolls of parchment, in some fifty books or volumes; and to them the Emperor, by especial decree, gave the full force and authority of laws. These, in this form, and with this binding authority, constituted the first part of the Roman Civil Law. But this was not sufficient for the then conditions, wants and needs of the people. The character of the Roman civilization, whether for the better or the worse, had outgrown many, very many, of the old ways, and old things, and, to suit its present necessities, new laws had to be created and established. The Roman character and civ-

ilization had been much changed by the birth and introduction, and then *political* prevalence of Christianity. The Emperor Constantine had lived two centuries and more, before, and had made the Christian religion the religion of the State—of the Empire. Christ had lived, suffered, and died upon the cross, and the world was much changed. So the Emperor Justinian, in addition to the authoritative establishment of the old, brought his wise men and his best lawyers together in consultation, deliberation and labor, and from them, under his auspices and authority, were established the new laws of the Empire, and these were called "*Novellæ Constitutiones*"—the very new Constitutions or Institutes of the law, and, like the old, were inscribed in numerous parchment volumes, and became the binding laws of the Empire, for the civil government of the people in all their relations, as multitudinous and multifarious as they were. These two—the "Digests" or "Pandects" and the "*Novellæ Constitutiones, or Institutiones,*" constituted the whole body of the written law of Rome, so far as the civil relations of the Roman people were concerned ; and to this day, curiously enough, constitute the form and body of the Roman Civil Law, which prevails as the law in some of the nations of Europe, and in one or two of the States of our own country, though not so much now as formerly.

At the suggestion of what was involved in the "*Novellæ Constitutiones*" of Rome, I have chosen—so as to better express my meaning—the heading of this article in Latin terms, which literally translated would mean—the New Institutes or Institutions of Law—in relation to Spiritualism, and literally translated would read the *very New Spiritual Institutions of Law* ; and under such terms I seek to view the *re*-generation, and the *re*-formation of the laws of the land, to be produced by the *inflow* of the facts and truths from the Spirit Land—promising nothing, however, but general suggestion and intimation.

In what shall be said I shall use the term "law" in the

sense that we lawyers view it—the law of the land—the law as made and established by men—(for so far, it would sorrily seem, *women have had little or nothing to do with it*)—regarded from a national, state, and municipal standpoint ; in a more general sense the civil and criminal law, both again classified as the common law, and the statute law—*lex non scripta et lex scripta*—the unwritten law and the written law :—the unwritten law first, because it was first, when there was no writing, or no facility for writing, (and is *now* first in importance though we have writing and printing ;) and the written law afterwards, because, in fact, it was afterwards ; when writing was known and became an art and there was facility for using the art, as it is afterwards, too, in importance.

The law as thus defined is said to be founded upon the laws of God and of Nature. This is the claim for it, and perhaps is just, so far as the ignorance and undeveloped conditions of mankind allow or permit it to be so. In the stunted and stinted wisdom of men the laws mean, likely, to follow the laws of Nature and of nature's God ; but if tested by a careful and minute examination—in the expansive illumination of to-day—with a solar, legal microscope, if you please, it will surely be found that the terrible gaps between the written and unwritten laws of man and those of Nature, and the God of nature, are wide, deep and engulfing, notwithstanding poor man has satisfied himself that he has reached a high degree of perfection, and is the “paragon of animals.”—(*sic.*)

But whatever the laws of men are, whether written or unwritten, generally considered they are *representative* of men, and women, too, in a degree at least as they are ; and it is not vain to say that knowing the laws of any nation, state, tribe or community, we have a knowledge of the people in all views and senses. The laws of nations “hold, as 'twere, the mirror up” to the peoples of the nations, who have them, or who make them. Give me your laws, and I will tell you

what sort and kind of people you are, how you stand in the scale of humanity, and perhaps how you appear before the Eternal Father.

But it is not the limited purpose to view the laws of the many nations of the earth. It is quite enough to do to take a very cursory inner view of the laws of our own land. And we can do this the more fitly, and perhaps acceptably, because our laws—taken as they are in their origin from the mother country; and so improved upon—are, without doubt, the most advanced and perfected of any of those of the nations of the earth, for the simple reason that the people of this country are the most enlightened, taken as a whole, of the peoples of earth; and this, too, said in no boastful or vain-glorious spirit, but because it is fact.

We, then, in this country, have the unwritten law, and the written law for our direction, guidance and control and government in our many and various relations to each and all, and all to each. We have our laws as an integral great nation, and individuals of that nation in our relations to it, and its relations to us; as States, and citizens of States, and our co-relations as members of lesser divisions—counties, cities, towns and villages; and then as men and women of a common brother and sisterhood—in all the boundless, unlimited, and infinitesimal relations to each other, and to all,—these, last of course, comprehending—notwithstanding the greatness and importance of the others—the greatest, most important, and most complex part. All these are controlled, more or less, by law—good or bad, written and unwritten—made by men. But even these do not constitute all of men and women's relations; for from the very creation and constitution of our sacred and divine nature, there are many and intense relations totally unfit for, and uncontrollable by, the law made, or to be made, by men. Over these it is impossible to *make* controlling law. Men's laws fail, where Nature and the Omnipotent must step in and control. In these regards men are vain to attempt control, though

they sometimes do attempt, and as often signally fail. God's justice is not man's justice.

Our great nation—these United States—have for themselves united, a great fundamental law— a Constitution of government—the Constitution of the Union!—and this is *written* in black and white—so that all may look, read and learn and know. It is a remarkable fact in the history of the world, that our Constitution of government was the first *written* fundamental law of the bond or government of a nation, that ever was established. Never before was there a whole *written* Constitution of a government, saying to its rulers—thus far shall you go and no further ; and expressing and reserving all other rights and privileges to and for the States and people. This is our national supreme law ; and as such it is the representative *massive* justice and legal wisdom of our common country.

Next to and under this, are our State Constitutions—like the mother Constitution, *written* ; but none in expression, or reservation, daring in the least, to contravene or evade the supreme law. These are the bonds of union of the governments of the peoples of the different States, in their collective capacities as States ; and as such represent the character of the people *en masse*, whom they control and govern. For the most part, in general essentials, these constitutions being born of the supreme Constitution, are alike, and only differ in particulars and details, according as the people of the different States are distinguished from conditions, circumstances and surroundings. All these Constitutions, established and written in black and white, that all may see and understand, like the mother one, fix and secure, and guarantee freedom to the people ; in the sense, at least, of free fundamental government. They are all deep enough, wide enough, and broad enough—*free* enough to admit of many changes and much advancement and progress of the people who live under them. They seek not to trammel or constrain the people. They only limit government.



After these fundamental written laws for the people in their national and State collective capacity and capacities, come the written laws of the land as made, established and published under the constitutions, by the Congress, or Legislature of the nation ; and the Legislatures of the different States. And in these laws we see the particular representation of the people as a whole, and of them in their various State lines, so far as written law of the kind can express it. The laws of Congress are for the whole nation, and, therefore, are uniform—however particular they may be—and represent all the people. The laws enacted in the different States—because of the differences in the peoples of the States—are not uniform ; but differ—sometimes essentially and materially—so that it would puzzle more than a “ Philadelphia lawyer ” to master them. Much trouble, inconvenience, and annoyance are thereby experienced by the people of the nation, in their relations to each other, when citizens or inhabitants of different States ; and there seems to be little or no room for correction of this. So long as the States are States, so long will their Legislatures and their written laws differ ; and that, too, in material and important points. There is this to be said, however, that there has been, and is now, more uniformity in the legislation of the new States—those admitted into the Union since it was formed—than there has been or is in the old States. The new States, indeed, in all regards, are more alike than the old States ; and this, because they began from new and better starting-points. The new States, with no liking or especial regard for the legislation of the old, seem to have begun, for the most part, where the old left off ; and as their people were a newer and fresher people coming together, their laws, with none of the mud and mire, and slime of the old clinging to them, were “ *brand-new* ”—fresh, vigorous, and advanced. The legislation of the old States seems yet to partake of the mustiness and mildew of their age ; and they cannot rub it off. Take the State of New

religious, moral and intellectual condition of the people. And this, too, is true both of the civil law, and the criminal law, which will grow and improve as the people grow and improve in condition, in religion, in morality, and in intellectuality.

A word here in time, and in connection, for the lawyers of the land ! They are not so bad after all ! They, too—the very worst of them—like the laws of the land are *representative*. They, however, unlike the law, are personal representatives of the people for whom they act in enforcing or not enforcing the law. If there are bad lawyers—and there are plenty of them—it is because there are bad clients, and there are still more of them. Honest clients make honest lawyers ; dishonest clients ensure dishonest lawyers. They are but personal representatives ; if their constituents are knaves, the representatives are knaves ! We may go a step further. The judges of our Courts, too, are personal representatives, and if they are corrupt, it is because of a like constituency. The suggestion may be extended to all other officers having a free people to elect them to positions and places of power. The people make them, and may make them corrupt.

This episodic animadversion, in contemplation of the remedy of this, brings us to the consideration of the chief design and purpose of our essay. Where is the remedy for deficient and imperfect laws, and deficient and imperfect ministers of them ? It is with the people. The people must be improved religiously, morally and intellectually ; and this involves all improvement and advancement. To accomplish this in its highest and best sense—in truth and in fact—a new light, a new sun has already beamed upon us. The sun of the heat and light of another and a better world—the more interior, absolute Spirit World—is shedding its warm and resplendent rays upon us, and we are bidden to look, behold, appreciate, and understand. The inflow of the facts and truths of Spiritualism comes to inspire us, and

to illuminate us, so that we can move and have our being in a higher sphere of existence than ever before ;—a sphere of true life, which commends us to the Fatherhood and Motherhood of God and Nature ; and to the Brotherhood and Sisterhood of men and women—a sphere of Love, brilliantly illumined by the light of Wisdom ; a sphere of Wisdom, warmed and nurtured by the fire of Love.

The relations of law, made by man, to Spiritualism, and of Spiritualism to them, we can now see are of the utmost consequence. From what has been said of the written and the unwritten law—the statute and the common law—in their varied forms and modifications, *all representative*, we are prepared, it is thought, to adopt what may be said of the many and mighty changes to be effected by the inflow among us denizens of earth, of the facts and truths from the Summer Land. Already by the influence of these facts and truths among us, and the development of our better parts, great improvement has taken place in the common law prevailing with us, if not in the statute law—in both, indeed.

But before we touch this, it is not a bold utterance to declare that the very fundamental written law of this great nation has been changed and amended within the past few years, from the influence of the love and light poured in upon us from the inner home of the Spirits. Certainly this has taken place within the time that the Spirits have been pouring from their spheres floods of love and wisdom upon mankind, and particularly upon the people of this country ; and changing their hearts and minds to feel and see, that slavery, so far from being a divine institution fitted for the age in which we live, was a grievous wrong to mankind, and a blight upon the growth of this country. The people were warmed and enlightened by spirit-influence, and slavery was abolished in our land ! Is it too much to say, that the adoption of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the Constitution of the United States, in this day and

generation, was occasioned by the rapid progress and development effected in our people, by the abundant revelations from Spirit Land, at the command of Almighty power? It is by no means fancy, it looks like fact; and if fact, what cannot Spiritualism do?

To return to the common law and its improvement by Spiritualism. Look you! For ages upon ages, woman has been held in complete subserviency and subjection to man. Her condition—by the common law of England and of this country, and sometimes a little by statute law—was improved. But mark the wonderful change since Spirits found means to communicate to the inhabitants of earth! Mark the great and wonderful change in this country! If there has been any one mission which Spirits and Spiritualism have been called to perform, it is that of the elevation of women to their true position. The acknowledged advent of Spiritualism was first proclaimed by women; and in the service of the Spirits, they have been the most advanced laborers in the vineyard. Their labors, equal to those of men, called the attention of all to them, and their unequal condition with and before men. In the light of spiritual truth and Spiritualism, it was found that women had been occupying a false and wrong position. The customs of men, now taking the form of common law, began to be more just and even to them, not as women only, but as coëqual human beings. The Courts of the land, following the common sentiment of the people, began to interpret and enforce law and laws, more effectually, for them. The common law not going fast enough, because there were so many people to deal with, legislatures and legislation were successfully invoked; and now, on almost every statute-book of every State in the Union, there is some written and published law in favor of the rights of woman, *which was not so before*. There are laws rendering divorce, from the curse of ill-assorted marriage, more easy. There are laws making wives without children, heirs to their husbands (this in my native

State, thank heaven!) There are laws, in many States, making wives independent of their husbands in the sole ownership of their property, real and personal, and permitting them to carry on business in their own names, and on their own responsibility. There are laws in some of the States—my own among the number—giving the right to wives to be declared *femme solé*, as a protection against the prodigality and dissipation of their husbands. There are many other laws, written and unwritten, established by the legislatures and the Courts of the States affording much other protection to person and property of woman: and all this since the sun of Spiritualism began to shine!—all done in the warmth and light of this sun!

But much is yet to be done for woman in this glow and light. The common law and the statute, and the constitutional law—national and State—from the inflow of the principles of the Spirit-world, will yet make her *equal in all respects with man—socially, legally, and politically*. And oh, then, what a great and wonderful change for men and women, and their destiny! How rapid then, will be the steps of human advancement! How great will then be the growth of humanity! What strides will the common law, the statute law, and the constitutional law, then make! And all because of the inflow of the facts and truths of Spiritualism.

A word or two as to our Criminal Law—its enactments and penalties. In this there has not been so great advance, apparently, as there should have been—keeping pace with other advancements—in the light of Spiritualism. But since the Spirits began numerously to announce and proclaim themselves to the world, there has been progress here. From the benevolent influence of the better world, the minds and hearts of such as can be reached, have been touched upon this subject, and consequences are beginning to flow. The common law crimes, offenses, misdemeanors, punishments and penalties, have been abolished in most all

the States of this Republic long ago, and any such thing as a common law crime is almost unknown. All the criminal procedures, too, are established by statute ; and all this for the better protection of our citizens. We have no crime in law, without a statute definition, and no punishment or penalty without it is prescribed by statute ; and no criminal law of procedure, except in the statute. So that all who commit crime or offense against law in this country, do so with their eyes open at least to the law. It is harder to amend or correct, or improve statute law, than it is the common or unwritten law, and this may be one reason why there is so little comparative improvement in our criminal law. But there is improvement ! And here is a great step, since Spirits began to spiritualize us. Prisoners—men and women—accused of, or indicted for crime—*are permitted to testify in our Courts in their own behalf*, in some of the States, and I am happy to include New York, as well as Ohio, in the list of such States. The common law did not permit them so to do. The common sense of the people of these States, represented in their legislatures, established statute law for this ; and it is an important stride in progress. Again—since the advent of Spiritualism, one or two of our States *have abolished capital punishment* ; and if all the States would imitate the example, great progressive results would follow. The subject is much in thought, and discussion in the illumination of the higher light, and it will not be long before the death penalty, like many other remnants of the barbaric past, will be among the things that were.

The spirit of reform has of late been much directed to the mode and manner of punishing convicts, and, so far, has resulted in material improvements in our prisons, and their conduct ; but what has been done in this direction, is so merely on the verges of real reform that it is unworthy of extended notice. But Spiritualism will one day reform this matter of crime and punishment among men alto-

gether ; and so radically, too, that hardly a vestige of what is, will remain. It means to deal with this subject more deeply and *rootedly* than perhaps any other. Beginning at the very deepest roots, it means to tear up, and eradicate totally, and make men and women begin anew in this regard. Crime, then—as it is now, in the love and light of the Spirit-sphere—*will not be crime*, and there will be *no punishment*. Crime will be a human disease, and human, and humane remedies will be applied to heal and cure. This subject is sufficient for a volume of itself. Suffice it to say, in my limits, that, in the relations of criminal law to Spiritualism, entirely original, and very novel institutes from the suggestion and instruction of the Spirit World, will be made and established—all for the good and benefit of humanity.

Perhaps we have said enough to show what we mean by the terms “*Novellæ Institutiones Legis Spirituales*,” though how much farther the subject could be pursued ! We may depend upon it, that if, as is the fact, the laws of men rest for their virtue and efficiency upon the laws of God and of Nature in all its sense—*spiritual* as well as *material*—then SPIRITUALISM is the great light of religion, morality, science and intellectuality that is wanted for this world—in the law as in all else. And when the facts and truths from the Spirit-realms flow in upon us, in all their perfected and glorious abundance, *then the laws of men and women will be the laws of the Spirits*, and we will no more need the common law, or the statute law, for our control or government ; but each individual being in harmony with himself or herself—*a law unto himself or herself*—the grand union of individual harmony will swell into such a chorus of blending beatitude and blessing, that it will make us of a truth, “*little lower than the angels*.”

NEW YORK, Sept. 13, 1874.

## NIAGARA.

BY HORACE DRESSER, LL. D.

EARTH trembleth at thy passing, mighty stream !  
In thy orchestral chambers of the Deep,  
The voices of thy many waters keep  
Majestic chorus, and forever seem,  
In Nature's anthems praising God Supreme !  
Thy fearful pathway leads thee o'er a steep,  
That thou, thyself alone, dost dare to leap !

I hear flood-voices in thy cavern halls—  
Deep unto Deep doth speak—how loud its speech !  
The sound of torrent minstrelsy doth reach  
To heaven, from the profound within thy walls—  
Upon my deafened ear in terror falls  
Thy roar, as of some dread volcano's breach,  
Or ocean storm-waves hurled upon the beach !

I feel to worship here—upon this seat,  
High o'er the beetling cliffs above the brink  
Of thy abyss, I wonder, gaze, and think—  
How restless is thy surge beneath my feet !  
Forever rolling, rushing on to meet  
Old Ocean's boundless depths, for aye to sink  
Deep in oblivion, whence we mortals shrink !

Heaven archeth o'er thy gates, great deluge-born !  
With bow that sprang from wilderness of waves :  
Below its circling reach thy flood here raves,  
And madly writes on rocky page well worn,  
The years that have been since thy birthday morn !  
Forever lost the bark that rashly braves  
The war of adverse waters—no arm saves !



Proud Kings and purpled potentates of earth,  
 With trophies borne in march from battle-plain,  
 Where sleep the glorious dead in havoc slain,  
 Sound clarion loud and seek their native hearth,  
 Through arch-triumphal reared at place of birth ;  
 But mean are they beside thy Monarch train—  
 Thy going forth to join the Stormy Main !

Thy ceaseless floods ! how wild is their commotion !  
 I hear their footfalls' onward tread  
 Along their granite pathway thence to Ocean—  
 Unfathomed waters hide thy bed !

See 'yond—a battle-ground—once red and gory !  
 Beside which flows a babbling brook—  
 It hath a hallowed place in early story,  
 And legends consecrate the nook.  
 The Chipp'wa maid there wailed her dusky lover,  
 Whose corse in shroud of bark and boughs,  
 Was laid beneath the hemlock's shady cover,  
 And o'er his grave renewed her vows !

In solitude there sleeps the forest rover,  
 Whose wigwam-home was on thy marge ;  
 Who swam thy waves and stilly glid them over,  
 In swift canoe or birchen barge.  
 Pray tell how long ago—the years—the ages—  
 Since there were made those Indian graves ?  
 Tall trees that on them grow seem truthful pages,  
 To teach how long have slept those Braves.

How old art thou, swift Stream, how many ages  
 Are veiled in Time's deep mysteries—  
 Where is the record of thy birth—the stages—  
 The cycles of thy centuries ?  
 Thine age ?—a pyramid of years !—say whether  
 Thou first began thy course of years,  
 When erst the far-off stars all sang together,  
 In heavenly music of the spheres ?

THE IMMORTAL PAINTERS.  
A SPIRIT-PICTURE AND THE ARTISTS.

BY HORACE DRESSER, LL. D.

SOME years ago, but since the advent of the Higher Faith and my adoption of its Divine Philosophy as the Guide of Life, in a conversation with a brother, held at the old family homestead, it was resolved by us that we would obtain, if possible, the picture of a beloved sister, who had departed this life many years before. It was easy to see that a spirit beholding its fellow-spirit might transfer its present form, figure and drapery, to canvas, if able to use for that purpose, the organism of a mortal. At this period of time it had been demonstrated that unmistakable portraitures of departed ones had been taken by a gifted few. Believing that the best productions of Art are dependent on invisible agencies for their execution, and that the genius of the artist, to which has always been attributed his skill in the creations of the canvas and the marble, is nothing more nor other than the plastic influences of the masters of High Art, who once inhabited earth, and who still exercise here their chosen vocation through persons of peculiar organization, it seemed to be among the possibilities that our desires for a likeness of one in Spirit-land might, at some time, be gratified.

Soon after my return from the visit at my birth-place, and at the earliest opportunity afforded by my calling to see a medium, my spirit-sister, whose picture it had been agreed to obtain, availed herself of the occasion to speak with me, when she said to me, "You shall have my picture." I confess to the surprise I felt on receiving this de-

claration, because I knew that the medium was ignorant of the conversation had with my brother—that the subject was not, at the time, in my mind—and because I had never once apprehended that our conversation had been listened to by our unseen sister. But such was the fact, as she affirmed through the medium. At sundry times, subsequently, when she, no doubt, discovered that I almost despaired of the fulfillment of her promise, she would unexpectedly control the medium and renew her promise, charging me to be patient, for my wishes should surely be accomplished. The friends to whom I made known my expectations, would shrug their shoulders and shake their heads, plainly indicating their unbelief, and pity for my credulity. But time passed on, and the period for the fulfillment of the promise approached.

I attended the first National Spiritual Convention, held at Chicago, in August, 1864. I was attracted to some paintings of merit which were exhibited to the Convention, and, while examining them, learned that they were spirit-pictures; also that they were of angelic origin both in subject and artistic workmanship. Of this I was the more convinced when my *cicerone* for the occasion, an old gentleman, aged sixty-six years, informed me that he was the visible and apparent artist—the medium through, or by, whom these works of art were outwrought. Though intelligent, his appearance did not beget the idea of foreign travel—nor of his having visited the Vatican, the Louvre, or the banks of the Arno. He informed me that the pictures were those of spirit-persons, as they are seen in spirit-life; not cognizable as earthly or mortal resemblances, except quite dimly in glimpses of expression. He disclaimed any artistic skill of his own, and said he had all his life long pursued a mechanical trade. Thought I, the time has arrived to secure the so long-promised picture of my sister. I gave the stranger artist my address and an order for the portrait of my sister, then resident in Spirit-land for

the previous twenty-eight years. The name of this gentleman and his address at the time of this interview, I give with pleasure: N. B. Starr, Cincinnati, Ohio. He now resides at Port Huron, Michigan.

The history of the picture so ordered, and of its progress in the hands of the artist, may be best seen in extracts from his correspondence. Under date of Aug. 31st, he wrote as follows:

I yesterday commenced a portrait of a beautiful spirit, purporting to be that of your sister. It is for you. It will be finished in about six weeks or two months. I feel impressed that you will be pleased with it. My only fear is, that I cannot do justice to the ineffable beauty, as I saw it, of that spirit.

He wrote again on the 4th day of November as follows:

Your picture is nearly finished—it will, perhaps, take a week to complete it. I hope you will not think I am vain or egotistical if I say something to you about it. I speak from my normal condition, and so criticise it as though it had not been painted through me. And first, as an earth-likeness of your sister, if you expect such, I think you will be greatly disappointed. The test of the painting is the painting itself. I feel quite sure that any one who sees it, will say it is not of earth; there is a spiritual phosphorescence about and around it, that seems to glow even in a moderately darkened room. Perhaps you and others may not see this, but I think you will. The face is very beautiful; the hair is lightish; the eyes bluish; both hands are shown; the drapery is azure and white. No one has yet seen it, not even my own family—for I have a dark room that I keep locked and where I go while under influence.

Again on the 24th of November, I received the following:

“Your painting is finished. Our friends here are to have it on exhibition at a social gathering at Metropolitan Hall, this evening. It has made, already, something of a sensation among those who have seen it. I hope you will like it—but if you do not, I can not help it. You are at liberty to say to your friends that this painting was

executed in a partially darkened room, by a man who makes no pretensions to art, but has worked as a mechanic for forty-eight years. In another letter I will tell you all about how I came to paint this picture, together with the manifestation that produced it.

The picture reached me November 30th. It is quite impossible for me to give an adequate idea of the portrait. I have deemed it best to leave description to the artist, and to refer to his statements given herein—let his story be accepted as truthful. I am satisfied ; the workmanship is exquisite. I am captivated with the picture—it is unearthly, angelic ! The artist says it is the picture of my sister as she is now. I have her statement concerning the picture, and also the declarations of other spirits whose words are ever reliable, that the same is a true likeness of her as she appears in spirit-life. They ought to know ; I receive their testimony, and will copy the same.

The picture certainly transcends in beauty the earth-form—as it should ; but I see or seem to see, resemblance, albeit so vision-like, so shadowy, so dreamy. Oh, how much I love to look on that angel-face, and that sylph-like figure ! Indeed, I feel that I am verily holding high festival with the pure and the lovely—that I am sweetly communing with the sainted and the heavenly !

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

I am pleased to record the verdict of the very many—artists and others—who have called to see my sister's picture ; which is, that it is a specimen of superior skill and artistic workmanship. On one occasion I listened to the criticisms of two artists—one an acquaintance and quite noted—both agreed that the work was of great merit—and, then, the idea that all this had origin in a darkened room,

by the hand of a man who never had given the least attention to the study of their Art, a mechanic life-long working at his trade of tailor, was more than their wits could readily explain.

The artist writes again, under date of December 7th. He says :

Your letter of the 3rd came to hand yesterday. You cannot imagine how happy it made me to know you were pleased with the manifestation of our Spirit-friends through me. While I think of it, I must tell you one thing, which is—that if you are pleased to see a painting, what would you think if you were to see the reality? My friend, the painting is but a poor expression of the glory and transcendent beauty of the real—truly, the physical eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the imagination to conceive the glory of that beautiful land and its inhabitants. I earnestly hope and pray that my poor effort may so stimulate men and women to live in such a way that they may be fit subjects to enter therein.

With regard to what I promised you of the manifestation of the spirit of your sister, I cannot well explain to you certain points; it involves nearly the whole history of my development as a medium. With me the sense of feeling is sometimes more acute than seeing and hearing, and this sense, I cannot, I fear, make you understand; and if I could, it would be no test to you—you have, therefore, in a certain sense, to depend on my statement. I have tried scores of times to analyze the influence that pervades myself, but I cannot and never could do it to my satisfaction.

I catch occasional glimpses of a beautiful spirit—they become more frequent and more intense; she holds something in her hand—what is it? I look more closely; it is a photograph—whose is it? She speaks: 'It is my brother.' 'Who is your brother?' 'Look at it.' I do so—*it is you*. She speaks again: 'Get one and keep it near you'—she is gone! Now comes the influence to paint; it is by a spirit-artist, or an artist's spirit—I *feel that*, I do not see it. I go to work and paint altogether by feeling. The beautiful being I had seen comes on the canvas: there are sometimes variations to

this ; sometimes I see the picture as it is to be—I see it on the untouched canvas.

Now I claim that the spirit that is to be painted, sits for the artist, whose influence I am under, to have the picture painted. Such, I believe, is a concise statement of the manifestation.

In obedience to the command of my sister, as seen in this letter, the artist wrote me : “ I wish you to send me a card photograph of yourself—the reason will be apparent when you see the painting ; or, if it is not, I will explain at another time.” I sent him a vignette, with a caution, not knowing the object, not to mix up my shadow in the affair. It would seem that before sending to me, for my photograph, by the artist, as directed by my sister, she was possessor, in Spirit-land, of my picture in photograph ! The artist has represented, in her beautiful picture, a card, held in the fingers of her right hand, only just discernible through the white gossamer-like drapery which veils her azure dress.

Besides this, in the same letter, Mr. S. says that he has an inspiration to paint a picture, may be two, which he describes in the following language :

One of the paintings is nothing more nor less than a transcendently glorious landscape of the Spirit-land—the other, a clairvoyant and philosophical view of the process of Death and the emergence of the spirit-body from the physical. They will be somewhat large paintings—may be about four by six feet square, and will cost about five hundred dollars apiece.

He fears that his circumstances will not allow of his entering on their execution without assurance of aid from some societies or men of means. It is a pity that such subjects should not speedily appear on the canvas. He thinks that either of them would pay for itself in one week's exhibition.

The inquiry is both natural and proper—what say the celestials themselves concerning the Picture ? I give the tes-

timony of my sister herself, as to the verisimilitude of the portrait. On December 7th, the same day, it will be observed, when the artist, in Cincinnati, wrote me, as given above, she also wrote me, by the hand of a reliable medium, saying :

MY DEAR BROTHER—I have placed myself before you, through the medium of brush, colors and canvas, making use of such materials as conditions and circumstances, together with magnetic law, enable us to use. The picture is very like myself ; indeed, there is nothing in the expression of the face that my friends here, or myself, would change. The more you look at this picture, the more you will see, particularly in the expression of the eyes and form, more and still more, that remind of your departed Sister. Although expressed by material, it is none other, as the next communication from the artist will prove, than your happy Sister.

December 19th, my wife, in Spirit-realm, in a letter to me, through the same medium, says :

I am so glad that your sister was able to give you the picture—it is so like her. How little the people of earth know of the spiritual ; do not wonder at remarks of all and every kind ; hold within your own spirit the truth evident, that it is she ; and let those who fail to see the beauty of her spiritual life wait until such time as the door of their hearts is open to receive one of the witnesses of the Spirit-life. Oh, how I long to show you the group as they gather to bless you.

On the same day, December 19th, my sister again wrote me :

I readily join you with words of good cheer, to answer, kindly indorsing all that you have heard from your old friend, the artist. My dear brother, I am glad to be with you. It is enough to know that we are satisfied with this material expression of a spiritual form.

Since the above dates I have received other communications from my sister, and letters from the artist ; but, unhappily, they are lost or mislaid—hence, I must draw



upon my memory and memoranda for what they have said concerning the premises. I can not copy. Mr. Starr is controlled by a Band of some of the old Masters whose paintings adorn the galleries of the Vatican and other continental repositories of the works of High Art. He has furnished me a list of the names of the artists composing his band—it reads—Anthony Van Dyck, Peter Paul Rubens, Henry Van Balen, Benjamin West, Alexander Cooper, Paul Cagliari, Sig. Raphael, Joshua Reynolds. My sister has stated to me that her picture is the joint production of three of the old masters, viz: Paul Cagliari, Raphael, *et al*, whose name I have forgotten; but that it was painted chiefly by the first-named of the three, and is characteristic of his style and school.

Concerning these artists a biographer says:—Cagliari, Cagliari Paolo, commonly known as Paul Veronese, a distinguished painter of the Venetian School, was born in Verona, about 1528, or, according to some authorities, in 1530, and died in 1588.

Raphael, Raffaello Sanzio, or Santi d'Urbino, an Italian painter, was born in Urbino, March 28th, 1483, and died in Rome, April 6th, 1520.

I am fully convinced that Mr. Starr is the instrument of some spirit-painter or painters—that Mr. Anderson is controlled to produce portraits by some spirit-artists—that Miss Doten is the mouth-piece of the poets, Burns and Poe—that Mrs. Tappan is the medium also for Poe and other poets, besides great orators and some of the ablest statesmen—that T. L. Harris long ago uttered high poetry—the soul-flowings of scores of the Old World's sons of song gone to dwell in the land beyond “the visible diurnal sphere”—that Sontag still fills the mouths of many a medium in our midst, and makes sweetest melody flow from lips in many a parlor and music hall in our land. Who can doubt that the Angel Era on earth is at hand—has already arrived?

In this connection it seems to be in order to state that, on one occasion, some years since the completion of the picture of my sister, being desirous to receive information from the old Masters constituting the band of artists who use the organism of Mr. Starr, I wrote and concealed from the view of the medium, MR. MANSFIELD, the following—remaining in his presence while the answer was given—

To Anthony Van Dyck, Peter Paul Rubens, Henry Van Balen, Benjamin West, Alexander Cooper, Paul Cagliari, Sig. Raphael, Joshua Reynolds :

If any of the aforesaid Band of Masters are present, will they please state when they departed this life, and where ?

To the foregoing question I received the following answer, through Mr. M., from Benjamin West. Against the spirit-report I have placed, collaterally, extracts taken from biographical history :

## THE MEDIUM.

Anthony Van Dyck, born 1598, died 1641.

Peter Paul Rubens, born at Antwerp, 1577, died 1643.

Henry Van Balen, born 1551 ; died 1632.

Raphael, or Sanzio, born at Urbino 1483 ; died 1520.

Paul Cagliari, born at Verona, 1532 ; died between 1589 and 1592.

## THE BIOGRAPHER.

Vandyke, or Van Dyck, Sir Anthony, a Flemish painter, born at Antwerp, March 22, 1599 ; died in London, December 9, 1641.

Rubens, Peter Paul, a Flemish painter, born in Siegen, Westphalia, June 29, 1577 ; died in Antwerp, May 30, 1640.

Balen, Hendrik Van, a Flemish historical painter, and the first instructor of Van Dyck and Snyders, born at Antwerp in 1560 ; died there 1632.

Raphael, Raffaello Sanzio, or Santi D'Uraino, an Italian painter, born in Urbino, March 28, (Good Friday,) 1483 ; died in Rome, April 6, (Good Friday,) 1520.

Cagliari, or Caliori, Paolo, commonly known as Paul Veronese, a distinguished painter of the Venetian school, born in Verona, about 1528, or according to some authorities, in 1530 ; died in 1588.

## THE MEDIUM.

Joshua Reynolds, born at Plymouth, England, 1723 ; died 1792.

Benjamin West, born at Springfield, Pa., U. S. A., 1738 ; died in England, 1820.

We think Cooper died about 1776.

BENJAMIN WEST,  
*For the Band.*

## THE BIOGRAPHER.

Reynolds, Sir Joshua, an English painter, born in Plymouth, Devonshire, July 16, 1723 ; died in London, February 23, 1793.

West, Benjamin, an Anglo-American painter, born in Springfield, Pennsylvania, October 10, 1738 ; died in London, March 11, 1820.

After this communication was received, my sister said, or rather wrote, in correction, "The old master, Henry Van Balen, died in 1632, and was eighty-one years old—so says Van Dyck." With the exception of this correction, it will be seen, on a comparison, that there is scarcely a discrepancy between the historical and spiritual statements. Where there is any, may it not be chargeable to error in the biographer, and not to error of the Spirits? Is it not more likely that any difference in dates may come of error in the historic record? I give these statements concerning the births and obituaries of the artist-band of Mr. Starr, in illustration of the remarkable testimony sometimes afforded by spirits of their post-mundane existence, memories, etc.

Thus it is seen that the Oracles are not dumb, nor Sibylline leaves fail to make revelation of the Future, and to teach their benign purpose, *ut non confundar*. Here at home, in our midst, are received responses from the land of souls. The altar-fires of a sublimer faith than that of the blindfolded, groping devotees of the Church, illumine our pathway ; and our hearths and our homes are made joyous with the glad voices and glorious forms which fill the sanctuary of the soul. For this blessed *communion of saints* we have no need to cross oceans, traverse seas, nor wander far away,

On the Delphian cliff,  
Or in Dodona and through all the bounds  
Of Doric land.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD OF SEPTEMBER 27, 1874.

Dr. Brittan on Spiritualism—Spiritualism *versus* Free Love—Reckoning with a *Herald* Correspondent—What Rational Spiritualists Believe—Their Calumniators brought to Judgment—Criminals Entertain Evangelical Opinions—Even “the Devils believe and tremble.”

NEW YORK, Sept. 22, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

I am a constant reader of your paper, and seldom have occasion to complain of any want of fairness in your treatment of either political, social or religious topics. Most especially do I recognize the uniform candor and distinguished ability that characterize your editorial department. But among your numerous correspondents I occasionally meet with one whose limited information and unlimited prejudices render him incapable of furnishing reliable information on the subjects he essays to treat. When the views of large classes of intelligent and order-loving people are grossly misrepresented; when the deepest and most sacred convictions—resting upon the scientific basis of fact and law—are subjected to unmeasured ridicule, and the collective character of a large body of conscientious citizens rudely assailed by writers who are nothing if not equal to the production of a new sensation, it occurs to me that any qualified representative of such a class should be heard in its defense.

I respectfully call your attention to an instance of this kind in your issue of yesterday. It occurs on your third page, in the letter written from Winooski, Vt., in which reference is made to the proposed purchase and settlement of Valcour Island by a community of free lovers. It is

said that the property is now owned by Owen Shipman ; and the small materials from which it is attempted to feed the too prevalent appetite for scandalous sensations appear in the admitted facts that no such community has yet been founded, and not one dollar has been subscribed toward purchasing the Island. So far as the correspondent has informed us, he found only *three men* in Vermont who, on being interviewed, gave a qualified indorsement of the free love doctrines, and of those only one belonged there (the others were from Illinois and Wisconsin), which certainly leaves abundant room for the inference that the cause is not likely to prosper in that region. But you will, if you please, allow me to reproduce the following brief passage from your correspondent's letter :

"This old man, Shipman, has, for a long time, been a resident of this vicinity, and has been afflicted for many years with the disease of Spiritualism, which has never failed to go hand in hand with its kindred disease, free love. Not by any means that I would have it understood that all Spiritualists are free lovers, but that I have rarely found a free lover of either sex who is not, to a certain extent, a believer in Spiritualism."

Your correspondent boldly assumes that Spiritualism is a "*disease*," and in this makes an unnecessary exhibition of his ignorance and incapacity to form a judgment that is entitled to public respect. After a somewhat familiar acquaintance with the subject for twenty-eight years, I am prepared to say that Spiritualism, in a comprehensive sense, is a rational philosophy of the Universe ; that it is utterly and forever at war with the principles of materialism and every form of sensuality. It affirms the spiritual origin of the Creation, the spiritual nature of Man, the existence of a Spirit World, to which the faculties and affections of the human soul sustain a necessary relation, not less intimate than that which connects the bodily organs and their functions with the elements, forms and phenomena of this world.

Pray what is there in such a philosophy that warrants the inference that it is the offspring of disease? It will be perceived that, from the very nature of such a system, it must demand, from the party who accepts it, the imposition of rational restraints upon his animal appetites and passions; in short, spiritualty of life. If I know anything of Spiritualism, in a true sense and in the judgment of its rational disciples, it at once involves such a philosophy and demands such a life.

This Spiritualism is illustrated by innumerable facts which have been of more or less frequent occurrence in every age of the world. These facts have not only been accepted by the wisest and best of men, in all countries and in every historic period, but they constitute the very foundation stones in the great religious systems of the world. This being true, by what authority does your correspondent assume that Spiritualism, *per se*, is to be included in the category of diseases? If such a classification can be justified we may ascribe the Baconian philosophy and Shakespeare's poetry to a similar source. Then, too, the religion of the earliest nations, and of the Jews and Christians, were only so many forms or phases of this disease, since they were all founded on phenomena said to have originated in the operation of spiritual laws and the volition of spiritual beings. Are we to believe that such ancient teachers as Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato and many of the most illustrious men of antiquity, were all hopelessly diseased? They lived and died believing in the presence of spirits within the sphere of our mortal relations; they recognized their influence on the human mind and in the destiny of nations. Are we to include the greatest poets of ancient and modern times in the invalid corps? Did Homer, Virgil, Dante and Milton, all have the disease? Shall we attribute the inspiration of Jewish prophets and Christian apostles to this disease? Jesus of Nazareth saw spirits—Moses, Elias and others; spiritual beings opened the prison doors to the incarcerated

apostles ; Paul recognized the great "cloud of witnesses" that peopled the air ; and the Revelator conversed with beings from other worlds than this. Are those early spiritual teachers and all divinely illuminated souls, since the world began, to be embraced in the sick list ? And have we no healthy people in this world except those that are stone blind, spiritually, and who, with Darwin, are proud to follow the long line of an illustrious ancestry back to the monkeys ?

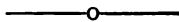
Your correspondent says that "Spiritualism has never failed to go hand in hand with its kindred disease, free love." It is true, he mildly qualifies this language, by saying that "all Spiritualists do not believe in free love." If this is intended to have any meaning it must be taken as a contradiction of the previous statement, since Spiritualism certainly *does fail* to go hand in hand with free love—in every instance in which the former declines the company of the latter. Now what are the facts ? The truth is that by far the larger part of all the spiritual societies throughout the United States have already officially and publicly denounced the free love doctrines ; and many of them have published cards or resolutions notifying all whom it may concern, that *they will not engage the services of any speaker who is known to entertain and defend such views*. These are facts that have been so widely published that no newspaper correspondent can find any possible justification for longer circulating such calumnies against the great body of American Spiritualists.

Your correspondent further says that he has "rarely found a free lover of either sex who is not, to a certain extent, a believer in Spiritualism." If this be true, the fact proves nothing against the essential truth and practical importance of Spiritualism. Defaulters, counterfeiters, stock and lottery gamblers are said to believe in "addition, multiplication and division ;" but their crimes furnish no ground of argument against the science of numbers, and no one doubts

the respectability of the multiplication table. It has been ascertained, by actual inquiry, that a very large majority of the convicts in our State prisons believe in the fundamental doctrines of the popular religion. But from such premises will any one have the audacity to assume that larceny, burglary, highway robbery, rapine and murder go hand in hand with orthodoxy? This is the peculiar style of reasoning your correspondent adopts in his treatment of Spiritualism, and no further illustration of the subject is necessary to expose its flagrant injustice and absurdity.

In conclusion, I suggest that if your correspondent cannot succeed in finding a free lover who is not a Spiritualist, he had better go over to Long Island, taking care not to leave the work of investigation to a committee.

Yours, respectfully, S. B. BRITTAN.



**D**EATH OF A PROPHET.—Many years ago a man named Lawrence Britton was employed by Mr. Ladley, of Peace street, New Brunswick, N. J. In 1867 this man suddenly left that city, having first remarked that he should return to Ladley's to die. Seven years elapsed, during which he was not heard from, when, one morning late in September, he again made his appearance at Ladley's house, at about ten o'clock, observing that, as promised, he had come back to die. He was between seventy and eighty years of age, but there was no intimation of impaired health. But between the hours of seven and eight o'clock—on the evening of the day he returned—he suddenly fell and expired. Had this occurred in the ancient City of the Jews, the reader might have found the record in the Bible, reading thus :

And it came to pass that Lawrence, whose surname was Britton, was well stricken in years. And an angel from the Lord warned him that, on a certain day, he would rest from his labors. And it came to pass on that day, that the Lord called him, even from the house of Ladley, that is in Peace street. And Lawrence slept with his fathers.



## The Editor at Home.

### SPIRITUALISM VERSUS MATERIALISM.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S DIGNIFIED INDIFFERENCE.

THERE can be no doubt that, with some men the devotion to physical science becomes a mania, that indicates anything but a normal condition of mind. When it completely absorbs all feeling, thought and effort, it inevitably destroys the proper balance of the faculties and affections, the moral equipoise, and that organic harmony which is indispensable to a perfect character. Such natures are one-sided, at best, and that is the earthly side. The other hemisphere of being—the spiritual part of man—is not rounded out to the proper spherical line. The circle of development and life is incomplete, because flattened, more or less, on the side toward the heavens. This malformation or unequal development, renders the paramount attraction earthly and sensual; and so, in the language of Milton, men are made.

“To creep and grovel on the earth,”

while they should look upward, and reverently aspire to the companionship of the gods. We take Professor Huxley as an example. The following brief paragraph from this Magnus Apollo of scientific materialism clearly illustrates our thought and the imperfect development of his mind:

“Supposing the phenomena to be genuine, they do not interest me. If anybody would endow me with the faculty of listening to the chatter of old women and curates at the nearest cathedral town, I should decline the privilege, having better things to do. And if the folk in the spiritual world do not talk more wisely and sensibly than their friends report them to do, I put them in the same category.”

Here is a learned *savant* who affirms that, if the Spiritual

phenomena *are real*, he has no interest in the subject. Such an attitude—while it is wholly unbecoming a teacher of science—confirms our conception, that this man presents only a hemispherical development, and that is on the mundane side of his nature. So completely is he swallowed up in earthly things, that he is concerned to know all the facts that illustrate the origin of all meaner animals, the evolution of living forms, and the transmutations of species; at the same time he will make no effort to solve the infinitely more important question that involves the continued life and ultimate destiny of man. He has a lively interest in the fossiliferous, fragmentary remains of vegetable and animal forms, but cannot be induced to concern himself about the living souls of men. It would really seem that if our masters in science can only find out how the tadpole develops its legs and the chrysalis unfolds its wings; and, especially, how men came from monkeys, they will be quite satisfied with their achievements. The language of their speech and action virtually is—Let us discover the origin of man in the motion of polarized elementary particles, and the inherent laws of matter; and trace the obscure course of development through all inferior creatures—not excepting snails, and snakes, and skunks—and his manhood being thus, at last, fairly unfolded and assured, *we do not care what becomes of him hereafter!* When he dies we will not go to “the nearest cathedral town” to get a dispatch demonstrating his immortality—unless the message can be couched in classical language, and the demonstration put in proper shape according to the accepted formulas of science. All Spirits, however, well or ill-informed on earth, must talk like Darwin and Huxley; they must be thoroughly posted in physics; and, of course, get their spiritual telegrams through in chaste and elegant terms the first time; and they must stultify themselves, by denying the existence of their own souls, or they may not expect an audience from those distinguished savans. And yet, strange to say, our scientific men


will hunt for weeks beneath the accumulated dust of many centuries for the obscure material traces of organic forms and departed life.

It is true, it might not be profitable for Professor Huxley to spend his valuable time in listening to "old women and curates." But it should be remembered that those people inhabit the same planet with himself; and because they do, he would never expect rational men and women to reject what he may be pleased to say. Because the uneducated masses catch up, repeat in his hearing, and perhaps publish in the papers, the familiar gossip of the Spirit World, he is not authorized to infer that there are no people in that world who are competent to instruct the proud and conceited philosophers of our time, and in whose presence silence would become even Professor Huxley.

But the vital question is not, how do the Spirits talk, and what measure of intelligence are they able, under the circumstances, to display. The far more important question—the one that takes firm hold of really great minds and generous hearts, is one that the material philosophers of this age disregard with a blind infatuation. *Do the facts of Spiritualism demonstrate the continued existence of man after the destruction of his physical body?* This is the most momentous question that can possibly engage our attention. It will be easy to explain the imperfect and unsatisfactory nature of our telegraphic communication with a people that, but recently, succeeded in opening anything like systematic intercourse with this world. The great facts of their existence; their near relation to the earth, and sympathetic association with its inhabitants, are the great questions which should awaken universal interest. And here a numerous class of our scientific men disregard their own principles, reject all rational methods of investigation, and otherwise behave themselves in a most unbecoming manner. We have not the time and space for a lengthy indictment, but must briefly illustrate the impropriety of their conduct.

Scientific men carefully search the interior history of this planet, examine its earths and rocks for the faintest traces of the earliest organic forms. They seize on the smallest fossil fragments of beasts, birds, reptiles, trees and plants, and preserve them in cabinets and museums as precious treasures. They stand with uncovered heads in the deserted temple of Life and with amazing patience reconstruct its broken walls, and perhaps vainly tax the boldest imagination to recall the time when the vital fire expired on its cold altars. They sail into unknown seas for undiscovered Continents and Islands, and watch the objects that drift before them for the smallest indications of human art that may herald the *terra incognita*. They explore desert lands and the sepulchers of dead empires for crumbling relics. In the scattered fragments of sculptured stones; in old coins and ancient parchments; in a crypt or a ditch; in a domestic implement, a small piece of sackcloth, a broken brick, or a handful of ashes, they find the precious evidence of an extinct life and a buried civilization. They fit out costly expeditions, and go to Central Africa or the North Pole to find *one lost man*, living or dead. This is all very well, and may be worthy of commendation; but how shall we account for the fact that their interest in man is limited to the brief period of his life on earth, and to his mortal remains. At the *post-mortem* Science only inspects the corpse! Such scientific men as Professor Huxley pour contempt upon the long line of their own ancestry, and shrink with a childish apprehensiveness from all contact with immortal visitors. When the question to be considered, or the object to be pursued, touches the claims of Spiritualism, they will not go to the "nearest cathedral town" for tidings from all the men and women who have ever lived and died on earth! After this fitful dream of life, they promise us nothing but vacuity and perpetual silence.

"O, Star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,  
To waft us back the message of Despair!"



## MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRITS.

### EXERCISES IN SPIRIT-WRITING.

**A**UTHORSHIP appears to have been an extensive business in the days of the ancient Preacher, who says : "Of making many books there is no end." St. John, in still more hyperbolical language, indulges the supposition that, had all the words and deeds of Jesus been circumstantially recorded, "the world itself could not have contained the books." The rational reader will naturally conclude, that John not only entertained exaggerated ideas of his Master, but that he had a very limited knowledge of geography ; nor do we care to impeach the reverence of those who do not largely share the enthusiasm of the Evangelist.

But the facts we have witnessed have helped us to excuse the extravagant statements of religious enthusiasts. In a period of general inspiration the generation of ideas and the flow of thought are rapid beyond the comprehension of ordinary minds, and the materials for innumerable books are produced with little or no conscious effort. There are tons of manuscripts to-day in the hands of writing mediums and others, all over the country. Much of this matter is, of course, utterly unworthy of publication ; and it was probably never intended by the Spirits to be embalmed by the press. Like a child's first lessons in penmanship and composition, these writings were mainly designed as *exercises*. In this respect, at least, the enormous mass of Spirit-writing has served a rational purpose ; but it would be as unwise to preserve and print this immeasurable correspondence of the Spirits as it would be to save all the copy-books of the primary schools.

We have plainly intimated that, while many of the writ-

ings by Spirits have contained little or nothing of real interest, they have been otherwise useful as means of instruction and discipline. By degrees they become more and more coherent—they exhibit a wider and yet wider range of thought, and increasing accuracy, force and elegance of expression. It is impossible to disguise the fact that many persons have been educated in this way. They have given little or no attention to books ; the Spirits have been their teachers ; and people who were extremely ignorant but a few years ago, now exhibit a rare intelligence, amazing freedom of thought, and a command of language that often puts ordinary scholars to shame.

Some twenty years ago, while we were editing the *Spiritual Telegraph*, a lady (H. J. C.) residing in Delaware, commenced sending us communications written by Spirits through her hand. We received them frequently for several years, but could make no public use of them. The manuscripts accumulated rapidly, and at one time we had a large number in our possession. The chirography was remarkably neat and uniform. But we do not remember to have published a single communication, owing, chiefly, to a general incoherency of thought and expression. But the Spirits and their medium were never discouraged by their long and apparently almost fruitless labors. They must have been "long suffering" and "slow to anger," or we should have grieved away the Spirits that wrote from Wilmington. They were certainly less capricious and more persevering than the mortals we daily meet with, or they would long since have left us, *sans cérémonie*. Our lack of appreciation of their earlier efforts does not appear to have given any offense. Since the advent of the JOURNAL they have renewed the correspondence. During the long interval they have manifestly acquired a better use of their instrument, since they now write, through the same Medium, in a more coherent and lucid style. The following communication will illustrate the measure of their present capacity :

## FROM SPIRITS THROUGH A WRITING MEDIUM.

MAIDEN OF THE PLANET EARTH :—I am the lyrist Orpheus. I was myself a native of your world, but my female partner, passed her mortal life upon the planet Mars. She had become immortal before my mortal life commenced. After I had attained to my seventeenth year, she came to Earth to visit me. And on one occasion there came with her, a band of six musicians, with shining harps and viols in their hands, attuned to the heavenly harmonies. When I first saw them, I was seated on a block of marble, in the Isle of Paros in the Sea of Ægea, near where the billows, capped with fleecy foam, came rushing to the shore, and played among the marble rocks of various colors, which abounded there—black, green, and white, and variegated, and some of them were amber-colored and translucent. These last were very rare, and none of them exist at present on our native world. The acrid waters of the sea in part dissolved them, and the remaining part became disintegrated and mixed with sand and earth.

When the musicians had reached a spot at a short distance from me, my Delva left them, and came and took her seat beside me on the rock. While she sat there, I experienced feelings of happiness ineffable. And when the band began to sing, touching in unison their stringed instruments, I joined the choir, in singing a hymn to Deity.

*Question by the Medium.*—Could you then understand and speak the words which they pronounced ?

*Orpheus.*—Yes, I could ; by inspiration, as I since have learned. When the band withdrew, one of them left his viol with me, and lest it might be stolen from me, I never suffered any one on Earth to see it, but kept it concealed in a dark cavern near the sea. I never played upon it, except at night, by the light of the moon, in concert with the sound of the waves among the rocks of marble, at my favorite place of resort. The angel Galen will now dictate to you a translation of the Hymn to Deity, which I joined the Spirit-band in singing.

The Power that rules the wide-spread land,  
The hills, the plains, the rocky strand,  
Is the all bounteous Deity.

The Power that rules the spheres above,  
In justice, mercy, and in love,  
Is the omniscient Deity.

And He whose eye alone can trace,  
The depths of unimagined space,  
Is the all-seeing Deity.  
All beings in all worlds sublime,  
Existing in unreckoned time,  
Are cared for by the Deity.

Praise Him whose power compels, controls,  
All matter, and all sentient souls,  
The omnipotent Deity.

*Medium.*—Will Orpheus please describe to me the viol which was presented to him by the spirit-musician?

*Orpheus.*—Yes, I will. It was formed of a kind of metal, which does not now exist, either on Earth or on Mars, which was semi-pelucid and of a silvery appearance. It was an instrument of four strings, but the sounds might be made to vary, by touching the strings in different places. They were elastic, but not very slender, and they appeared to be composed of glass, or rather of diamond, of a bluish tint. I formed another instrument, making my highly valued gift my model, from an ingot of gold, beating it into the form desired, with stones of flinty hardness. For strings, I used the sinews of the deer. And finding that the sounds could not be varied, by touching them in different places, I added three other strings to my viol, more slender than the others, and more tightly drawn, seven being the number of strings the Spirits' harps were furnished with. With this harp of gold I went from place to place, to gain a livelihood by playing on it. Sometimes I was absent from my home for weeks together. But I never met my Delva at any other place, than by the sea of Ægea, among the rocks of marble.

LINES BY ORPHEUS—TRANSLATED BY POPE.

Delva, my loved one of celestial\* birth,  
Is lovelier far, than maidens of the Earth;  
And as she comes to meet me from above,  
Her look inspires me with ecstatic love.

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\* The planet Mars, by its inhabitants, is called Celesti.



Her form is graceful, and her lustrous eyes,  
 Are of the deepest hue of summer skies,  
 Her auburn hair, formed into shining braids,  
 Hightens the beauty of the brow it shades.  
 O ! Delva, Delva, being pure and bright,

Thy coming brings me ravishing delight.  
 No mortal maiden's most alluring charms,  
 Can make me wish to take her to my arms,  
 Day after day, in hopes of meeting thee,  
 I wander lonely by the murmuring sea,  
 Night after night, when Luna gilds the waves,  
 I seek the shore the briny water laves,  
 And take my shining viol from its place,  
 To sound thy praise, form of celestial grace.

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PATRISTIC CHRISTIANITY.

MR. ALFRED CRIDGE, of Washington, D. C.—himself an independent thinker—received the subjoined communication from a Spirit who may have been accustomed to analyze things while he was on earth, and has not yet ceased to exercise an intelligent discrimination in judging of matters that chiefly relate to the interests of this world. The Spirit is *incognito*, but the medium is so well and favorably known that his affirmation requires no vouchers.

FROM A SPIRIT—A. CRIDGE, MEDIUM.

The wanderings of the early Christians from the original ideas of the founders of Christianity, consisted more in the violation of the social order which these founders intended to establish—and, to a limited and temporary extent, *did* establish—than in doctrinal views. With the life on earth subdued in tint and hightened in symmetry, naturally would there have succeeded a life of the Spirit, not controversial nor doctrinal, but fashioned of nobler mould. But the mistake was made of reverting to the isolation of surrounding society ; and the Spiritualism thus barely born was thereby scarcely supported, so that it soon became a very delicate exotic, crowded out by the more hardy, if less beautiful, creations of a coarse and brutal civiliza-

tion—one making scarcely a pretence of goodness or gentleness. It imparted to the Christian organization its own rough, raw, repulsive force as bare-faced frauds ; and from this combination sprang *Patristic Christianity* culminating by degrees in full-fledged Romanism.

And thus was born of roughness and rawness a religious dogmatism which the most exact and remorseless logic fails to overcome. Even science blunts its edge against this prepossession, strengthened by centuries of hereditary proclivities of the human mind. It is only by earnestness in life, combined with cultivated thought and spirituality of aspiration that this dogmatism can be met and mastered. It requires not only Spiritualism, but a cultivated and earnest Spiritualism ; not only science, but a science baptized in the spiritual ; to show to the creed-bound and the skeptical a more excellent way, and induce them to follow it by proving to them that it is safe and certain. To those born in mental slavery it is difficult to convey an idea but by example the most palpable ; and until we can show the mass a superior life, it is of little attractive power to offer them a superior thought, though the thought be the necessary germ or seed of the life. Well is it to utter the thought, but better shall it be when that thought becomes incarnated in a new social order, securely conserving all the virtues, rejecting only the vices of the old. All will regard with hope and joy such a manifestation of scientific Spiritualism and spiritualistic science.

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#### DISTINGUISHED SPIRITUAL VISITORS.

The writer of this had been requested to present the claims of THE NATIONAL LEAGUE to the public, and had accordingly prepared and published an article in several papers, and in the form of a circular. On further reflection we concluded that it did not fully meet the demands of the occasion, and that another effort should be made in the same direction. But nothing further had been done when, one day, we were seated in our sanctum meditating upon the political degeneracy of the nation and the moral depravity of the times. Saddened by our reflections we were silently but

anxiously, inquiring what could be done to stay the tide of corruption and to save the Republic from the inevitable ruin that, sooner or later, overtakes every nation whose moral restraints and incentives are not commensurate with its material wealth and physical development. A shadow, deep as the eclipse that hides the sun, fell on the vision and veiled the future of the nation.

Suddenly the writer became conscious of the presence of *three distinguished visitors*, and was impressed that they were men whose names and lives were inwrought with the history of the country. We were immersed in a magnetic atmosphere, and made to realize the presence and noiseless movements of beings we did not see. At length we felt a large hand laid on the frontal and coronal portions of the head, and the positive assurance that the Spirit was Abraham Lincoln. The hand was tangible by the sense, in a degree that left no doubt of the reality of an invisible human presence. This was accompanied by a sensation somewhat resembling that produced by the passage of a galvanic current, running from the brain through the body and limbs. It occasioned no surprise for the reason that, during the period of more than a quarter of a century, we have had many similar experiences. The sense of sight, in this case, was not addressed. We saw no one; but the consciousness of the actual presence of three unseen visitors continued; and the hand remained on the head, accompanied by a rapid infusion of ideas which found expression in the following

#### CIRCULAR LETTER TO THE PUBLIC:

*To all whom it may concern, Greeting:*

As civilization advances and our views of human nature, relations and duties are more clearly defined, we perceive the necessity for changing the fashion of our institutions. In all things the outward form must ultimately yield to the development of the inward principle. If the inflexibility of the body will not admit of the inevitable expansion, it will be broken in pieces by the growth of the

spirit, and the whole fabric fall at last in the fierce throes of revolution. But our system has not yet become so indurated by time, and the chronic abuses of power, as to render violent revolutions the only, or the necessary, means of reformation. The nature of American institutions is such that they more readily yield to the outward pressure of inward forces, and are thus made to assume the existing form of the popular conception.

The growing intelligence of the Age and the progress of enlightened ideas in every department of thought and action, imperatively suggest the necessity for corresponding changes in our political institutions. The increasing agitation of the most vital questions; the restlessness of the people in view of the abuses of power; the widespread corruption that unsettles the public faith; the changing issues of the hour and rapid disintegration of old organizations; the banding together of the laboring millions to resist the tyranny of capital, are the significant "signs of the times," that admonish us of an impending crisis in our national affairs.

To prepare for the anticipated emergency—to uncover the existing evils and remove them; to break down the despotism of the caucus system; to illuminate the relations and responsibilities of the citizen to his country, and to aid in giving direction to the popular thought and will; to take the reins of government out of the hands of those who oppress the people; to expose and punish political depravity and official infidelity; to insist on the practice of rigid morality in the conduct of public affairs, and to make integrity and ability the only means of securing appointments in the government service; to complete our illustration of democracy by the enfranchisement of Woman; to suppress the great evil of intemperance; to cleanse the chief sources and channels of political influence, to the end that we may redeem and renew the Republic—these, in short, are among the cardinal objects and aims of THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

How are these objects to be secured? In few words, by a union of all classes of people who recognize the equal, natural rights of the whole human family; by the united action of all men and women who hold that governmental organizations and policies should have a sound moral basis; and are now determined that this natural equality of rights shall receive a literal interpretation in the forms of law and the political institutions of the country. To carry for-

ward the work, thus briefly outlined, will require a well-defined purpose, unity of spirit among the reformers, and the concerted action of large numbers. We must sink all minor differences if we would promote the common welfare. Here is an opportunity for a generous self-denial, a season for earnest work, and an occasion that calls for willing sacrifices of time and means if we would accomplish some worthy end.

But it may be a wise economy to thus impose a heavy tax on ourselves if we may thereby successfully resist this wide-spread corruption; this tyranny of "damned custom;" and be enabled to shake off the accursed vampires that extract the national life. Corrupt politicians have more than once expended millions in behalf of an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency. If we would win in a far nobler enterprise we must make use of the requisite means; we must move with a positive determination and irresistible momentum. If—in this commercial age—*money* is the Archimedean lever that moves the world, *we must apply that lever*—only in such legitimate ways as are justified by our Declaration of Principles.\*

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE now solicits donations of money and any species of available property, to be used in pursuance of its declared objects. All contributions will be duly acknowledged, and the Treasurer's receipt forwarded to the donors. The funds, received from whatever source, will be deposited in one of our city banks, to the credit of THE NATIONAL LEAGUE, by the Treasurer, HENRY J. NEWTON, of New York. The gentleman who has been selected for this important trust has an ample fortune in his own name, is strongly interested in the objects of the LEAGUE, and has a spotless record for integrity in all the relations of life. Wherever he is known the public will repose unlimited confidence in the zeal and fidelity which are sure to characterize the performance of his official duties.

If those who have put on immortality are still cognizant of human affairs, we may rationally hope that the revered "Father of his Country," and that illustrious Martyr of the Union, whose words and deeds are still fresh in our memory—that *all* the noble founders and defenders of the Republic—may smile upon this movement. Invoking

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\*It may be proper to mention, in this connection that, in the preparation and adoption of the Declaration of Principles referred to, the Spirits had been repeatedly consulted.

the Divine blessing in the assurance of their presence, and in the earnest coöperation of all true men and women—in the interest of

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE,

S. B. BRITTAN, Prest.

During the writing of the above circular several persons entered the apartment, to whom we remarked, that three eminent visitors were in the room, and that one of them was the late President Lincoln. The same observation was repeated, in substance, in the hearing of several other persons, some time after the writing was finished and the Spirits had retired. We failed to identify the other Spirits. The manuscript was deposited in our desk at Newark, where it remained when, two days after, the writer, being in the immediate neighborhood, took occasion to call at the rooms of Mr. J. V. Mansfield. During a brief interview with that gentleman we felt a strong impression that Mr. Lincoln was present. Thinking that an opportunity was thus offered to either unsettle or confirm our conviction—of his presence during the writing of the Circular Letter, we thereupon addressed him in the terms of the following note, which was written, enclosed in twelve folds of paper, and sealed in the absence of Mr. Mansfield :

ABRAHAM LINCOLN :

*My Honored Friend*—Were you present, and did you exert any direct influence on me, while I was writing my Circular Letter in the interest of The National League?

S. B. BRITTAN.

RESPONSE FROM THE SPIRITS.

“DEAR BRITTAN—Thanks ! I was not sure that you recognized the influence when—with others—I controlled you ; yet we hoped you did. Now, we are sure you had an inkling, if no more. Yes ; I was one of the *three* that stood by you, and caused you to frame that document. As it is, we see no reason to change an idea or the phraseology. God speed the time when the principles therein expressed may meet with universal favor.”

Signed in *fac simile*.

A. LINCOLN.

THOS. H. BENTON.

DANL. WEBSTER.

A still further indorsement of the general views expressed in the foregoing Circular Letter, and of the spiritually inspired origin of its ideas and suggestions, occurred about the same time, in an interview between Mr. Charles R. Miller, of 202 Broadway, and the Spirits. In the course of a private conversation with Mr. Miller—on the political condition of the country and the moral tendencies of the times—the present writer took occasion to express the general ideas of the Circular (written two days before), and to urge the necessity for the adoption of such measures as are therein suggested. In the afternoon of the same day—at a *séance* with the Spirits—Mr. Miller addressed the following note of inquiry to the late Judge Stow, of Massachusetts:  
To JOSHUA STOW :

*Dear Friend*—My daughter Carrie [Carrie is in the Spirit-World] says that you will attend our Circle. Please say what we can do to check the tide of political corruption that is now spreading over the country?

CHARLES R. MILLER.

*My Dear Miller :*

.....To your question.....Follow the suggestions communicated to you to-day by your friend Brittan. I overheard the conversation, and said to myself: there, that is logic; that is sound; that will remedy the evils which hang like a pall over your political institutions. Yes; as Carrie said, where you go, I go. *I was there*, and heard the conversation; but *the suggestion originated in the Spirit World.* Your friend,

JOSHUA STOW.

At the same *séance* Mr. Miller addressed a question—as to the best measures for the political regeneration of the country—to Hon. S. P. Chase, which elicited an evasive answer. As to the depravity of our official representatives and rulers, the late Chief Justice was more explicit, and thus concluded his brief indictment: "*In the light of Eternity, the government is politically rotten from the Chief to the pound-keeper!*"

A well-known literary gentleman and popular author—at present residing in South Carolina—who is known to

write under direct inspiration of the Spirits, communicates in a private letter some of his recent experiences, from which we extract the following passages :

"I was interviewed recently by the Hon. John C. Calhoun. He appears to have lost none of his old spirit, and if here now, in his former relations, would probably still advocate his Nullification schemes with greater vehemence than ever, in spite of the 'Eternal' General Jackson. His present solicitude appeared to be, to know who is to be his successor in Congress. Elliot, a negro, and the foremost man of his race now living, is about to retire. The great nullifier is anxious that the one who shall succeed *him* shall be one *he* can approve.

"I was also visited by Hon. Henry Laurens, whom you will remember as one of the old Revolutionary potentates, who ordered, in his will, that his body should be burned, which was solemnly and formally done on his plantation. Since there has been so much agitation in reference to cremation, his story has been the rounds of the papers.

"I took occasion to ask him for his views on the subject—having had not a few qualms upon it myself—and was not greatly surprised that he expressed a great horror of the practice. I asked him if he suffered? His reply was : 'Incredibly, incredibly ; almost as if the whole process were consummated upon the living body.' I asked him why he did not get away from it, and from the scene. He said he could not. A terrible fascination controlled the senses, and he was held, as it were, to the spot, in pain and suffering until it was over. To my question as to whether he would again be willing to undergo cremation, his reply was : 'Not for a hundred worlds.

"He impressed me as a gentleman of the old school, with smooth, fat face and laughing features and expression—and a patriot as he was. He had cognizance of Calhoun's having been here, and took occasion to condemn his course. All of this goes to prove—if it proves anything—that the *individual* characteristics of the Man, if they have any prominence here or any value, are *permanent*, and may and do exist in Spiritual Life."



## HOW WE HEW TO THE LINE.

### SMALL CHIPS FROM OLD BLOCKS.

THE Boston *Investigator* took a look one day at a late number of our JOURNAL, but did not find anything worthy of commendation in the 144 pages of original matter which it contained. But the motto, printed on the cover—which, at the beginning, troubled the *World* (we mean the Democratic newspaper with the *Marble* head and heart), seems to have disturbed the mind of our Sadducean cotemporary. To that motto—*The Trumpets of the Angels are the Voices of the Reformers*—his brief comments were chiefly confined. The Editor took occasion to express his complete dissatisfaction with the same ; and it was his prerogative to do so, since it is the chief inalienable right of an American journalist to waste paper and ink *ad libitum*. But the motto suits our purpose, and it certainly has one merit that can not be disputed—it was *neither borrowed nor stolen*. We shall not pause here to explain its significance, for the reason that we, long since, enlightened the *World* on that subject, as the reader will discover by reference to the third number of our first volume.

But it appears that “C. G. I.,” (what name these initials represent we cannot say) of New York, has complained of the *Investigator*’s “carping criticism,” and has forwarded a copy of the QUARTERLY to our critic for his instruction—we presume the issue containing our reply to a similar criticism in the *World*, published a year ago. This may be fairly gathered from the *Investigator* of the 30th ultimo, wherein the Editor labors to justify his critique—to prove that he is no “carper or snapper,” but a candid reviewer, who fairly

presents the character and claims of the books that find their way to his table ; and, especially, that his " comments on the motto in question . . . were pleasant and good-natured." How well he gets through with this contract is left to the judgment of his readers.

He then recites all the mottoes of his paper, some four in number, which he thinks—to use his own illustration—are "like a sign over a shop door," easily understood and precisely what is wanted. Of these wise *saws*, we have only time to *set and file* one, and that shall be the following, which is emphasized at the head of his editorial columns: "*Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may.*" This motto—if our memory is not at fault—is borrowed from Rev. Lorenzo Dow, an eccentric Methodist preacher, born in Connecticut, in the last century. It certainly is a little singular that one whose utter self-abnegation asks for nothing hereafter, and who is so proudly self-sufficient that he can get along without any God, should depend on a pious enthusiast for the significant motto at the head of his columns. But this is only one of the harmless inconsistencies of people who glorify the "Age of Reason," while they can discover no meaning in the significant facts that, long ago, utterly and forever exploded their soulless theory of annihilation.

Table-turning is presumed to sustain some relation to Spiritualism, and we may be allowed to act as a medium in this phase of manifestation. Here let us observe that *chips* are pieces of ligneous or other substance, separated from a body by the use of some sharp instrument. Hewing is chopping or cutting with an ax, or other implement, so as to make a smooth straight surface. The hewer of wood, who would produce a plane even face to a piece of timber, first makes a chalk line along the log, from end to end : then he *scores* the convex surface, and hews away the superfluous wood until he reaches the line. This is precisely what is meant by hewing to the line. Now is it not absurd for a

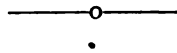
man to talk about *hewing* when his real intention is *to discuss some political, ethical, social or scientific question?* And how can a man who insists on having everything as plain as a grocer's sign presume to use chips to represent his ideas?

Well, the Pharisees in the church are not the only people who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." Our hypercritical brother down East can do that with equal ease. He insists that it is absurd to compare trumpets to voices, and Angels (messengers) to Reformers; at the same time he would have us believe that it is very rational to use a pine, chestnut, or hemlock log as representative of a subject for intellectual treatment; to make chalk-lines stand for principles, and to substitute chips for thoughts and arguments. Our critic says that "a trumpet is a wind instrument of music," and that an angel is an "immaterial being. . . having no lungs;" hence "to say that an Angel can *blow* such an instrument seems. . . absurd." Indeed! But not half so absurd as this attempt to force a strictly literal interpretation of our motto, while we are expected to tax our wits to recognize the highly figurative sense in which he employs his own. Why will our contemporary leave the interpretation of such "ambiguous givings out" to the imagination of his readers? Why not at once make it plain as an ordinary guide-board? It may read—Angels exorcised to order; chopping logic done here; the arguments for Spiritualism reduced to fragments at short notice. This would be intelligible, and perhaps modest enough for all practical purposes.

The progress made in this business—we mean hewing to the line and scattering chips—depends on several facts and conditions. First, on the breadth and edge of one's ax; Second, on the muscular power with which the implement is wielded; and, Third, on the soundness or rottenness of the wood to be chopped. If the ax is narrow and dull, and the blows feeble and slow, the chips will, necessarily, be few and small.

But leaving the hewers to do their work in their own way,

we are profoundly impressed that there is a peculiar propriety in the present application of the motto adopted by our very critical cotemporary. For more than forty years he has been hacking away at the same block, and by this time should be able to show a large pile of chips—such as they are—and an ax, never too broad, but well worn in the service. The chips from that same old block may be had for the gathering, but of what use are they? There is no fire, in heaven or on earth, that will ignite them; and hence they can never be used to warm a single shivering soul. And as for any light that may possibly be derived from such chips, that will naturally depend upon the dim phosphorescence of their decay.



## RELIGION, DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

VIEWS OF AN EMINENT PHILOSOPHER.

THE private opinions and manners; the peculiar habits and ordinary deportment of distinguished persons, are always matters of interest to the public, chiefly because they afford the clearest views of the individual character. The daily life, when removed from public observation, and the familiar correspondence will be found to contain the most authentic revelation of the essential spirit and the actual life. When ambitious men and proud ladies go abroad, they take care to be well dressed, and they remember that they are on their good behavior. In a greater or less degree the communications intended for the public are qualified and guarded; but our daily conversation with familiars, and epistles to personal friends, are usually free from such restraints, and seldom tempered by the considerations of either policy or ambition.

The personal convictions—on religious and other impor-

tant subjects—of so wise and prudent a man as Benjamin Franklin, are always interesting, especially to the moral philosopher who would comprehend human nature, and analyze the spiritual forces that find expression in the evolution of living ideas, generous deeds, and illustrious characters. In the annexed letter, addressed to Miss E. Hubbard—written at Philadelphia on the twelfth of February, 1756—Dr. Franklin expresses his views of life, death and immortality. They are not only characterized by rare common sense, but the reader will perceive, that they harmonize with the scientific philosophy of Spiritualism.

## LETTER FROM DR. FRANKLIN.

“PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12, 1756.

“DEAR CHILD: I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation, but it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. Existing here on earth is scarcely to be called life. 'Tis rather an embryo state—a preparation to living, and man is not completely born until he is dead. Why, then, should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals—a new member added to their society? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent to us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for their purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. That way is death. We ourselves prudently, in some cases, choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He that plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he that quits the whole body parts with all pains and possibility of pains and diseases it was liable to or capable of making him suffer. Our friend and we are invited abroad on a party of pleasure that is to last forever. His chair [sedan chairs were then common] was first ready, and he has gone before us. We could not conveniently all start together, and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and we know where to find him?

“Adieu, my dear, good child, and believe that I shall be, in every state, your affectionate papa.

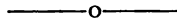
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.”

At a later period in life, when he was interrogated in respect to his religious opinions, he answered with great frankness, in a letter addressed to Ezra Stiles, under date of March

9th, 1790. This letter appeared some time since in the *Boston Journal*, and is there credited to Sparks' Franklin, vol. X., page 422. It will be perceived that the philosopher expressed his views with no fear of the church before his eyes, yet with a modesty that might be profitably imitated by the arrogant dogmatizers for and against the divinity of Jesus.

#### A PHILOSOPHER ON RELIGION.

"You desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time I have been questioned upon it." \* \* \* \* \* "Here is my creed. I believe in one God, the creator of the Universe. That He governs it by His providence. That He ought to be worshiped. That the most acceptable service we render Him is doing good to His other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. \* \* \* \* \* As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think his system of morals and his Religion, *as he left them to us*, the best the world ever saw or is like to see ; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his divinity ; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect so soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more respected and more observed."



#### THE SPIRITS AT CHITTENDEN.

THE New York *Sun*—whose Editor for years scoffed at the righteous claims of Spiritualism—publishes a long and interesting article from Col. Henry S. Olcott, descriptive of the Eddy family ; their rustic homestead at Chittenden, among the mountains of Vermont ; the startling manifestations, that are of daily occurrence at that place, and in which it is estimated that more than 2,000 Spirits have visibly appeared during the last year. If we may trust the senses and the veracity of the witnesses, the Spirits not only walk before the astonished visitor, but converse orally ; they draw mysterious fabrics from the bare white walls and naked

floors ; they allow mortals to approach so near as to handle their forms, feel and hear the beating of the heart ; and then they disappear, usually within the cabinet ; but, now and then, sinking into the floor, or melting away in the viewless air. We extract the following from Mr. Olcott's statement :

A very estimable old lady of the neighborhood, a Mrs. Cleveland, told me that one evening, some doubt being expressed as to Honto's sex, she beckoned my informant to the platform, opened her own dress, and caused her to place her hand upon the naked bosom, and feel the beating of her heart. Mrs. Cleveland certifies that she is indeed a woman, and in the action of her heart, the inspiration and expiration of her lungs, and temperature of her skin, as substantial and lifelike as any woman she ever laid hand upon. It will also be recollected that Mrs. Florence Marryat Ross-Church was permitted to feel "Katie King's" body in like manner in London, and that her report corroborates Mrs. Cleveland's. At my third séance, the same old lady being present, Honto called her up, and instantly forming one of her shadowy shawls, pulled it apparently from the back of Mrs. Cleveland's neck. She also, it almost seemed as if to answer the doubt in my mind, stood beside that lady, who is of the average height of her sex, and showed that she (Honto) is just about five feet four or five inches high. Before retiring on this occasion, she danced with Mrs. Cleveland as partner. \* \* \* \* \*

As a further evidence, if any should be required, that William Ed- dy and the Indian girl are not identical, I again quote Mrs. Cleveland, whose word none who know her will dispute, and who says that once, when on the platform at Honto's bidding, she grasped her by the hand, and chancing to pass the other hand along Honto's arm, she found, to her horror, *that it was only partially materialized*, the hands alone being perfectly solid.

In a subsequent communication, addressed to the *Graphic*, it is alleged that the stature of the spirits, made visible on a single evening, varied from four feet to six feet and three inches. It is also asserted that the materialized form of Honto, the Indian spirit-maiden, was four times deliberately

weighed on scales, her avoirdupois varying from fifty-eight to eighty-eight pounds—the specific gravity depending, of course, on the varying degrees of materialization. It has been suspected—by those wonderful skeptics who are ready to believe almost anything but the truth—that William H. Eddy personated the mysterious maiden, but this notion is now presumed to be refuted by the fact, that William H. Eddy, the medium, weighs one hundred and seventy-nine pounds, a little more than double the maximum weight of the Indian girl.

Colonel Olcott is a well-known, intelligent and reliable observer, who is accustomed to investigate with both eyes and ears open. His unequivocal testimony has given the skeptics the blind staggers, and reduced our little positive philosophers to a very negative state. Neither the bewildered mystagogues of the old temple, nor the groveling sandpipers of popular materialism are likely to impeach the witness by any show of reason or evidence. Of course those bleareyed philosophers will call him either a fool or a lunatic ; and the old-fashioned saints, with whom

“Ignorance is the mother of devotion,”

will damn him for having sold himself to Satan—all because he dares to believe his senses and tell the truth about Spiritualism ! Well, the truth is out, and the facts, so far as they are real, will remain ; but as for the unhappy saints and those poor sandpipers—*damnant quod non intelligunt*.

At length the secular press has discovered that Spiritualism is a popular topic—that the people really want information on the subject ; and so having come to sneer, they “stop to pray”—*but chiefly for the money to be made by the publication of the facts*. The *Sun* devotes many columns to the subject ; and the *Graphic* has whole pages illustrated—portraits and homes of the mediums, séances in Honto's cave ; Santum's grave, under the shadow of a giant maple, and the Indian spirits walking by moonlight on the rocks.



Even *The Day's Doings*, in spite of its earthly and sensual instincts—with copious extracts from Colonel Olcott's letter—recently published an excellent cartoon, representing—with admirable grace and striking effect—Honto, the Indian Spirit-maiden, in the mazes of her mid-air dance. Now that Spiritualism promises to pay, it has suddenly become a pretty good thing. Thus they come—*profanum vulgus*—with unwashed hands ; and can nothing be done to stop this amazing revival ?

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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

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I.

OCTOBER.

THERE is a presence upon the earth, that like a soothing hand laid on the fevered brow, allays the heat and quiets the excited pulse. The horizon in the distance has that smoky and transcendental appearance which inspires meditation and gives birth to "such thoughts as dreams are made of." The distant hills are veiled and have a solemn look, as they lift their proud forms and reveal their grand outlines against the heavens. There is a tender and touching prophecy in the breath of Autumn ; the frail flowers droop and silently close their eyes ; and Nature reveals the glorious mysteries of her subtle chemistry in the ripening fruits and falling leaves. The days are coming when the sylvan arcades will be silent ; the forest trees will lose their leafy honors ; even the kingly oak, in seeming supplication, will stretch out his naked arms toward the cold sky, while the boreal winds chant the solemn requiem of the year.

We are thoughtful as our eyes turn back on the receding Summer—the season that may not come to us again. But let us remember that to all those who keep themselves free from selfishness, and whose souls expand in universal love,

there is an eternal spring and summer time of the heart and life, which may be ours long after the wild flowers bloom above our forgotten graves.

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## II.

### A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

IN the catacombs of departed nations ! I mused alone in the crypts of saints and martyrs, and sat down in the shadow of the Pyramids to meditate a little while. All around me space was one vast sepulcher. The owl and the bat spread their pinions in the solemn gloom, and the ghosts of unnumbered generations moved about me with noiseless footsteps. Silence reigned over all, and not a star shone through the somber drapery of Night. I was in the midst of the remains of ancient science, art and civilization ; but the relics were broken stones, buried altars and shapeless dust. The winds that swept across the desert covered me with the ashes of dead empires. The scene was impressive and mournful, and there was a brooding and awful solemnity in the associations.

Reverent in feeling and thought, I was lost in meditation when the shades of thirty centuries stood before me. I saw the foolish virgins with the lamps of the Mosaic teachers in their hands, from which the oil was consumed two thousand years ago ; but they still clung to the same old lamps while they stumbled in the darkness. And a radiant Spirit said : "The oil of the lamp is a living inspiration ; your lights should be trimmed and burning ; but your lamps are gone out."

There was silence for a little space, when a deep, majestic Voice—whose weird music and startling emphasis thrilled every nerve—said : "Sleep—Sleep—Sleep ! Let all that was mortal rest forever. But *why seek ye the living among the dead?* Come up out of the ashes of this immeasurable decay. Arise, and go hence ! It is the breathing, moving

world—now quick with vital energy and glowing with living fire—that awaits your presence and demands your service.”

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### III.

#### GREAT BLESSINGS UNIVERSAL.

THE noblest gifts of Providence are far more equally distributed than many people are accustomed to suppose. All breathe the same vital air ; the sun shines for the proud and the lowly ; and the rain falls alike on saint and sinner.

“Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,”

comes to the king and the beggar. The humblest watcher may gaze at stars of the first magnitude, and Immortality is the common inheritance of man. If we mistake not, it was Jerrold who gave expression to the general idea in the following lines :

“When on the quiet of my lonely hours,  
Some softly whispering inspiration steals ;  
Am I less blest than he whose spirit feels  
The deepest moving of the Muse’s powers ?  
Nay. For the sunlight that gilds up the towers  
Of princes—in the sheltered lane reveals  
The beauty of the primrose, and unseals  
Phials of fragrance in the violet’s bowers—  
For Poesy can glad, illumine, sustain,  
And dignify the humblest heart she sways ;  
And though the world the trifles may disdain,  
Still dear unto the poet are his lays ;  
And whoso seeketh shall not seek in vain,  
For joys abundant in her pleasant ways.”

The chief blessings that crown our life on earth seldom come home to the mind and heart amidst the splendor of worldly circumstances and the pomp of imposing ceremon-

ies. We meet them in the humbler walks and ways of men. The greatest blessings come in silence into the consciousness. It was said of "the kingdom of Heaven" with its imperishable treasures—*It "cometh not with observation."* "The Gates ajar" open *inward*, and we enter through the depths of silent conviction and speechless joy.

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IV.

A STARTLING CONCLUSION.

IT is reported of Father Richard, a Catholic priest, who lived, some years ago, in Cass County, Michigan, that he occasionally made some ludicrous mistakes in the use of English, notwithstanding he was an excellent linguist, and otherwise distinguished for his superior scholarship. One day when the Father had selected as his text the words of Jesus—"I am the good Shepherd"—he strongly insisted that what was true of the Savior, in his time, was equally true of every faithful pastor. "I am your Shepherd," said he; and then proceeding with far more reason than caution—to the conclusion that appeared to be at once logical and inevitable—he added, "*and ye are my mutton!*" It is said that this argument of the good Father caused a peculiar sensation among the lambs of the flock, and that several old sheep—that had been *closely sheared*—looked round to see if the door of the fold was open.

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V.

AROMATIC OFFERINGS.

A DELICATE hand has placed these gifts on our table. They please the eye and refine the esthetic sense; they inspire pure thoughts and recall pleasant memories. These precious odors are incense from the altars of Nature.

We perceive them by a sense that never corrupts the heart. All the other avenues of ordinary sensation become channels through which bad influences may reach the mind. The eye frequently presents scenes and objects that awaken the passions ; the hearing is too often an avenue of impure suggestions, while perverted appetites brutalize the character. Mere feeling may kindle unholy fires. On the contrary, the delicate sense addressed by these sweet perfumes—though not always a minister of pleasure—is, alone, the charmed highway along which the tempter never loiters.

These aromas are spirit-emanations from organic forms and living expressions of beauty, and their influence serves to spiritualize feeling and thought. In every breath of the Morning ; on the wings of zephyrs that fan the Evening ; in the charming airs of Araby and Ceylon ; on the aromatic gales out of the Isles of the Indian Ocean ; and uprising from the fairest creatures of the floral kingdom in every land—we recognize a divine ministry—the constant source of pure emotions and a blameless happiness. We cannot look on blooming meadows and gardens, or walk in flower enameled paths ; we never wander in the woods, where the pale, wild blossoms fringe the hills and the brooks, without pausing to mark and interpret the silent language of the flowers.

We read their bright chromatic speech,  
In lines that pencils of the Light have traced,  
The heart to cheer, the mind to teach,  
By the fair transcript in the soul embraced.

Their grateful odors on the Morning air,  
Are sweet as murmurs of the gentle dove,  
While offerings precious as the words of prayer,  
Are in the incense of the hearts that love.

## Authors and Books.

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### LESTER'S LIFE OF SUMNER.\*

CHARLES SUMNER lived and moved in an intellectual and moral atmosphere almost infinitely above the lower strata of our political society. That he was often misunderstood, and even denounced, by vulgar partisans—devoted to personal interests and a time-serving policy—furnishes no occasion for surprise. What can a ground-mole—plowing his way beneath the surface of common earth—be expected to know of the magnitude and splendor of Jupiter? What do our partisan owls and bats care for even one of the grandest of the fixed stars in our political firmament? They see just as well in a cloudy and rayless night, and certainly feel much more at home in such congenial atmosphere.

Against the attacks of such ignorant and graceless assailants, Mr. Sumner required no defense. He stood on an eminence so high that the shafts of his detractors fell short of their mark. And yet so long as he lived he was abused by an unscrupulous and otherwise inferior class of journalists, whose only idea of the independence of the Press is the freedom to misrepresent the purest principles and to defame the noblest characters. This is the very questionable freedom of political and moral depravity. Such men, naturally enough, infer that they may secure a small measure of public attention and gratify a petty ambition by assailing men whose real greatness renders their own insignificance too painfully apparent. They are mere gad-flies, who derive their chief importance from buzzing about the head of some noble lion whose majestic repose they are powerless to disturb.

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\* "Life and Public Services of CHARLES SUMNER, by C. Edwards Lester, Author of 'Glory and Shame of England,' 'The Napoleon Dynasty,' 'Our First Hundred Years,' etc., New York : United States Publishing Company."

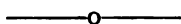
So long as Mr. Sumner was the central figure in the wide arena of our national politics, we were constantly reminded of the departed glory of the Senate. His manly presence ; his knowledge of political history and the science of government ; his acquirements in almost every department of learning, and his dignified deportment, all assisted to recall those days when the genius, scholarship and statesmanship of such men as John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Silas Wright, Thomas H. Benton and John C. Calhoun, contributed to illuminate the legislation of the country, and to render their time illustrious in the history of the Republic. The Massachusetts Senator was the last representative of that illustrious company, and—at least in his sublime rectitude and moral power—he was perhaps without a peer.

It was well known that MR. C. EDWARDS LESTER had enjoyed excellent opportunities for becoming intimately acquainted with the life and character of CHARLES SUMNER. This was an important item in the sum of his qualifications for the work he has performed. The public felt assured in advance that the scope of the author's mind, his liberal feeling and high sense of personal responsibility and public justice, eminently qualified him for the judicious and effective treatment of his subject. But it was not expected that in a few days Mr. Lester would be able to extemporize this fair and noble record of a man and a career, made supremely honorable by the singular purity of his life and the unselfishness of great public services. It is only when an author has the opportunity of deliberate choice and classification in the selection and use of materials, and time for long digestion, that we can reasonably expect to meet with such comprehensive views ; skillful handling of facts ; clearness of statement and dispassionate fidelity to truth ; sententious brevity and dramatic expression. Yet in addition to all these remarkable elements of substance and style, Mr. Lester reveals a most delicate perception and appreciation of the finer traits of this eminent historic character.

And here we must confess that Mr. Lester has taken us by surprise. Rapid as was the process of construction, he has produced a work that is not merely for to-day. On the contrary, it will be read and quoted as authority in the future, not only by those who shall reverence the name and honor the memory of CHARLES SUMNER, but

by all who may desire to learn the truth in respect to a most important period in our national history.

The author has certainly performed his work conscientiously and well. His own sympathetic relations to the subject, and the still visible shadow of the public grief at parting with the distinguished statesman, have not been permitted to obscure his judgment. Mr. Lester does not attempt to conceal the fact that he was the warm, admiring friend of the deceased Senator. It is equally manifest, that the grand objects to which Mr. SUMNER devoted his life are very near to the heart of his biographer, who—in his analysis of the character—exhibits a clear discrimination and love of justice, as every one must do who would write for posterity.



#### BARRETT'S IMMORTELLES. \*

THE author was formerly a clergyman and is well known in the Universalist denomination and among Spiritualists. His purpose in the publication of this book, as set forth in the opening address, claims our respect and approbation, while his active sympathy with many progressive ideas finds various expression in its pages. In his Address to the Reader, the Author, in speaking of his work, says:

"It is for all—men, women and children. It breathes, in its moral intelligence, the hope that those who have suffered, and find here a balm for their wounds, may be encouraged, and remember—

'There is rain in the sweet heavens  
To wash us white as snow ;'

and that those who are inexperienced and welcome life as a millennial dawn—as young folks in their innocence oft imagine—may discover here lessons of warning and of aspiration, and early learn that nobility of character accrues from a just and righteous life. The present actors in the drama of human history, are entering a social revolution, pregnant with higher civilizations, paving the way, as with a 'bleeding sacrifice,' that shall try all our souls.

"That my souvenir of loving faith in these principles may add speed to the agitation, and blossom the very crown of thorns that the faithful shall wear, is the sincere and devout heart-wish of the author."

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\* "Immortelles of Love ; by J. O. Barrett, Boston, Colby pub Rich. 1874."



The letter to the reader—of which the above is the material portion—does not even vaguely suggest the contents of the book, in which we have a kaleidoscopic view of many things in accidental relations. The author writes with equal ability in prose and verse. He has furnished us with a singular medley of the elements of his social philosophy, the several phases of love, freedom and religion ; novel examples of the poet's license ; illustrations of the anarchy of thought and speech, and a rhetoric that is too exuberant to respect the principles of logic and the laws of language. The writer takes unusual liberties with the elements of his vernacular—in the use of obsolete terms ; in the coinage of illegitimate words, and otherwise. The style is extremely emotional, exclamatory, gushing and often incoherent as the utterances of school girls under the changing impulses of half-awakened loves. The idea is often obscured by tumid and ambiguous forms of expression. The book contains numerous incongruities, and the author often appears to be at variance with himself. Many passages exhibit strong poetic feeling ; but there is more heat than light. We look in vain for the higher elements of poetry. Here and there we discover flashes of Promethean fire ; but the fitful light is extinguished by the poet's abnormal efforts to feed the flame.

The author has seized a corner of the mantle of our old familiar, Walter Whitman. That brawny child of Nature appears to have drawn him through the "Leaves of Grass," and he comes out in manner and form as follows :

O tillers of the soil !  
 O miners of the valleys and mountains !  
 O sailors on the seas !  
 O mechanics, inventors, teachers, artists !  
 O clam-diggers, boot-blackers, hod-carriers !  
 O railroad builders, river drivers, lumber sawyers !  
 O house carpenters and chimney sweepers !  
 O street scavengers and rag pickers !  
 \* \* \* \* Know ye not  
 That God has come down to see  
 Where your bloody sweat stains red  
 The lintels of the capitols ?"

Of twenty-six consecutive lines on the author's ninth page, fifteen begin with this interjection !—and there are other similiar examples.

Now we will not assert that this constant use of exclamatory words always indicates a poverty of thought ; but if it does not, it certainly betrays immaturity of judgment, and the dominance of superficial passions that are more demonstrative than profound.

The gentle numbers of Longfellow's musical poem seem to have awakened echoes in the author's mind, that claim expression in his verse. We extract the following passage. It will serve to illustrate his style of imitation ; at the same time, it is delicately suggestive of his views concerning the freedom of the affections.

"Once I saw a wife so weary,  
Sad and pale, and often sighing ;  
But her husband was all vigor,  
Roughly strong and coarse in fiber.  
Did he live at the expenses  
Of her vital forces, think you ?  
When she met that noble stranger,  
Of large soul and generous feeling,  
Who had suffered by oppression,  
And had gained a higher freedom,  
Loving virtue for the trial ;—  
When she met the noble stranger—  
I will tell you all the story !—  
'Twas not lawful, I remember,  
But she did rest in his presence,  
Rest her head upon his bosom—  
Rest upon that great-souled bosom,  
Rest a moment, leaning gently,  
Sighing so and weeping strangely !  
Can you tell me now the meaning  
Of that clinging and that resting,  
Of that sighing and that weeping ?

We never succeeded very well in solving conundrums, and so "we give it up." Why she rested, and sighed, and wept, we may not know ; and it seems to us impertinent to inquire. It is evident that the social question has touched and deeply stirred the springs of the author's feeling and thought. The ideal current flows out with remarkable freedom in this particular direction. The poet's loves are migratory creatures, who seldom touch the polar circle of domestic life ; but they are slippery damsels, who come and go, and per-egrinate through all the temperate and torrid zones of the affections.

Somewhere there is always an object of supreme attraction—endowed with the attribute of a changing personality—whose praises the poet celebrates with such intensity, that Solomon may sing no more of his beloved. There is a fever of the brain, and a subsultus action of the author's muse, that need to be subdued by a bath in the cool spring of Castalia. The "Immortelles" do not tap the Heliconian fountain; but out from a mere *penstock* comes the stream that sets through the flood-gate of irrepressible desire like a spring freshet. It appears to us that this stream was not necessary to irrigate the dry places in the spiritual vineyard. It cannot rise above the source; it does not reach the level of our needs in the realm of the ideal; and we have not discovered the *practical* purpose to which it may be applied. For the Park Fountain and for extinguishing fires; and, especially, for all the cooling and *cleansing* processes of our domestic life, we prefer the Croton. \*

These are not heavenly inspirations, uttered in a state of spiritual entrancement; nor is this the poetry of that high art in which we discern the shadows of the absolute perfection. The Greeks may be all dead and buried; for aught we know Parnassus may be a corn-field; but it does not appear from the evidence that Apollo and the Muses have left the sacred Mount for a home in Glen Beulah! Really, if we had no knowledge of the author, we might imagine him to be some royal Turk intensely happy under the narcotic effects of too much hashish. With passages of real beauty, force and truth, we find others of doubtful import and grotesque design, that seem to have emanated from some womanly nature,

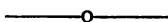
"In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit."

Others are plethoric with melodramatic thunders, and so extravagant, in thought and diction, as to indicate a semi-delirious state of mind, of which the following may serve as a mild example:

"O horrors of these secret leases!  
O horrors of this descent of species!  
Cities of assignation where all the virtues rot,  
Where the fire is not quenched, and the worm dieth not!  
Mad with the wrath of jealousy!  
Insane for the syphilis of damnation!  
Sprinkled red on the pillars of legislation!  
Mingle therewith the fire-water of intoxication,

And meet with revengeful satisfaction  
What money will buy to save from starvation !"

We would not be unnecessarily severe in our judgment ; but this is not the nectar of the gods. It does not sparkle in the goblet and exhilarate the soul. It is not like the pure, amber-hued wine of the Poets ; but it rather resembles the small beer, that to-day is lively and forces the cork ; that soon spends its force in effervescence, and to-morrow is insipid and lifeless.



#### BABBITT'S HEALTH GUIDE.\*

IN this little manual of 164 closely printed pages we have the author's brief statement of facts, observations and conclusions, on a great variety of topics, all more or less intimately connected with the science of Life and Health, the philosophy of Disease, and the natural methods of Treatment and Cure.

DR. BABBITT has been a conscientious student in those sciences that relate to Human Nature. If he has not already solved the recondite problems which have perplexed the brains of our greatest psycho-physiologists he at least approaches them in a brave and temperate spirit. His judgment has neither been warped by prejudice, by the force of arbitrary matters, nor otherwise obscured by professional pride. He has not been enfeebled in mind and body by too much of that species of learning which converts the cerebral chambers of the mind into a junk-shop or a lumber-yard. On the contrary, the author's *faculties* appear to have been *educated and developed*, and this is something vastly better than the "much learning" which so often makes men either mad, melancholy or dyspeptic.

Dr. Babbitt adopts the hypothesis of the "Great Harmonia" on the relative temperatures of Electricity and Magnetism, presuming the former to be cold, and the latter warm. This assumption, together with the arguments and inferences it suggests, might be sub-

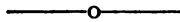
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\* "The Health Guide, by E. D. Babbitt, D. M., Aiming at a Higher Science of Life and the Life-forces," etc., etc. New York: 1874.

jected to the ordeal of scientific criticism, if we had the space, and were in the mood. But this is foreign to our present purpose.

Some of the writer's conclusions appear to rest on a hasty interpretation of facts and insufficient evidence, and may be materially modified by further investigation. But if the reader should be unable to obtain from Dr. Babbitt's Guide a complete and strictly logical thesis, he may at least find much valuable information nowhere else to be found in so small a compass. The reader should first make the acquaintance of the Guide, and then he can decide understandingly how far it is best to follow.

Since writing the above we have received Dr. Babbitt's treatise on "Vital Magnetism, the Life Fountain," in which he defines his magnetic theory of the Laws of Life, Health, Disease and Cure. In this connection we have also a summary but able review of Dr. Brown-Séquard's "Lectures on Nerve Force." That distinguished gentleman—who tortured the late Charles Sumner after the most approved professional methods—throws but little light on the forces and functions of the nervous system. By ascribing all cures—not dependent on the ordinary remedial agents embraced in the pharmacopœia—to the power of *imagination*, he offers no rational explanation of anything. If a cure is effected by magnetic manipulations, or otherwise by the subtle agents not yet recognized by the schools, the doctors affirm that either the disease or the cure was imaginary. It is the object of Dr. Babbitt to expose the poor science and lame logic of Dr. Brown-Séquard; and to see how this is done the reader should, by all means, send the modest sum of twenty-five cents and procure Dr. Babbitt's "Vital Magnetism." The book would be cheap enough at double the author's price.



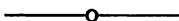
#### PAROXYSMAL POETRY.\*

SOME one has sent us a copy of this curious illustration of poetry run mad through the basilar region. It does not suggest the divine afflatus, but the hot breath of the simoon. The whole conception had its origin in a species of mania; the imagery and phraseology are voluptuous and sensuous to the last degree. Every line burns and scintillates with intense and unquenchable fire. The

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\* "Psyche to Mother Earth, by Frances Rose Mackinley."

writer disregards the common proprieties of speech in her learned but lascivious language. The numerous terms derived from the ancient Greek are scarcely intended to veil the lawless passion which, in the Author, causes the nerves to quiver and the blood to boil, while the delirious spirit of unholy desire madly riots in her verse. "Ovid's Art of Love" is quite cool in comparison with this woman's aphrodisiacal paroxysm. Mrs. Mackinley may have genius; she is evidently a person of culture; but she is *sick*, and needs skillful treatment. In the absence of a physician she may possibly find some alleviation in a low diet, cold baths, and a temporary residence in Alaska.



"LIFE AT HOME."\*

THIS book, as the title plainly implies, treats of the most sacred of all human relations and duties. In the pure affections that hold the members of the household in the bonds of a loving fellowship, we have a theme that involves the gentlest offices, the greatest responsibilities and the most endearing associations of life. That youth is unfortunate, indeed, whose mind recalls no precious memories of early sunshine and the fresh hopes that spring up in the path of childhood. Sad must be the life of that man for whom a pure love has reared no social citadel wherein he may find shelter from the rude passions and selfish strifes of the world. And the woman who has never felt the arms and the loves of little children, like the tendrils of clinging vines, twining about her bosom and embracing every fiber of her heart, may have a painful sense of incompleteness and unrest in the silence of unwelcome solitude.

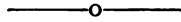
Naturally enough the author of this book has chiefly in view the religious ideas and aspects of his subject. These are very clearly conceived, and expressed in chaste and often eloquent language. The essential purpose and prevailing spirit of the work are deeply religious in a good sense; at the same time its lessons of practical instruction are eminently free from any tendency to the unreasoning dogmatism that disfigures a large portion of the literature of the church. If this book were at all suited to the vitiated tastes of those reckless men and women who revel amid the ruins of character, and above the graves of all that is sacred in our domestic life, it would receive no word of approval at our hands. Those sensual iconoclasts who make haste to defile the temple of the affections; who remorselessly demolish the objects of faith and worship, and with ruthless hands break the images of all sacred things, will not care to read this book. They will hear the voice of an accusing angel in its gentlest accents, and feel the scourge in the author's mildest reproofs.

We could easily find objections to this book. In all such creations of the human mind we discover a blending of truth and error. The predominance of one or the

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\* Or the Family and its members by William Aikman, D.D. New York: Samuel R. Wells. Publisher, 389 Broadway.

other of these elements determines the character of a book, and the measure of the author's influence for good or evil. In the present instance, the writer's reverence may not always be directed by a clear and fearless discrimination. He may perhaps attach undue authority and importance to the letter of some ancient scripture, and exaggerate the efficacy of religious ceremonies as means of moral improvement. But the book is full of sweet sentiments and wise counsels, clothed in a simple and attractive style, and expressed with becoming dignity and modesty. While its pure spirit must check irreverence and restrain the baser passions, it will furnish strong incentives to true nobility of nature and purity of life.



## FOREIGN SPIRITUAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE September number of the *Revue de Paris* has an article from which we extract the following :

“Since the month of January, 1874, the Press has felt the necessity of again cutting off the constantly renewed head of that hydra, *Spiritism*. The execution has taken place and the doctrine is none the worse ; its pulse being very regular and its movement even more active ; it votes its thanks to its executioners, who have killed it for the eighteen hundred and seventy fourth-time.”

A very interesting communication, suggesting important scientific inquiries, is given. We translate literally :

*Metallic dust falling imperceptibly and continually from the heavens.*

The result of an interesting communication from M. Daubrée of the Institute to the Academy of Sciences is that M. Nordenskiöld has analyzed the metallic substance which he found in the dust gathered on the ice and snow at 80 degrees of latitude ; he has verified in it the presence of iron, nickel and cobalt. He has likewise examined some hail, fallen at Stockholm last autumn, and found in it small black grains which, triturated between two small agate mortars, gave particles of metallic iron. He is convinced that the hail was condensed around minute grains of a *cosmic origin* floating in the air. Various and repeated observations led him to consider as proven the existence of a cosmic dust falling continually and imperceptibly, a fact, he says, of immense importance not only as regards the physique of the globe, but for geology and practical questions, agriculture, for instance, by reason of phosphorus. The hydrate of iron, found in the

hail-stones treated by various chemical processes, gave the reaction of phosphorus.

M. G. Tissandier is also determining the proportion of solid corpuscles contained in a given volume of air and searching out the composition of ærial dust. In his experiments, which he has communicated to the Academy of Sciences, he concludes that the proportion of solid matter in suspension in the air, falling in a state of sediment, is sufficient to play quite an important part in the physique of the terrestrial globe.

The results he has obtained show, he says, that the ærial dusts are formed of nearly one-third of very combustible organic substances, and two-thirds mineral matter. He speaks of the presence of iron in a notable proportion, and attributes it to a cosmic origin.

The existence of these dusts appears to be proven, and, it is supposed, will help to explain the existence of the matter condensed by spirits for tangible forms, lights, etc., etc.

Yet, the purely cosmic origin of these dusts is not demonstrated, nor is it easy to demonstrate; it may very well be, it is thought, a sublimation of the organic and mineral bodies of our globe, by the chemical action of light—its chemical rays being, as one may say, a discovery of such recent date.

A letter from Prince Emile de Wittgenstein I would gladly translate, but that space is wanting for it, on the subject of Katie King and reincarnation. It seems that the Prince considers their mutual attraction as due to a former knowledge of each other when they were both incarnated at the same time in Turkey, many centuries ago, having received this information from his Spirit protectors.

The working of some very interesting Spirit laws is indicated by, or may be deduced from conversations from unhappy Spirits, through the circles for their relief in France. Speaking of one who had led a life of expedients, without regular employment, who had (as all such persons must) been in the habit of lying and using all kinds of subterfuges to obtain loans of money, dinners, etc.—the spirit-guide tells them that he suffers in the Spirit World, not only through the lying spirits he had called to him, but that he had so falsified his spirit that he could not discern truth; had so filled his fluids with error as to obliterate his faculties; he has confusion of ideas—uncertainty—nothing appearing to him under its real aspect. E. A. W.



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BRITTAN'S  
QUARTERLY JOURNAL:  
AN ORGAN OF  
THE SPIRITUAL REFORMATION  
OF THE  
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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PROF. S. B. BRITTAN, M. D., Editor.

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REVERENT IN SPIRIT, BUT INDEPENDENT IN THOUGHT.

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This splendid Quarterly Magazine entered upon its Second Volume in January, 1874. It is everywhere admitted to be the most elaborate and elegant publication of its class in the world. It is a calm, thoughtful and scholarly exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy, and of those subtle mysteries of life and the mind which have puzzled the metaphysicians of all ages. In the wide realm of thought it encourages the largest rational liberty; in every department of investigation it recognizes the authority of Nature and Reason; it fearlessly tries all ancient sayings and Sacred Books by the revelations of the concrete world, and it insists that Science shall trim her lamp by the light of the Spirit.

We have a special service to ask at the hands of the friends of Progress—of every man and woman who respects the truth and loves mankind. Several have already nobly anticipated this request, and many others will, we doubt not, respond in the same practical manner. We solicit the active coöperation of all who receive this Circular, in a united effort to give this JOURNAL a fair introduction to the Public. We want, and we should have, what this Magazine shall deserve—

A WORLD-WIDE CIRCULATION.

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**BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.**—"The Editor is a veteran journalist, a man of superior intellect, an original thinker, and profound student. There are few if any abler writers in America. In the peculiar field to which he has devoted himself, he has no equal."—*National Quarterly Review*.

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"His agreeable and often eloquent style, his new facts, his disregard of many old teachings, and his earnest advocacy of much that will be novel to many persons, are well calculated to attract and instruct the general reader."—*American Literary Gazette*.

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"Mr. Brittan imparts a freshness to his subject: he invests it with an air of novelty, which sets the reader to think at once. Nor is the work before us less convincing in its logic than it is brilliant and poetical in style. This is the secret of the Author's remarkable success in propagating new doctrines. Indeed, there is a certain seductiveness in his writings, which reminds us strongly of Voltaire's 'Philosophical Dictionary'—a work which has done more to enfranchise the mind of Europe from the shackles of priestcraft than whole libraries of dry exhortations and sermons."—*Philadelphia Daily News*.

"We have long been of the opinion that more truth lay in the direction in which Dr. Brittan has traveled in search of it than most men

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"The Editor's method in dealing with the obscure problems of psychological science is bold, and at times novel, but the tone of his work is thoroughly unexceptionable, while its style is eminently attractive. In these times when the world is full of babblers about the philosophy of human nature, it is refreshing to find these grave and solemn subjects discussed candidly and learnedly by one in every way competent to the task."—*Newark Evening Courier*.

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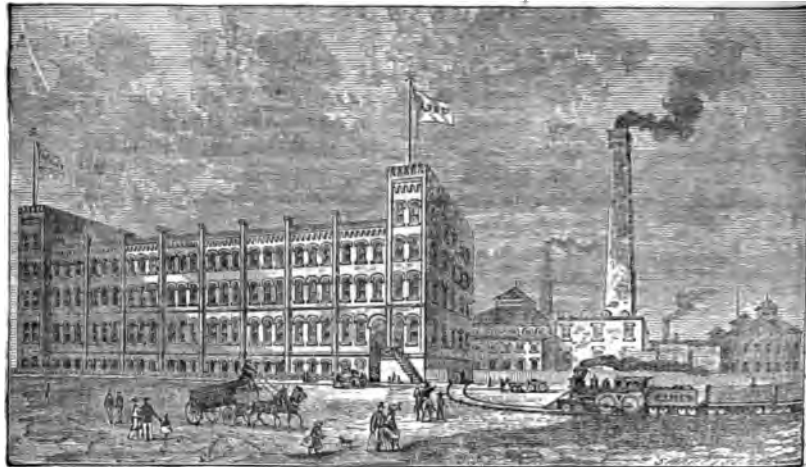
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